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TEENAGE WOMEN TALK ABOUT SEX

HOLY WAR IN BROOKLYN

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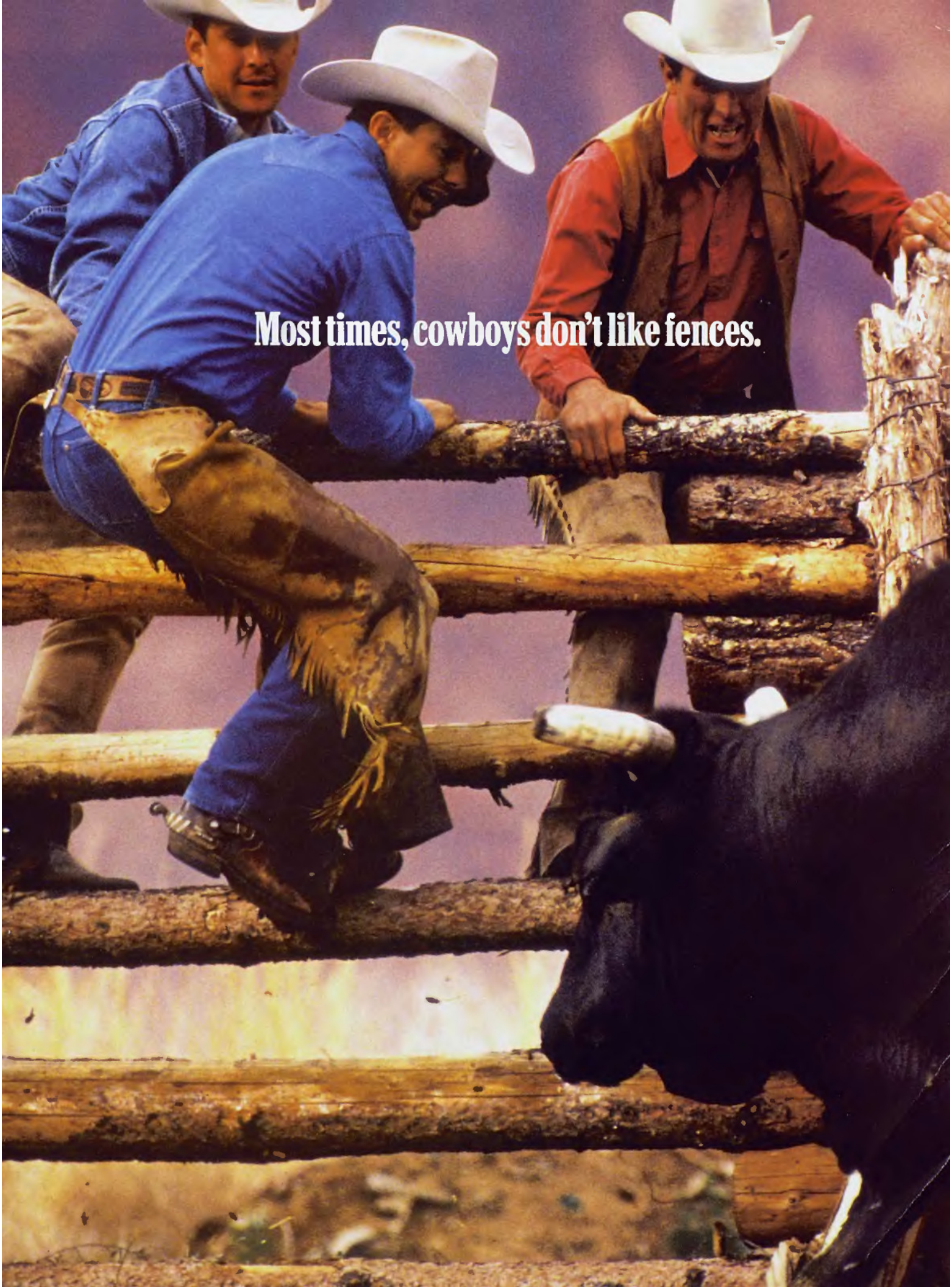
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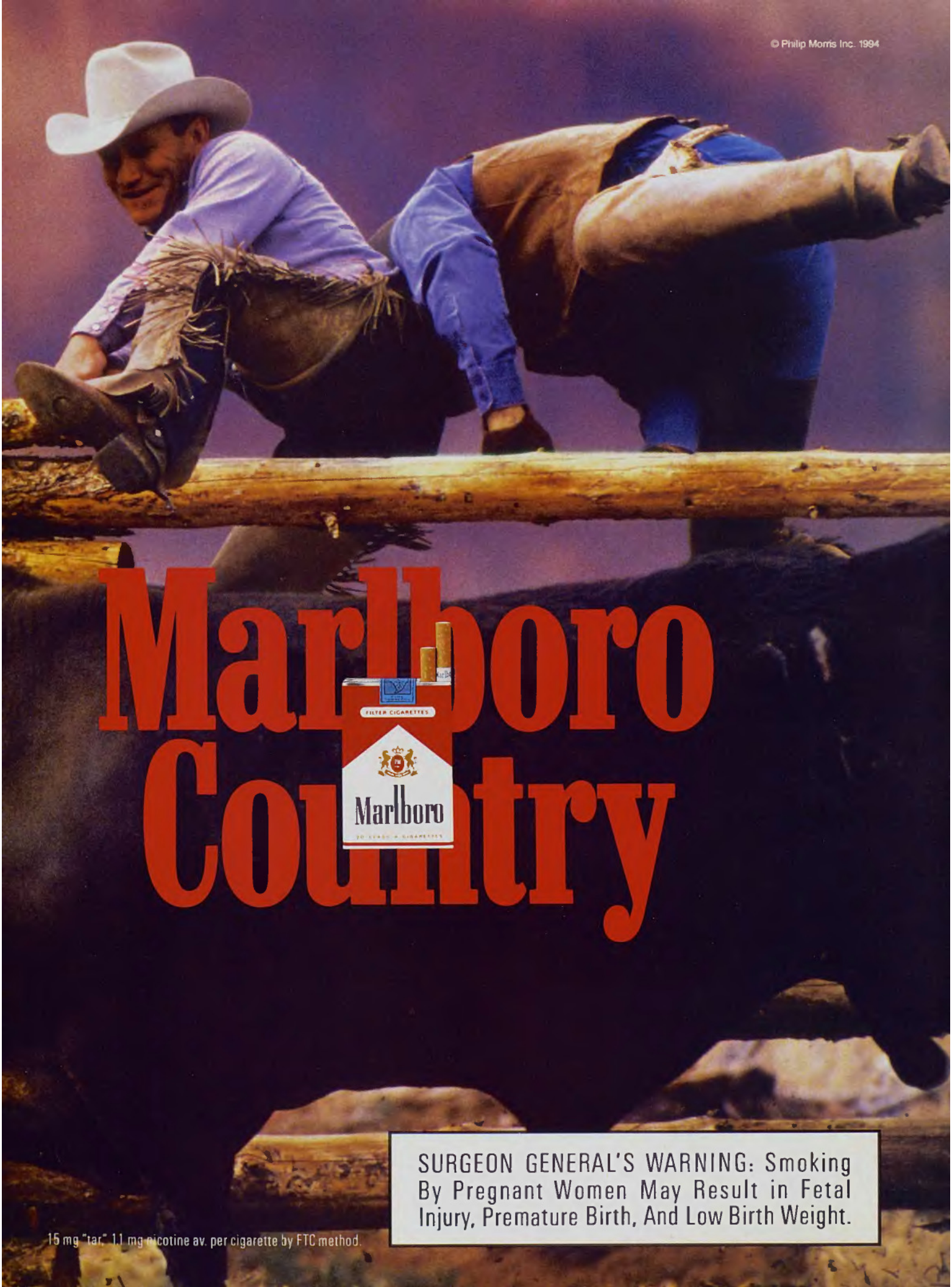

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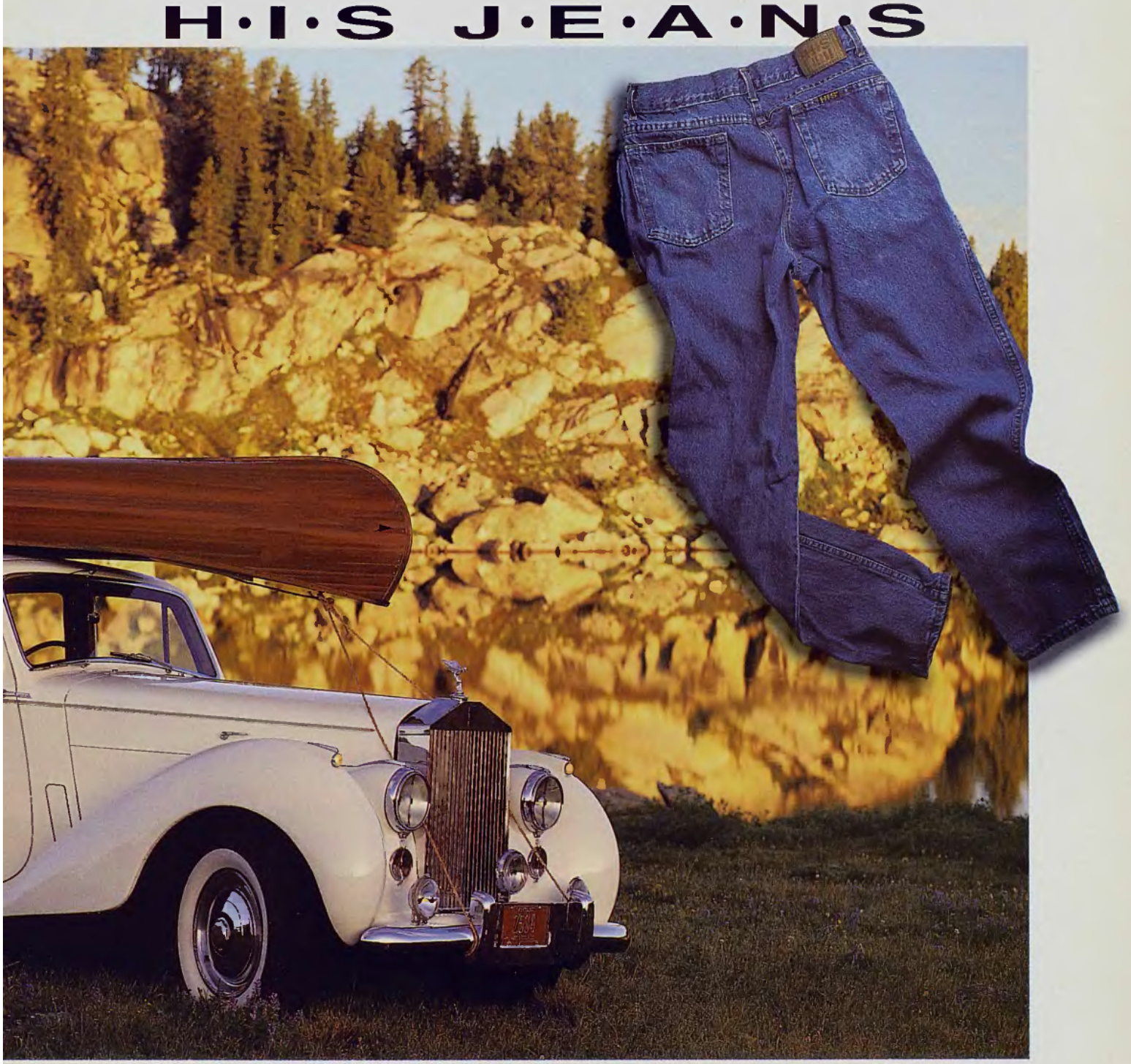

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PLAYBILL

FROM WHAT YOU SEE on the news, you might think that cops have become as corrupt and brutal as the criminals they've sworn to protect us against. So when New York City police officer **Carol Shaya** told us about the time she arrested a machete-wielding madman, we were impressed. "I'm proud of what I do and of the way I look," she told us. "I want people to see me in PLAYBOY and forget the stereotypes of female officers." With *New York's Finest*, shot by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda**, Shaya has gotten her wish.

The NYPD has been keeping a close watch on Brooklyn—not for drug dealers or gangbangers but for terrorists. As **Charles M. Sennott** explains in *Holy War in Brooklyn*, Jews and Muslims have turned the neighborhood into a miniature Middle East. Resident militants—including those linked to the World Trade Center bombing—appear to have a single goal: to undermine the Middle East peace process.

What's it like to have your hormones in high gear at a time when having sex can be deadly? To get the scoop on what it's like to be a teen in the age of AIDS, writer **Betsy Israel** put in some serious mall time with a group of young people. Their stories, as shared in *Going All the Way* (illustrated by **Janet Woolley**), range from riveting to disheartening.

And speaking of disheartening, is the CIA as dense as it seems? Did Aldrich Ames—the guy who sold secrets to Moscow for nearly a decade—operate alone? **Jeff Stein**, an intelligence officer turned journalist with firsthand experience with spies-gone-bad, tells us *How Spies Die*. It's a must-read.

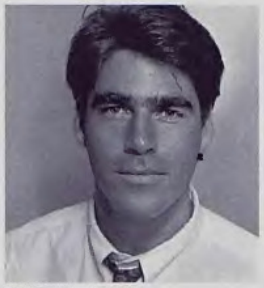
Deion Sanders seems to have managed his double life quite well. Besides shuttling between games for the Atlanta Falcons and the Braves, the crossover jock cut megabucks endorsement deals and his first rap album. Memorial Day weekend he was traded to the Reds. What drives Prime Time? Say hello to his superstar ego in this month's interview by **Kevin Cook.**

Ego seems to be the driving force behind **Jack Kevorkian's** assisted-suicide crusade as well. As **Mark Jannot** discovered in researching our *Getting to Know Dr. Death*, the doc and his attorney, Geoffrey Fieger, share a bit of a God complex. On a lighter note, actress **Dana Delany** may be starring as a dominatrix in her latest film, *Exit to Eden*, but she submitted to us—for *20 Questions*, that is. In a candid chat with Contributing Editor **David Rensin**, the reigning bondage queen of the big screen explains S&M, G-strings and why girls read PLAYBOY. Another fan of the magazine, designer **Laura Whitcomb**, has turned the Playboy Rabbit into a symbol of postfeminist power. See *Bunny Fashions 2000*.

Talk shows are taking over the tube. No matter when you tune in, there's always some empathic host dishing out advice (and dirt) on life, love and men. For a lot of women—maybe even the ones you date—these shows are combat training. That's why we had **Julie Rigby** create *A Man's Guide to TV Talk Shows* (illustrated by **Charles Burns**).

Putting a sexy, unnerving spin on TV gabfests in *The Joe Show* (illustrated by **John Rush**), fiction author **Terry Bisson** hints at what could happen when an extraterrestrial commandeers technology to get his moon rocks off. Meanwhile, **Bob Shacochis** defends some great sins in *Drinking, Smoking and Screwing*, a *Mantrack* guest essay and title of a book forthcoming from Chronicle Books.

Wrapping things up right, we feature a stunning August Playmate, Colombian native **Maria Checa;** a tribute to the original blonde bombshell, **Jean Harlow;** and *Viva Milan*, a pictorial by Stephen Wayda shot in Italy's fashion playground. In a word: *Bellisima!*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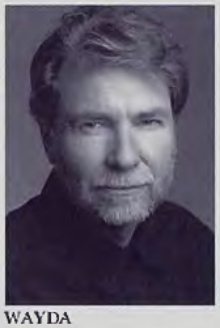
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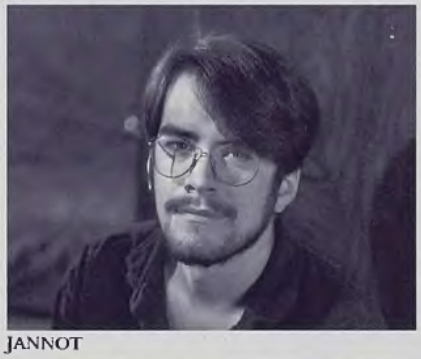
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PLAYBOY

vol. 41, no. 8—august 1994

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COVER STORY

NYPD Nude: This month, Carol Shaya, one of New York's finest, steps out of uniform and onto PLAYBOY's pages in an arresting pictorial. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Alexis Vogel styled Carol's hair and makeup. If you're patrolling for this month's clue, you'll have to look a little lower to find the key to our Rabbit's heart.

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COVER LOVERS

Congratulations on the sensational May cover. I have always enjoyed looking at a long-legged woman in sheer tights. Elle Macpherson is a thrill.

Fred Hague III
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Elle is fabulous. You have done a wonderful job capturing a mood. The look on her face drives me wild.

Dustin Harrig
harrig@hanover.edu

I can't remember another time when Elle looked so hot. Herb Ritts is a master with a camera. Covers like this keep up my subscription renewals.

Brian Mittelstadt
Apple Valley, Minnesota

ELLE, OUR BELLE

I always write thank-you letters after receiving birthday presents. I celebrated my 21st birthday with your Elle Macpherson pictorial (*Elle*, May). I felt euphoric while gazing at Elle's absolute magnificence. Far better than my first legal beer.

Derek Blomquist
Providence, Rhode Island

What an incredibly campy pictorial of Elle Macpherson. If I hadn't read the article I wouldn't have known it was her. Where was the real Elle?

W.K. Ogg
St. Paul, Minnesota

Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you. Herb Ritts' talented camerawork has perfectly captured Elle's sensuality and class.

David Lawson
Brook Park, Ohio

As a model, Elle Macpherson is known for her natural appearance. Instead of playing to her strengths, Herb Ritts negates them. Now she looks like hell—not Elle.

Win Pound
Atlanta, Georgia

Elle-lated is how I felt when I opened my May PLAYBOY. Elle Macpherson is simply incredible.

Dwayne Nero
New York, New York

A note of thanks. The May issue caused a state of arousal in my lover that was greater than he had ever experienced. Now I know why my mom renewed my dad's subscription for all those years.

Jean Morrison
Riverview, Michigan

RABBIT REDUX

When our PLAYBOY arrives, my husband and I race to find the Rabbit on the cover. The May issue is ruining our marriage. It's in Elle's hair, but where?

Jackie Burns
Sausalito, California

Let your eye drop to Elle's left shoulder. It's all in the curls.

WHERE THERE'S SCHMOKE

I've lived in Maryland for 20 years and have learned to read Roger Simon (*Where There's Schmoke*, May) with a grain of salt. Kurt Schmoke didn't help carry the state for Clinton. Maryland is predominantly Democratic and always has been. Schmoke is an articulate, intelligent man who loves Baltimore. He didn't run for governor because he knew he would lose. And the NRA doesn't have Schmoke on a "hit list." Simon just likes to needle the group.

Mark Ryan
Abingdon, Maryland

I am very impressed with Kurt Schmoke. It's about time an elected official took a stand and admitted the

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MYSTERIOUS

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war on drugs is lost. I hope his views persuade other government officials to consider legalization.

Jeff Mills
Newark, New Jersey

BUNNY'S HONEYS

Bunny's Honeys (May) brought back those thrilling days of yesteryear in nude photography, when PLAYBOY was a baby and people used Rolleiflex cameras. It's nice to know Bunny Yeager is still clicking away.

Robert Hanrahan
Wilmington, Massachusetts

As a fan of classic pinup photography, I was happy to see the Bunny Yeager piece. Her choice to be both a model and a photographer contributed in large part to the pinup renaissance.

Dennis Coyle
Springfield, Pennsylvania

Thank you for the wonderful pictorial about me and my "honeys." I got a warm feeling remembering all the good times and the good people at PLAYBOY. Don't forget—I haven't retired. I'm working in Miami, and if you can't find me at my studio, I'll be down at the beach photographing another "hopeful."

Bunny Yeager
Miami, Florida

DIRTY PICTURES

Congratulations to Lisa Palac for *How Dirty Pictures Changed My Life* (May). She made me feel a lot better about being a sexually curious female.

Megan Switzer
Salem, Oregon

My mother taught me that all porn degrades women, though she has seen little of it. I believed her until I watched my first erotic film. It changed my life, too. I hope *Dirty Pictures* will convince others. I'm giving it to my mother to read.

Taliesin Magboo Cahill
tmcahill@gwis.circ.gwu.edu

Palac's article was thought-provoking. Only a few years ago I was dismayed to learn that my boyfriend (now my husband) possessed a collection of PLAYBOY magazines. Today, we own a small cache of erotica that we enjoy together. In fact, I bought the May issue myself. In my experience, erotic images do not exploit women but empower them.

Karen Anderson
Vancouver, B.C.

MEN

I request that PLAYBOY award Asa Baber an honorary doctorate for *A Return to Our Senses* (May). His prescription for health, happiness and longevity is brilliant.

Roy Thompson
Stamford, Connecticut

Hooray for Asa Baber. For years I have looked at my fellow men working out, abstaining from life's joys and asking forgiveness for being male. Bah, humbug! I have a fine woman, I'm a gourmet cook, I'll smoke a cigar and I love every second of my life.

R.J. Brehm
Waltham, Massachusetts

MISS MAY

Shae Marks (*On Your Marks*, May) is simply delicious.

Jim Dermatis
Leominster, Massachusetts

Shae Marks represents today's woman: intelligent, ambitious, self-confident.

A. Steele
Homestead, Florida

I'm awestruck. Never, since I first stole a peek at my father's PLAYBOY when I was

12, have I seen a Playmate as beautiful as Shae Marks.

Joseph Siniscalchi
Staten Island, New York

WOMEN

Cynthia Heimel's May *Women* column, *Power Envy*, got me thinking. Is she accusing all men? She doesn't speak for me. When a man stops thinking with his dick, he becomes truly interesting. But it seems to me that many women can't make up their minds what to do or be without group support. I'm willing to treat each woman I meet the way she wants to be treated as soon as she decides what she wants.

H. Robert Schroeder
Trenton, New Jersey

Cynthia Heimel's May column is excellent. Equality between the sexes will not be achieved through anger and bitterness. The finger-pointing must stop.

Damien Joly
Nanaimo, British Columbia

Heimel is correct in decrying the use of Lorena Bobbitt as an icon for the feminist brigade. There was something troubling about the group of supporters gathered in joyous defense of her act.

John Kirkpatrick
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Do you know how many men have been genitally mutilated? Do you care? They aren't mutilated like John Bobbitt, but by circumcision. With all the pain and trauma involved, it's no wonder men are confused about sex and violence.

Kevin Gosse
Gays Mills, Wisconsin

PLAYBOY'S ELECTRONIC LEXICON

Jonathan Takiff's definition of the digital compact cassette (*Playboy's Electronic Lexicon*, May) is wrong. Any acoustician can tell you that the range of human hearing is between 20Hz and 20Khz. Even though most urban dwellers have lost a lot of hearing at the high end of this spectrum, DCCs are not an improvement on the modern analog format. The designers have eliminated much of the upper harmonics because most people can't hear them. This is comparable to playing only three notes of a chord on an instrument that requires four. It impacts the timbre of the music.

Mitchell Rogers
Prospect Heights, Illinois

A NOTE FROM HOWARD'S TEACHER

I was chairman of the journalism department at Boston University when Howard Stern graduated. I was surprised to read in Howard's *Playboy Interview* (April) that he's upset about the comments on obscenity that Boston University President John Silber made on *Nightline*. Dr. Silber said clearly that "Howard Stern can, as far as I'm concerned, do anything he wants to do." I was also astonished to read Howard's description of a homosexual encounter he would like to have with Silber (who was criticized by gays throughout his 1990 gubernatorial campaign as being unsympathetic to their cause). Howard seemed like such a nice boy 20 years ago.

Professor James Brann
Boston, Massachusetts

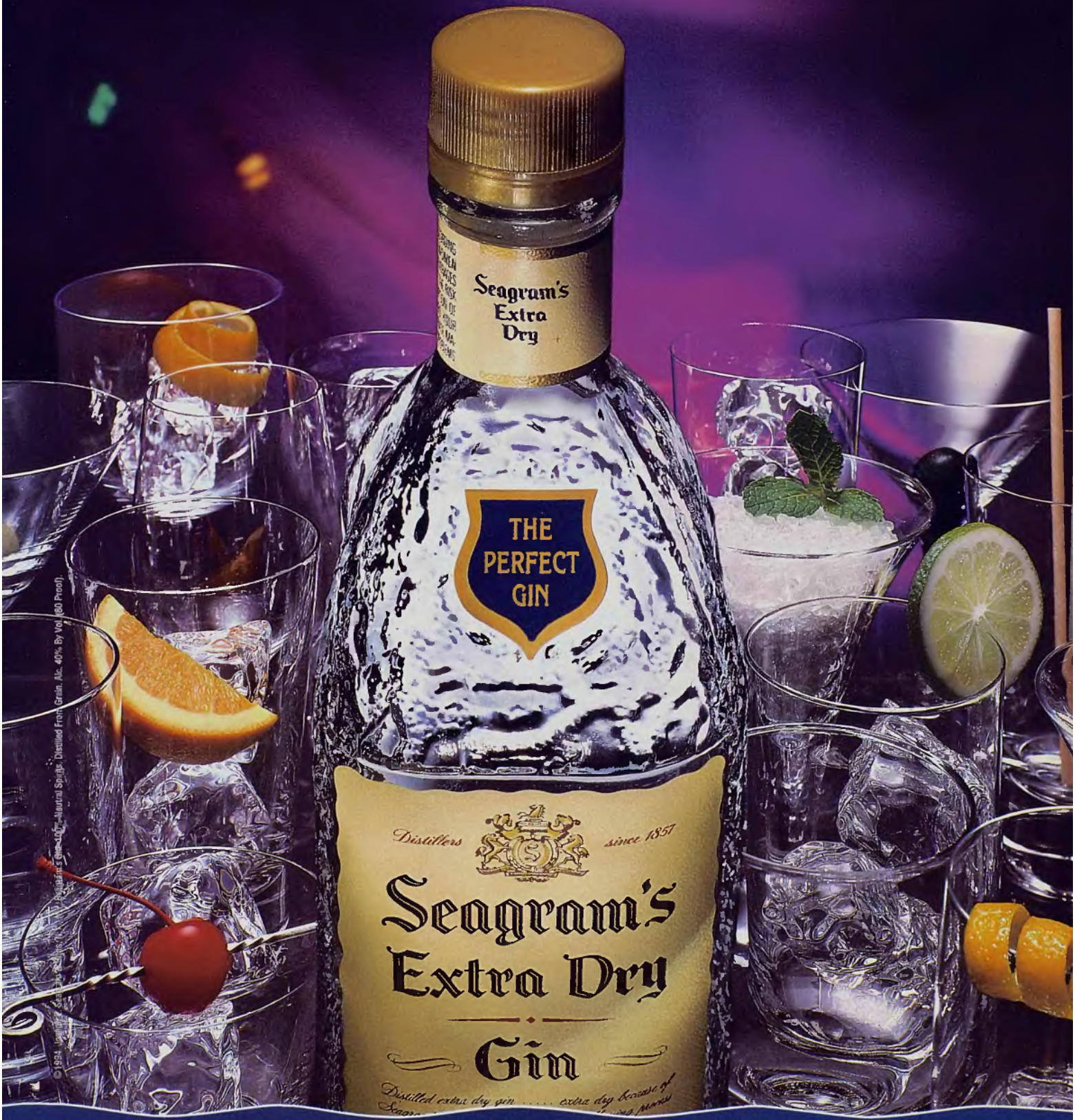
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

It was just another dreary day on the Hudson River until your May issue arrived. I was left with a bad case of spring fever. Things are looking up.

Peter Decker
Coxsackie, New York

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

CAUTION: BUMPS AHEAD.



THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

Have you noticed all your smoking flights have been cancelled? For a great smoke, just wing it.

BENSON & HEDGES 100's

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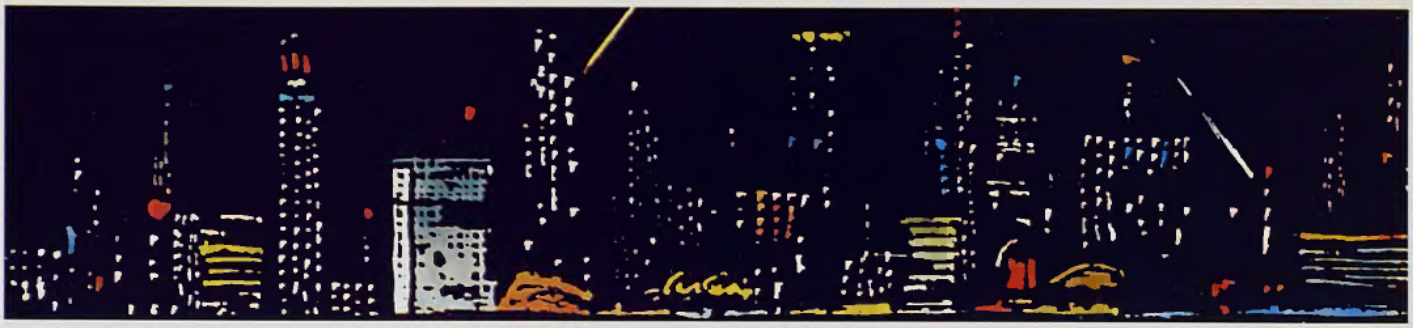
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



INTERDICKED

Most of us think of the Internet as our friend, but some are a bit more enamored. Recently, one of the most popular messages circulating on the Net—posted by a woman—explained "Why the Internet Is Like a Penis." A sampling:

It can be up or down. It's more fun when it's up, but hard to get any real work done.

If you don't apply protective measures, it can spread viruses.

It has no brain of its own. Instead, it uses—and confuses—yours.

We attach an importance to it that is far greater than its actual size and influence warrant.

If you're not careful, it can get you in big trouble.

Some people have it, some don't.

People who have it would be devastated if it were cut off—and they think those who don't have it want it.

People who don't have it may agree that it's a nifty toy but think it's not worth the fuss made about it.

Once you've started playing with it, it's hard to stop. Some people would play with it all day if they didn't have to work.

REALITY CHECKS

We've noticed that bank checks have not been immune to the push toward personalization—in fact, many companies now offer a number of styles. However, we were surprised when we saw the selection of checks by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Banknote. Our favorites include the Edvard Munch *Scream* model, the repeating skulls motif (perfect for buying Grateful Dead tickets) and the Vultures model, which would work nicely for tax payments.

TALK-ABOUT DOWN UNDER

Australia has never been known for restraint—either in its bars or in its parliament. Unlike members of the U.S. Congress, who refer to one another as learned colleagues, Australian M.P.s are a good deal more inventive. Among the recent epithets hurled in the chambers: perfumed gigolo, brain-damaged, harlot, sleazebag, scumbag, mental patient and dog's vomit.

•

San Francisco Chronicle columnist Herb Caen reports that a Portland, Oregon New Age foot-massage parlor is called Hannah and Her Blisters.

BAKED HAM (ROASTED, TOO)

We love understatement: At the American Film Institute's Lifetime Achievement Award ceremony honoring Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty noted that Nicholson "will go to great lengths to be in a good mood."

FLIRTY FIAT BACKFIRES

In a recent advertising campaign, Italian carmaker Fiat mailed 50,000 letters to women across Spain. The letters offered a flurry of compliments to the women, followed by an invitation to have a "little adventure" because, the letter continued, "we met again on the street yesterday and I noticed how you glanced interestedly in my direction." Six days later, a follow-up letter revealed the writer to be the new Fiat Cinquecento. However, not everyone took the campaign with good cheer. *El Pais*, a Spanish newspaper, reported that several women felt sufficiently threatened to lock themselves in their apartments because they believed they were being stalked. Another newspaper, *El Mundo*, reported that the solicitations provoked jealous scenes between husbands and wives. Fiat stopped the campaign and apologized after it received protests from consumer-protection groups. A spokesman for Fiat defended the mailer by saying, "We thought it was a fun campaign aimed at the independent, modern working woman."

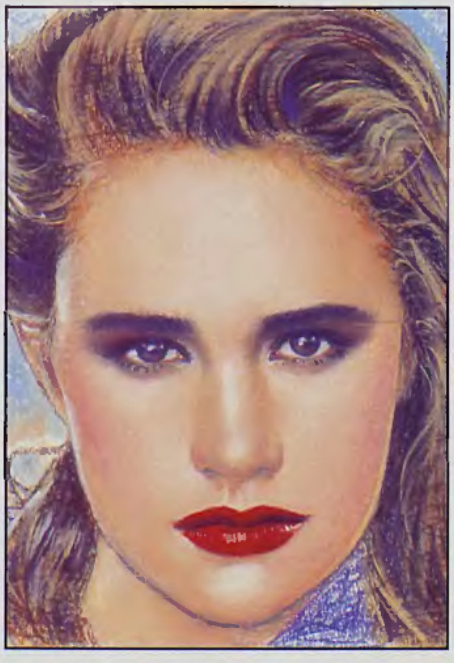


ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

LIQUID SKY

The Air Force admitted that it once again has lost an F-16 (cost: $18 million) because the pilot was unable to fly the aircraft while using the piddle pack—a device designed for in-flight urination. The previous incident was in March 1991. In both instances, the air jocks were able to eject safely.

CAN'T BEAT THE BANG

Sky & Telescope magazine held a contest to come up with a more felicitous term for the beginning of the universe than Big Bang. After poring over 10,660 suggestions, including such engaging names as Hot Hurl, Bursting Star Sack, Let There Be Stuff, Hey Looky There at That, Doink and Bob, the *S&T* judges decided to stick with the original.

BUTTMAN AND THE QUAKERS

One industry that did not escape disruption from the Los Angeles earthquake was the X-rated-video business, situated predominantly in the San Fernando Valley. Apparently, video production suffered extensive damage. More than 80 percent of the nation's pornographic features comes out of the valley's 35 or so major producers and distributors; most were within a five-mile radius

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Welcome to Dodge City: There are as many handguns in New York City—1.7 million—as cars.

QUOTE

"You know, a long time ago being crazy meant something. Nowadays everybody's crazy."—CHARLES MANSON, FEELING ANONYMOUS, DURING AN INTERVIEW WITH DIANE SAWYER ON *Turning Point*

BILL CONT

COLIN CHECK

Percentage of Americans who think Colin Powell is a Republican: 36; percentage who think he is a Democrat: 16; percentage who say they don't know: 46. (Powell has not divulged his political affiliation.)

GOOD SMOKES, EH?

Before the recent reduction in the Canadian cigarette tax, proportion of Canadian smokers who bought bootleg cigarettes: 1 in 3. Proportion of cigarettes sold in Canada that were bootleg: 1 in 4. Former cost of a legally purchased carton of cigarettes in Canada: $45. Former cost of a bootleg carton: $15 to $20. Population of Cornwall, Ontario: 47,000. Estimated number of cigarette cartons that were being smuggled into Cornwall daily: 50,000.

DEGREES OF SEPARATION

Percentage of American adults with a high school diploma: 75; percentage with bachelor's degrees: 13; percentage with graduate degrees: 7.

GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT

Median full-time weekly earnings—in 1982 dollars—for American workers aged 20 to 24 in 1989: $215; earnings for the same group in 1993: $199. Number of college grads working as street vendors or door-to-door salespeople in 1983: 57,000. Number in 1990: 75,000. Number of truck or bus drivers with college degrees in 1983: 99,000; number in 1990: 166,000.

DEERLY DEPARTED

Number of deer reported killed by hunters in Wisconsin in a year: 270,000; number of deer killed by cars: 37,000.

PASTA AND FUTURE

According to the Restaurant Consulting Group, percentage increase in the number of restaurants in the U.S. from 1985 to 1993: 12; percentage increase in number of Italian restaurants: 135. Number of Olive Garden franchises in 1982: 2; in 1994: 432.

A SPY IN EVERY JOHN

According to a survey of 10,000 companies by the American Management Association, percentage that drug-tested employees in 1987: 21; percentage in 1993: 85.

GAY EDGAR DISAPPROVER

Of 15 FBI job applicants since 1985 who were suspected of being homosexual, number who were hired: 0.

WASTE OF ENERGY

From 1991 to 1993, legal fees paid by the U.S. Department of Energy to private law firms to challenge eight lawsuits filed by workers and civilians who contend that they were harmed from exposure to radiation: $47 million. Percentage of its total legal fees that the Department of Energy spent in challenging these lawsuits: 50.

GENDER MOMENTS

In a recent survey, percentage of Americans who say it's the man's responsibility to propose marriage: 82; percentage who say men should pay for the first date: 82; percentage who say men should ask for the first date: 77. Percentage who are impressed with punctuality: 52.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

of the quake's epicenter. While religious fanatics may think that the quake was God's way of telling the producers to clean up their acts, Mark Kernes, managing editor of the trade magazine *Adult Video News*, said, "It probably slowed them down about a week."

HOUSE CALLS

Dial-a-Diagnosis: The Medical Information Line, a new nationally advertised 900 number, is a touch-tone directory for what ails you. For $1.95 a minute, those too shy to consult a doctor can access messages on 354 health-related topics. Although there's nothing titillating about the messages, an exasperated spokesman says the subject most people want to know about is masturbation.

•

We suppose it's a question of how much you want the job. Some hot work advice in a recent issue of *The Wall Street Journal's National Business Employment Weekly* came under the headline HOW GREAT CANDIDATES BLOW JOB INTERVIEWS.

A NUT WITH BOLTS

Fashion designer Oribe Canales is back at work at Elizabeth Arden studios in New York after a one-week stay at a Minnesota rehab clinic. He went there after smearing models with blue paint just as they were going on the runway. The eerie Canales is defiant about his actions: "It was genius. My interpretation was Hiroshima—and that radiation can be beautiful."

CRIMINAL STUPIDITY

In Fort Lauderdale, accused murderer Donald Leroy Evans petitioned the court to refer to him in all legal documents by "the honorable and respected name of Hi Hitler." Courthouse employees told the Associated Press that Evans didn't realize the salutation was actually "*Heil* Hitler."

HEIDI SALAMI

According to the program for the Third International Symposium on Circumcision held at the University of Maryland, one of the lead speakers, Dr. Paul Fleiss, gave an address titled "Care of the Intact Penis." Perhaps you've heard of Dr. Fleiss' daughter, Heidi, whose appearances in the news suggest that she's also versed in the subject.

•

The California Motor Vehicle Department lost a hearing on its claim that the vanity plates of Bruce Deam, a female federal geology researcher and cat lover, were offensive. Since 1973 her plates have read A PUSSY.

ESCAPE

for men

Calvin Klein

eau de toilette

Introducing
the body collection

Open fold for
ESCAPE for men

bloomingdale's

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TEEMING WITH the life of the barrio in a Los Angeles neighborhood known as Echo Park, ***Mi Vida Loca*** (Sony Classics) wrings poetry from poverty and ethnic angst. In a follow-up to *Gas, Food, Lodging*, writer-director Allison Anders focuses on the homegirls whose homeboys are soon likely to face long prison terms or death. Beautiful Giggles (Marlo Marron), just out of jail herself, smirks when an admirer promises to take care of her. "The last man who said that to me is dead," she tells him. The way Giggles and her sisters look at it, "Guys come and go—they ain't worth it." Two friendly rivals known as Sad Girl (Angel Aviles) and Mousie (Seidy Lopez) bear children fathered by Ernesto (Jacob Vargas), a strutting Romeo whose days are numbered. Drugs, cars and sex color every conversation in a shifting narrative that brings a dozen characters up for close scrutiny. Like them or not, *Mi Vida Loca* (*My Crazy Life*) is a poignant and profane slice of street theater. ¥¥¥½

•

Gerald (Adrian Pasdar) gets the heave-ho from his wife when she comes home from a trip to find their bedroom littered with someone else's lingerie. Though he misses his kids, Gerald moves to a rooming house owned by Monica (Julie Walters), an attractive older woman who comforts him abed but can't seem to keep him aboard. Finally, he confesses: "I'm a transvestite." Which explains to Monica why a strange woman has been sneaking into his room late at night. Egad, it's Gerald, a.k.a. Geraldine. That's the gist of ***Just Like a Woman*** (Samuel Goldwyn), a brisk, trendy British comedy that treads a thin line between being somewhat silly and being decently civilized about a heterosexual male who feels at home wearing fishnet stockings and a garter belt. ¥¥

•

Some testy banter between Susan Sarandon and Tommy Lee Jones adds zip to ***The Client*** (Warner), a class-A screen adaptation of John Grisham's thriller. Sarandon is warmly sympathetic and convincing as a dogged Memphis lawyer—also a recovering alcoholic with a bumpy past—who frustrates federal prosecutor Jones in his efforts to force testimony from an 11-year-old witness to a suicide. The frightened boy in the case is played by Brad Renfro, a feisty discovery certain to snag future roles. Mary-Louise Parker, as his harried mom, adds to the authentic tone of director Joel Schumacher's suspense drama about women in jeopardy and a kid pursued by hit men. Simultaneously scary and skillful, *Client* hits the ground running with the book's major assets intact. ¥¥¥

Walters and Pasdar in *Woman*'s wear.

Homegirls hang in there, lawyers get some sympathy and a mama's boy has a ball.

•

Busy British actress Julie Walters, a 1983 Oscar nominee for *Educating Rita*, delivers another memorable performance in ***The Wedding Gift*** (Miramax). Teamed with Jim Broadbent, equally impressive as her loyal husband, Deric, Walters brings grit and wit to the tale of a woman stricken with a mysterious, debilitating illness. Joking about the doctors who order test after test but won't let her see her own medical records, she tells Deric, "Perhaps I should expose myself while you take the files." *Wedding Gift* gets a bit precious when Walters, anticipating her own demise, arranges her husband's future with another woman (Sian Thomas, as a novelist who is blind, kind and capable). Schmaltz and all, the movie is good-natured, upbeat and intelligent. ¥¥½

•

If at first you succeed, you may be able to mine more big bucks from a sequel. Thereby hangs the tale of ***City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold*** (Columbia), which brings back Billy Crystal and Daniel Stern as well as Jack Palance (his Oscar-winning Curly expired in the original *City Slickers*, so Palance now plays Curly's twin). Palance hams with gusto, and Jon Lovitz joins the search for some buried treasure as Billy's ne'er-do-well kid brother. This time, Crystal carries a cellular phone on horseback, but he's riding for a fall—thrown by a bone-tired screenplay and an eagerness to concoct an encore hit. ¥½

•

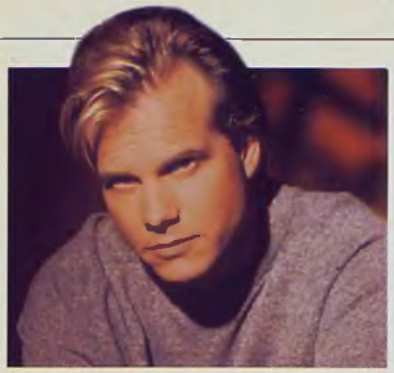
Few American males need to be reminded that ***Spanking the Monkey*** (Fine Line) is a slang reference to masturbation. Sex figures strongly in writer-director David O. Russell's potent first feature—memorable for its cool, dark humor, credibility and several top performances. Jeremy Davis, 23, sets the pace impressively as a wry college freshman named Raymond, stuck for the summer with his mother (Alberta Watson), who has broken her leg. His father (Benjamin Hendrickson) is a boorish, philandering control freak. His tentative moves on a nubile, inexperienced high school girl (Carla Gallo) leave him frustrated, and he's locked in close quarters—too close, it turns out—with his attractive mother. She is a woman who finds little excitement in her own marriage but obviously gets a charge from her son's stirring sexuality. Their incestuous impulses provoke the dramatic conclusion. The plot isn't new—Louis Malle shrugged off mother-son incest with a smile, in French, in the 1971 *Murmur of the Heart*. But Russell warms to his subject with taste and insight, while Davis' high-intensity performance proves that this boy's momplex is no laughing matter. ¥¥¥

•

'Tis the season to play ball, and ***Little Big League*** (Columbia) stars Luke Edwards as a 12-year-old who inherits the Minnesota Twins from his wealthy grandfather (Jason Robards). After Robards strikes out permanently in the first reel, this amiable comedy has the same effect as hot dogs and cold beer on an afternoon at the Metrodome. Edwards is a boy thrust into a man's world, while the Twins' star first baseman (Timothy Busfield) dates his mom (Ashley Crow). Some real big-league names (Kevin Elster, Wally Joyner and Lou Pinella among them) round out the opposition's roster. As summer movies go, score this one a modest single to left. ¥¥

•

Gay rights get a timely but bittersweet boost from ***Coming Out Under Fire*** (Zeitgeist Films), Arthur Dong's collage of old film clips and recent interviews based on Allan Berube's book of the same title (subtitled *The History of Gay Men and*



Paxton: No false moves.

OFF CAMERA

He is supposed to keep mum about his role in James Cameron's *True Lies*—opposite Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jamie Lee Curtis—which opens in mid-July. But **Bill Paxton,** 38, breaches his vow of secrecy to suggest: "This movie will be a blockbuster. My character is Simon, a guy who gets caught up in the nightmare of his own fantasies." Paxton prefers to discuss his role in a previous Cameron epic, *The Terminator*. "I was the leader of a punk gang and got to say 'Fuck you' to Arnold."

Paxton has been having his say a lot since *One False Move*, the film noir sleeper that cinched his growing reputation as "a weird guy." He was slightly offbeat, certainly, in *Aliens* and *Trespass*, as well as in *Boxing Helena*, in which he played Sherilyn Fenn's lusty stud. "I love playing sexy tough guys. When those characters were fucking, I thought of them as beautiful racehorses. I modeled my character after Warren Beatty—sort of *Shampoo* meets Jim Morrison."

One role he wanted and didn't get was Jim Morrison in *The Doors*. "People always tell me I look a little like him, and I was practically raised on the Doors. But I never get anywhere with Oliver Stone."

Texas-born Paxton, whose father ran a lumber company, began his career as a set dresser on *Big Bad Mama*, then made film shorts, selling one to *Saturday Night Live* before the acting bug bit him. "My parents now live in California, and I've been able to get small parts for my dad in three of my movies." The father "of a beautiful son James," Paxton met his English wife while making a movie. "I picked her up on a bus. She still looks good, the perennial ingenue."

Paxton calls the movie world "a real crapshoot, but I've been lucky." Clearly on a roll, he adds: "I'd like to be a leading man while I still have my own teeth."

Women in World War II). Nine gay men and women who served Uncle Sam in the Forties tell how they weathered the days when they were labeled "perverts" and "undesirables." Rare film footage covers everything from dated propaganda shorts to the recent hearings that blushingly defined tolerance as a 'don't ask, don't tell' policy. Simultaneously sad and wickedly satirical, *Coming Out* is a message movie that delivers. ¥¥¥

•

The first of two French comedies directed by Alain Resnais, ***Smoking*** (October Films), will be followed by a companion piece titled *No Smoking*. Both are theatrical showpieces, clearly staged on film sets, in which two highly accomplished French actors—Sabine Azema and Pierre Arditi—portray numerous characters in a two-person tour de force. Based on a series of short plays by Britain's prolific comic playwright, Alan Ayckbourn, the *Smoking/No Smoking* duo won five Césars (France's answer to Oscar), including Best Picture. Named Best Actor, Arditi plays a tippling schoolmaster, a jack-of-all-trades known as Lionel, the schoolmaster's friend and Lionel's elderly father. The flexible film medium allows him to make entrances and exits with aplomb, all but running into himself while Azema assumes *her* various disguises as a harried, romantic housewife, a country girl with aspirations and other local types. While impressive as a stunt, *Smoking* alone is a shade too clever for its own good. ¥¥½

•

Animation and anthropomorphic humor are combined expertly in ***The Lion King*** (Walt Disney Pictures), which bids to become this summer's family-picture pacesetter. Authoritative as the voice of the slain daddy lion Mufasa, James Earl Jones is matched by Jeremy Irons, who knocks himself out as the hammy Scar—a bad cat taking over the animal kingdom meant to be the birthright of Simba (Matthew Broderick speaks for the adult Simba). With campy vocal turns supplied by the likes of Whoopi Goldberg and Nathan Lane, *Lion King* is thoroughly grown-up, savvy entertainment for the young at heart—provided you don't think too much about messages regarding class, color and the divine right of kings—even animal ones. ¥¥¥

•

Casting Halle Berry as a secretary named Sharon Stone is probably the best gag in ***The Flintstones*** (Universal). How stupid can a movie be and still land on the box-office charts? We'll see. In general, the film version of the famous cartoon and TV series turns out to be a taste test for moviegoers over the age of ten—or maybe seven. ¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Backbeat (Reviewed 4/94) Beatles in love triangle way back when. ¥¥¥
City Slickers II (See review) So-so sequel dims the usual Crystal ball. ¥½
The Client (See review) Grisham served in style by a stellar company. ¥¥¥
Coming Out Under Fire (See review) Gays in uniform sharply reviewed. ¥¥¥
The Conviction (7/94) Italian courtroom drama on sexual harassment. ¥¥½
Crooklyn (6/94) Coming of age in Brooklyn as seen by Spike Lee. ¥¥½
The Crow (7/94) Dark comic-strip deeds starring Brandon Lee. ¥¥½
Fear of a Black Hat (7/94) Sly spoof of a rip-roaring rap group. ¥¥¥
The Flintstones (See review) As film foolery goes, this is rock bottom. ¥
Four Weddings and a Funeral (5/94) Hot British slant on social functions. ¥¥¥
Go Fish (7/94) Lesbians make their statement as a romantic comedy. ¥¥
Just Like a Woman (See review) He's straight but digs cross-dressing. ¥¥
Kika (6/94) Spanish and sexy but still substandard Almodóvar. ¥¥
Les Visiteurs (4/94) Seeing modern France with a knight of yore. ¥¥½
The Lion King (See review) It's a highly human jungle out there. ¥¥¥
Little Big League (See review) The Twins guided by a 12-year-old. ¥¥
Mi Vida Loca (See review) In the L.A. barrio, homegirls carry on. ¥¥¥½
My Life's in Turnaround (7/94) How to make a movie from ground zero. ¥¥
Naked in New York (6/94) Young lovers pick passion or career moves. ¥¥¥
Serial Mom (5/94) Kathleen Turner takes a toll in suburbia. ¥¥¥
Sirens (5/94) Vintage eroticism down under, where women let loose. ¥¥¥¥
The Slingshot (7/94) Reminiscence of a Swedish boy and how he grew. ¥¥¥
Smoking (See review) Sheer flimflam done to a turn in French. ¥¥½
Spanking the Monkey (See review) He takes mother love to the max. ¥¥¥
Sunday's Children (6/94) Ingmar Bergman and son collaborate on a compelling family saga. ¥¥¥
That's Entertainment III (6/94) More magic from MGM musicals. ¥¥¥½
The Wedding Gift (See review) A doomed wife picks her successor. ¥¥½
When a Man Loves a Woman (6/94) She drinks, he forgives. ¥¥¥
White (7/94) French wife dumps husband and is jailed for murder. ¥¥
The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl (6/94) Hitler's favorite and a legend in her own time. ¥¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

When it comes to at-home viewing, **Dustin Hoffman's** picks are as eclectic as the roles he plays. He bounces from French fare such as *Forbidden Games* and *The Children of Paradise* to Fellini's *8½* to Bergman's *Fanny and Alexander*. "I also saw this movie, *La Belle Noiseuse*," he says, "about a painter and a nude model. He spends the entire movie painting and talking with her. He's clothed and she's nude—he never touches her. It's really sexy." The actor's actor is also partial to memorable performances, such as Charlie Chaplin's in *The Gold Rush*. "And I just saw De Niro's *A Bronx Tale*. He did a good job with it." Does Hoffman prefer comedy or drama? "I never could figure out the difference," he says. "Could you?" —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO SEX ED

Class begins now. As how-to sex videos infiltrate the market, the Sinclair Institute steals the spotlight with three sex-ed tapes featuring experts, therapists and sexually active couples. Polite but explicit, the vid-triptych includes:

Becoming Orgasmic: For the 48 percent of American women who have some trouble reaching orgasm—and for the men who want to please them—this program claims to unlock the mysteries of the clitoris. Rather than blame it all on Freud, it asks viewers to follow instructions on manual, oral, genital and battery-operated stimulation. The TV-movie style is goofy, the climax is sublime.

Sexual Positions for Lovers—Beyond the Missionary Position: Four couples demonstrate bed gymnastics—sometimes to heighten stimulation, other times to work around an obstacle (e.g., back pain or pregnancy). A provocative look at the power and playfulness of sex, along with helpful anatomical info.

Speaking of Sex: This tape stresses communication between partners on such topics as oral sex, birth control and sexually transmitted diseases. But the talk-show format is a drag. It kind of makes you want to stop the yapping and get back to bed. —JULIE BESONEN

VIDBITS

The newest batch of TV-to-tape transfers crosses generational lines. Now replaying on the small screen: ***All in the Family: The Collector's Edition*** (Columbia House), ***Bonanza: The Return*** (Vidmark), ***Rawhide*** and ***Gunsmoke*** (CBS Video)—and for real historians, ***The Jack Benny Collection*** (MCA/Universal). . . . Did someone say new Hitchcock? The mystery master's wartime shorts, ***Bon Voyage*** and ***Aventure Malgache*** (Milestone, $39.95), were banned by the Brits as inflammatory—then sat on—back in 1944. Now these musty must-sees are yours. In French, with subtitles. . . . Buena Vista's ***The Best of Broadway Musicals*** features a mother lode of classic numbers performed live on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Highlights include Julie Andrews and Richard Burton singing *What Do the Simple Folk Do?* from *Camelot*, and Ethel Merman belting out *There's No Business Like Show Business* from *Annie Get Your Gun* ($19.99).

TOONS ON TAPE

With ***The Flintstones,*** Hollywood has once again brought classic pen-and-ink to the big screen. Other well-loved, two-dimensional characters who made the leap before Fred include:

Dick Tracy (1990): With an imaginative use of primary colors, director-producer-star Warren Beatty brings the ultimate dick to life. Hoffman and Pacino do decent villainy, while Madonna's slinky femme fatale makes for a wonderful screen stint. For a change.

Superman (1978): Christopher Reeve soars as both the nerdy Clark Kent and the beefed-up man of steel—though Mario Puzo's story takes itself a bit too seriously. Still, a great flight.

Brenda Starr (1992): Not half as bad as the press surrounding its nonrelease (it went straight to video). Playful script, great comic-book look and a stunning Brooke Shields make this one a surprise.

The Addams Family (1991): Short on plot, long on cobwebbed atmosphere. Great cast and top art direction bring Charles Addams' world of Gothic decadence hilariously to life. Sequel's good, too.

Batman (1989): Tim Burton's Gotham City saga swaps camp for a dark vision of urban chaos as Keaton and Nicholson tear up the Oscar-winning scenery. Cool Prince tunes.

Popeye (1980): Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall were born to play Popeye and Olive Oyl. Too bad director Robert Altman got lost at sea. —ELIZABETH TIPPENS

LASER FARE

Ah, nothing better on a hot summer night than air-conditioning, a loved one and a cheesy monster movie. Among the so-bad-they're-good flicks making disc debuts this summer are Paramount's 1956 Japanese classics ***Rodan*** and ***Godzilla: King of the Monsters***, as well as ***War of the Gargantuas*** (1970) and ***Godzilla's Revenge*** (1971). Or, if you prefer fine American cheese, Orion has released six classics from the granddad of ghoul, Vincent Price. Best double feature: Price's hilarious spin in ***Master of the World*** (from the Jules Verne tale) and his priceless poke at Poe in ***The Masque of the Red Death,*** directed by Roger Corman. Have fun.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Philadelphia*** (no reol surprises in Demme's AIDS–courtroom droma—but superb Washington and Hanks), ***The Piano*** (mute moil-order bride Holly Hunter frees keyed-up possion in New Zealand wilds; screen poetry from Jane Campion).
DRAMA	***In the Name of the Father*** (Brits unjustly jail Doy-Lewis and dod for IRA crimes; Emma Thompson makes the rescue), ***Sugar Hill*** (upscale drug deolers Snipes ond brother sink to new depths on meon streets; sibling rivolry in extremis).
THRILLER	***The Pelican Brief*** (critics whined obout the implausibilities, but the Julio–Denzel vehicle does Grisham fine on small screen), ***Ghost in the Machine*** (psycho-robotic killer ò la *Lawnmower Man* terrorizes Karen Allen; a neat sleeper).
WESTERN	***Tombstone*** (Russell rides high as Wyatt Eorp, but Kilmer's Doc Hollidoy makes this corral OK), ***Ride Him Cowboy*** (early John Wayne ooter, new to video vio MGM/UA; incidentally, back then his horse was named Duke).
DOCUMENTARY	***America's Castles*** (A&E's two-hour châteou-and-tell tours homes of the filthy rich; dig those digs), ***The War Room*** (slick trovelog tracks Clinton's bumpy ride to the White House vio genius starmokers Corville and Stephanopoulos).

READ ANY GOOD DISKS LATELY?

Instead of lugging hardcovers between Tokyo and Osaka, Japanese commuters are now reading books contained on floppy disks. NEC kicked off the trend with its Digital Book Player, a $500 device that resembles the personal digital assistants currently on sale in the States. A similar version in the works at Fujitsu will store books on credit-card-size memory cards. And while there's no word on when or if these products will arrive here, owners of Apple Newton Message Pads and Sharp Expert Pad PDAs have their own digital commute underway. Using Newton Connection Kit software for Windows and Macintoshes, they're dialing the Internet and downloading

STEVE DINNING

dozens of books—including Sherlock Holmes classics and Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*—onto their PDAs. A group called the Online Book Initiative distributes electronic text on the Internet. E-mail the group at world.std.com for more information.

BROADCAST NEWS

Everything remains on schedule for the fall launch of RCA's Digital Satellite System. GM Hughes Electronics is expected to send its second satellite into orbit this month, making it possible for you to pick up 150 channels of digital audio and video on 18"-diameter satellite dishes from RCA. Look for the dishes in Circuit City, Sears and Best Buy stores for $700. And yes, Playboy TV will be offered. In other television news, the Electronics Industry Association recently announced a new technology standard that will take the guesswork out of channel surfing. Called Extended Data Service, it will enable you to access text messages (including program titles, ratings and length of shows) on your TV screen each time you tune to a different channel. Finally, we're told Cox Cable is test-marketing its pipelines as a route to deliver Prodigy to PC users in San Diego. Why? Because cable can transmit data up to 1000 times faster than phone lines, which means more cyberbabble for your buck.

GET-FIT GADGETS

Getting into shape is a pain in the ass. Fortunately, we've found a few devices that can turn the challenge into a game. One of them, Caltrac, is a $90 beeper-size monitor that measures the amount of calories you burn each day versus the amount you consume. All you do is program in your height, weight and the estimated calories you consume. Then clip Caltrac to your waistband and its supersensitive computer chip starts counting—whether you're sitting still or sweating it out on a stair climber. You can also track your body-fat percentage in private—in seconds—with the Futrex 1000 ($100, illustrated at right). Again, you punch in your height and weight, then press the device to the center of your bicep. An electronic beam of light distinguishes between fat and muscle, and a digital readout gives you the results. For serious fitness fun and games, check out the Heartbeat Personal Trainer ($299), a souped-up Sega Genesis system that monitors your pulse and target heart rate via specially programmed video games. While you're pedaling away on your exercise bike, for example, you can play Outworld 2375 A.D., an intergalactic race in which you have to outmaneuver mutants in a spacecraft. A pulse monitor (clipped to your ear) and an optical sensor measure how fast you're going. If it's too slow, your space-

AMY CATHORE

craft will crash; too fast and it'll overheat and disintegrate. Heartbeat games cost about $70 each. If you already own a Genesis system, there's a connection package, called Catalyst, that provides all the benefits of the dedicated Heartbeat unit for $199.

WILD THINGS

One of the lightest 486 subnotebook computers on the market, Compaq's Contura Aero 4/25 (pictured below) weighs 3.5 pounds and is available with up to 12 megobytes of memory and hord drives from 84 to 250M8s. It also features a PCMCIA slot, o trackboll ond a six-hour bottery life. Prices ronge from $1399 for a monochrome version to $2199 for the 4/33c model with a color disploy. • Technics is coming out with the first bookshelf stereo system that olso incorporotes o video CD ployer. The SC-VC10 hooks up to your TV ond, in addition to playing five-inch compact disc movies and audio CDs, combines a tuner, a tape deck and three-way speakers, about $1200. • The Personal Daily Plan It calendors for IBM-compotible PCs are a fun woy to keep trock of your life. We like the Plan It Poradise edition ($60), which includes more than 400 color photos of sexy bathing-suited beauties.

Where & How to Buy on page 143

On the 125th Anniversary
of the most legendary clipper ship of all time...
The National Maritime Historical Society Presents

THE CUTTY SARK ANNIVERSARY
MARITIME HOURGLASS

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The hourglass housing is surmounted by a handsome fish-shaped finial, richly embellished in 24 karat gold.

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STYLE

BACKWARD GLANCE

Forget those bulky gym bags. The coolest way to lug your load these days is with a backpack. Kenneth Cole's pebble-grain leather version with two outside pockets and a back-entry zipper ($180) makes it easy to separate your stash. So does the extra-roomy napa leather pack by Tumi ($300), which also has two outside zip pockets and a snap hook for your keys. Ghurka's vintage-style backpacks feature braided leather handles and come in an antiqued Jacquard fabric ($495) as well as a chestnut leather that's embossed to look like alligator skin ($595). Outdoor Products makes the Bossanova pack for extra-heavy hauling. It combines ultradurable cordura nylon (a fabric used to pad ski and snowboard threads) with nubuck leather on the bottom and flap ($45). Eagle Creek's casual briefcase, also made of cordura, doubles as a backpack with straps that can be hidden in a special compartment ($60). And Rugby North America's extra-large style ($200, shown here) converts to an equally handy duffel bag when you detach one of the straps from the pewter clips.

POLY GOES PC

Sharp soda bottle, dude. Not the one you're drinking from—the one you're wearing. Yep, recycled plastic bottles are now being used to manufacture polyester. Timberland's fleece pullover with nylon trim ($200), for example, is made of Polartec ECO 200, a type of polyester made of 50 percent recycled plastic. Eastern Mountain Sports offers a variation called Pinnacle E.C.O. fleece—E.C.O. stands for environmentally correct origins. We like the pull-on drawstring pants ($50) and zip-front vest ($55), both with contrasting trim. When it comes to footwear, G.H. Bass' casual oxford shoes ($65) combine rubber soles with recycled polyester uppers. Eastpak's ECO series includes both lightweight fanny packs ($25) and backpacks ($48 to $72) made of a recycled polyester that resembles cotton canvas. Colors include black, navy and hunter green. Hat Attack tops it off with a hunting cap that features Monks Cloth Naturetex 100 and earflaps and lining made from Fortrel Ecospun. Patagonia's PCR (postconsumer recycled) Synchilla fleece jacket comes in a waist-length style with a stand-up collar ($82).

HOT SHOPPING: SAN FRANCISCO

When the 1989 earthquake ripped apart the downtown freeways, it opened up San Francisco's Hayes Valley area for redevelopment. Streetwalkers have been replaced by a Soho-like triangle of unique alternative shops. One by Two (45 Rose Alley): Half design work-space, half retail space, this store carries unisex sportswear and unusual vests. • Andre's Body Shop (371 Hayes Street): The hippest aerobics studio in town, with a great selection of exercise and street threads. • Bella Donna (539 Hayes Street): A boutique featuring clothing made from specialty fabrics by young designers, with some custom-made on the premises. • AD/50 (601 Laguna Street): Forties- and Fifties-style furnishings designed exclusively by architects. • Nomads (556 Hayes Street): Deconstructed suits and casual menswear by European and local designers.

CLOTHES LINE

Saturday Night Live bandleader **G.E. Smith's** blond mane is a slick contrast to his collection of black Eddie Bauer turtlenecks. Most were bought while on tour with Bob Dylan in 1988, he says, but "at this point, people probably know the name Eddie Bauer better than they do Dylan." Onstage, Smith wears vintage Fifties Cuban-heel shoes from a "trendy, retro boutique on Melrose Avenue." He also likes Cole-Haan loafers and Converse hightops. And a guitar player "has to have a worn-out denim jacket, though a brand-new Gary Gilmore prison-issue one is cool, too." Other denim favorites: Levi's jeans and faded Western shirts.

SOCKS, TIES AND VIDEOTAPE

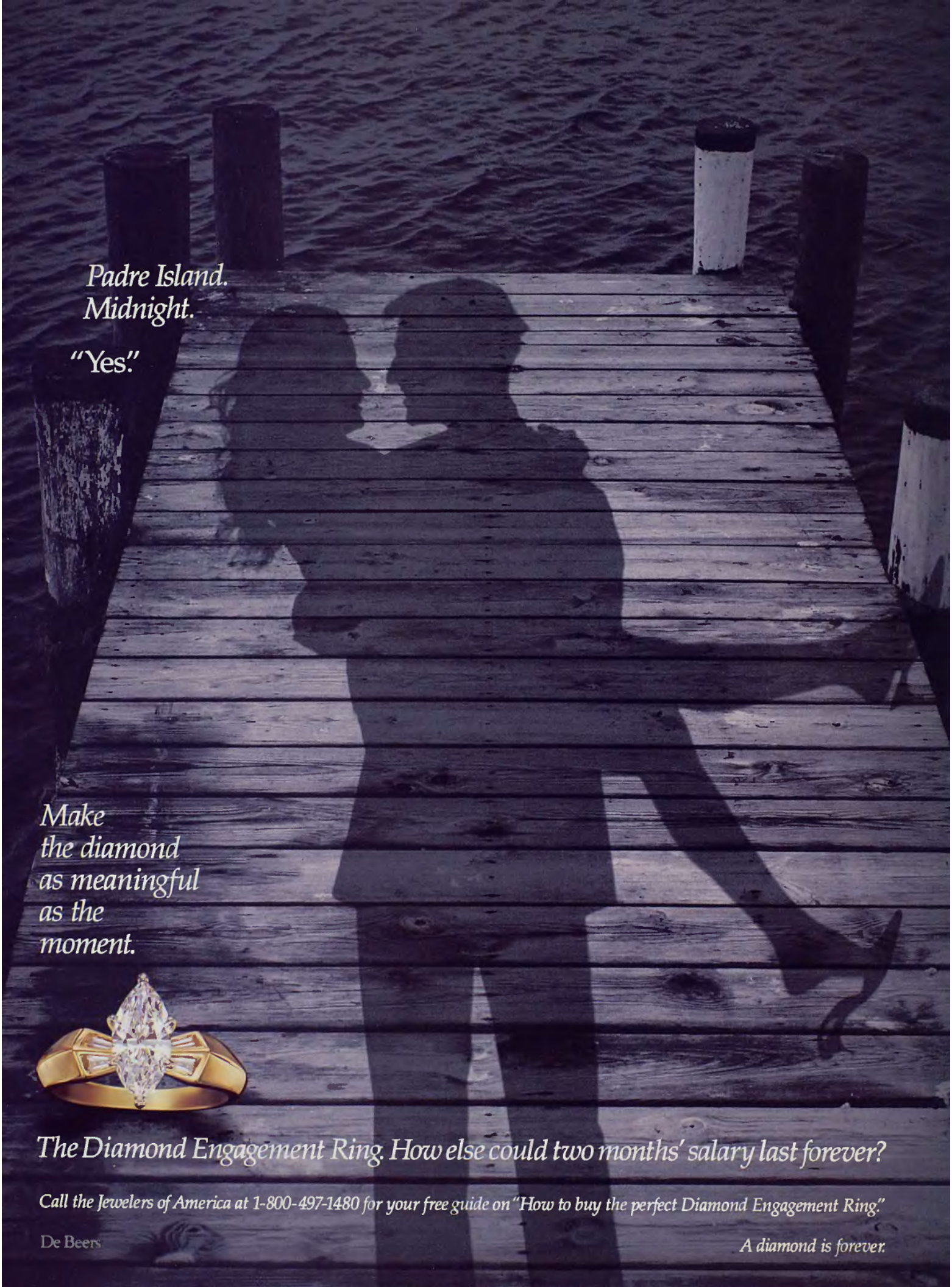
On the road to success, the wrong wardrobe can be a dead end. So we suggest that you get directions from these fashion sources. **Books:** Kenneth Karpinski's *Red Socks Don't Work* ($14.95) has the word on tailors, trousers and tacky trends. *Men of Style*, by Donald Charles Richardson ($20), offers simple solutions for bad skin and hair days. And the *Chic Simple* series includes a volume called *Clothes* ($25), which covers everything from underwear to cummerbunds, and another titled *Shirt and Tie* ($12.50) to help you conquer your fear of mixing and matching. **Video:** For the guy who's all thumbs, *Tie Tying and More* ($17.95) is a 30-minute VHS tape featuring demonstrations on how to create the perfect knot, how to match ties with suits and selecting ties for different occasions.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SPORTS JACKETS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Three- or four-button single-breasted; three open-patch pockets; 3½" to 4" lapels	Boxy silhouettes with football-pad shoulders; pushed-up sleeves
COLORS	Shades of blue and black, from navy to slate; subtle stripes and plaids	High-contrast patterns; winter white; primary and pastel colors; shiny gold buttons
FIT AND FABRICS	Long, slim fit; slightly suppressed waist; wool blends with texture; cashmere	Anything that's not your size; flat or stiff fabrics such as mohair or Harris tweed

Where & How to Buy on page 143.



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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

SOMETIMES I think all pop music made after 1964 has been a terrible mistake. Little Richard, Chuck Berry and Eddie Cochran got it right the first time, and there's no need for anybody else to try. Ironically, that's what I think every morning for the 27 minutes it takes to play ***Backbeat*** (Virgin)—a movie soundtrack about the Beatles in Hamburg, when they were learning to play rock and roll by covering the aforementioned forefathers. There seems to be a period of about six years in a musician's career when he has both the competence and energy to play three chords in two-minute bursts with convincing conviction. Once you've passed those years, you can't. So producer Don Was wisely assembled some of the hottest young musicians of the formerly alternative scene and turned them loose on 12 songs that have been covered a billion times by aspiring rock musicians. By God, they do it better than just about anyone since the Beatles, who did it better than anyone since Little Richard, Chuck Berry and Eddie Cochran. There are wonderfully raw vocals by Greg Dulli (Afghan Whigs) and Dave Pirner (Soul Asylum), killer rhythm and authentically crude lead guitar by Don Fleming (Gumball) and Thurston Moore (Sonic Youth) and in-the-pocket bass by Mike Mills (R.E.M.). But I give the largest measure of credit to drummer Dave Grohl (Nirvana), who can propel a song with his profound sense of backbeat as well as anyone since Ringo. Play it loud and be happy.

FAST CUTS: ***Ain't Gonna Be Your Dog*** (MCA), by Howlin' Wolf. If you crave more after the recent boxed set, this collection of rarities and alternate takes will satiate for a while. The acoustic stuff is utterly haunting. So is the box, ***One More Mile*** (MCA), by Muddy Waters. Even fanatics will find something special.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Rock styles don't derive from one source, and that goes double for styles that become marketing devices or headline shorthand—like grunge. Nevertheless, one set of forefathers prefigured Nirvana: another power trio, Minneapolis' mythic Hüsker Dü. With bassist Greg Norton, pop-friendly drummer Grant Hart and guitarmeister Bob Mould singing and writing, Hüsker Dü generated energy much closer to classic punk than to metal melodrama. Most of their albums were recorded on the cheap. Their third major-label release, coming six years after the band broke up, is a live recording, ***The Living End*** (Warner). It is a sonic boon.

JERRY MCDONALD

Backbeat: Better than the Beatles?

Alternative musicians cover the garage classics and new blues from Hendrix.

Too many of the album's 24 tracks come from the band's relatively flat two-LP finale, *Warehouse: Songs and Stories*. But even that material gathers heat and strength in these concert-forged versions. By 1987, Hüsker Dü could afford to record its ferocious shows right. Anyone who owns all the Hüsker Dü albums—now reissued on Rhino—will know all but three of the songs on this 77-minute epic. Those who are less familiar with the music shouldn't pass up the opportunity to hear Mould rocket off into the void.

FAST CUTS: Three of my favorite current examples of guitar-driven pop were released in late 1993. The Afghan Whigs' ***Gentlemen*** (Elektra) sets the painful confessions of an ass man against a wall of noise. On Les Thugs' ***As Happy as Possible*** (Sub Pop), French punk poseurs go anthemic. And Archers of Loaf's ***Icky Mettle*** (Alias) is bent pop for collegiate types wary of wearing out their Pavement CDs.

DAVE MARSH

From the opening 12-string jangle of *Too Little Too Late* to the final thundering beats celebrating *Intoxication*, ***Day Dreaming at Midnight*** (Elektra) is the first album in more than a decade by Doug Sahm's Sir Douglas Quintet. Former Creedence Clearwater drummer Doug Clifford, who co-produced, keeps everything straight ahead. Sahm's sons, Shawn and Shandon, add contemporary hard-rock flavor while lead guitarist John Jorgenson bridges the gap. Doug Sahm, the Van Morrison of west Texas, dominates, mainly with his great white-soul voice. Its ageless hoarseness evokes an acidic melancholy.

When, in the title track, Sahm sings "On the outskirts of the human race/That's where I saw her face," longtime fans (meaning me, Bob Dylan and 117 others) know he's working familiar territory. Appreciating the virtues and ironies of this album requires a specific set of experiences and prejudices. But as Doug Sahm would tell you, that's not a problem.

FAST CUTS: ***The Best of Texas Tornados*** (Reprise): Sahm's other band is a Tex-Mex supergroup that includes Freddy Fender and squeeze-box geniuses Flaco Jimenez and the Quintet's Augie Meyers. Their *tejano* fusion of *norteño* and country-rock sounds best one track at a time. This album serves as a jukebox full of them.

Hard Road, the True Believers (Rykodisc): This disc contains the only two albums by a mid-Eighties garage grunge combo featuring Alejandro Escovedo, the Southwest's Alex Chilton. If you would like to hear a West Coast punk band with roots in 13th Floor Elevators–style psychedelia, snap this up without hesitation.

The Starkweathers (Fay Records): A five-song EP by Midwestern country-rock legends-in-the-making, a sort of nonbohemian R.E.M. Includes *Danny Taylor*, an elegy for a victim of the death penalty written over an elegant, ancient-sounding guitar lick. (P.O. Box 7332, Columbia, Missouri 65205).

NELSON GEORGE

Dianne Reeves' latest CD, ***Art & Survival*** (EMI), again places this hard-to-classify vocalist between the torchy rhythm and blues of Anita Baker and the traditional jazz of singers such as Sarah Vaughan. On this recording, Reeves delights in singing material that is multicultural in the best sense of the word, with elements of Latin, Caribbean and African music spicing up her arrangements and harmonies. The New Age lyrics here, many penned by Reeves, are optimistic with a strong undercurrent of feminism. On songs such as *Old Souls* and *Freedom Dance*, her soaring delivery is showcased

beautifully. Reeves has been blessed with the remarkable ability to sing comfortably over a variety of tempos and the intelligence never to get caught up in musical clichés. This is music for adults that's never condescending.

FAST CUTS: Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, ***The 35th Anniversary Collection*** (Motown Master Series): This collection contains four CDs packed with the wit and whimsy of William Robinson, covering all his years with the Miracles and his Motown solo career. In other words, the series runs from *Get a Job* to *One Heartbeat*. There are some dead spots. Smokey has always been more a single hitmaker than an album artist. But the classics are there, along with many of his lesser-known gems.

VIC GARBARINI

The blues is the ultimate litmus test for modern musicians. The basics are simple, but if you don't play with real feeling, forget it. Listen to Jimi Hendrix burn through eight previously unreleased and three rare studio blues recordings on ***Blues*** (MCA), and you'll hear the greatest guitarist of all time pour his heart through every note he plays. These luminous explorations include early versions of *Voodoo Chile Blues*, *Hear My Train a Comin'* and a funked-up version of Muddy Waters' *Mannish Boy* that could send even a fine band like the Red Hot Chili Peppers into the fetal position. His take on the Albert King standard *Born Under a Bad Sign* sets the pattern for the album. Hendrix starts with a dazzling workout on the original theme. Then he lights the afterburner and takes off into realms where no one has ever been able to follow him. *Blues* is more than just a collection of stunning outtakes. It is an unexpected addition to a master's legacy.

FAST CUTS: Elvis Costello, ***Brutal Youth*** (Warner): Is he still bitter? You bet. But Costello's reunion with his original band, the Attractions, provides these acerbic tales with an edgy vitality that pegs this as his best work since Jimmy Carter was president.

Last of the Independents, the Pretenders (Sire): Chrissie Hynde is back with original drummer Martin Chambers, and the Pretenders sound like a real band again for the first time in a decade. They've recaptured their melodic punch, and Chrissie has the spark again.

Blues for Thought, Terry Evans (Pointblank): Evans' husky, roadhouse vocals have graced albums by everyone from Pop Staples to Ry Cooder. Cooder properly returns the favor here by contributing some sinewy slide work and first-rate picking.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Various artists *Backbeat*	9	8	8	5	10
Jimi Hendrix *Blues*	8	10	8	10	8
Hüsker Dü *The Living End*	8	6	7	9	7
Sir Douglas Quintet *Day Dreaming at Midnight*	7	7	6	8	8
Dianne Reeves *Art & Survival*	4	7	9	4	7

FOOD FOR THOUGHT DEPARTMENT: Ted Nugent's hunting special, *Spirit of the Wild*, has run four times during pledge periods on PBS in Michigan. Says Ted, "I'm the only guy who has the balls to kill something on TV and gut it right before your eyes." Pass the popcorn.

REELING AND ROCKING: They're in the latest Lollapalooza lineup, but you'll also find **George Clinton** and the **P-Funk All-Stars** in the movie *P.C.U.* Other artists on the soundtrack include **Mudhoney**. . . . It appears that **Whitney Houston's** next film role will be in a remake of *The Bishop's Wife* with **Laurence Fishburne** and **Denzel Washington**. . . . An upcoming movie, *Empire*, about a day in the life of a record store, promises a soundtrack LP appropriate to its twentysomething characters. . . . **U2** plans to test *Zoo TV* on TV this year, as well as develop a CD-ROM. **Bono** is actively thinking about an acting debut, perhaps in *The Million Dollar Hotel*, a screenplay he co-wrote. . . . Rhino Records is considering a movie version of the **Monkees** and is also making a film bio of **Frankie Lymon,** who sang *Why Do Fools Fall in Love* and died young of an overdose.

NEWSBREAKS: Although the members of **Los Lobos** are busy with a series of side projects, the band is not breaking up. Look forward to an album of Mexican folk songs for kids, a summer tour and a band album in the fall. . . . **Sting** heads back to the studio to record an album due out by the end of the year. . . . **Mariah Carey** is recording a Christmas album. . . . While rumors persist about a **Led Zep** reunion or an unplugged concert, **4 Non Blondes, Stone Temple Pilots, Lenny Kravitz** and **Tesla** are all planning Zep covers. . . . **Luther Vandross** is also recycling: Look for *The Impossible Dream* and *Love the One You're With* on his next album. . . . *Free as a Bird*, the recording by the electronically reunited **Beatles,** will be released at the end of 1994 or early next year. The song, by **John Lennon,** was one of the tracks picked to go along with the upcoming video documentary. The current plan is to release a number of CDs of mostly unheard music (including recordings from the band members' private collections), all polished by **George Martin**. . . . **Bill Graham's** management company and A&M Records are putting together a new custom label and plan to release about three albums a year beginning with the **Songcatchers,** a group of American Indians from the Pacific Northwest. . . . **Shaquille O'Neal** is the first professional athlete to get a platinum album. . . . If you're in Chicago, the Excalibur club has photojournalist **Michael Nejman's** photo essay on cemeteries around the world and celebrity resting places, including the graves of **James Dean** and **Jim Morrison**. . . . **Mick Fleetwood** has opened a restaurant in Virginia. . . . **James Brown** threw his own birthday bash in Augusta, Georgia. The surprise of the night was J.B.'s duet with **Sharon Stone** who, he says, is "dynamic, excellent and down-to-earth." Go, Sharon. . . . Sad but true: **Kurt Cobain's** suicide tripled Nirvana's sales. . . . Finally, one more Bono note. The toastmaster of the rock world—who can forget his eloquent words for **Bob Marley** and **Frank Sinatra** this year—may be the main man at the **Elvis** tribute in Memphis in October. The talent lineup and details about the telecast are due any time now. **Bruce Springsteen** may perform. The seats will be sold through a lottery. Elvis has reserved two on the aisle.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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By MARK EHRMAN

"YOU KNOW THE world has passed you by," observed that mouthpiece for over-the-hill America, Andy Rooney, on *60 Minutes*, "when your newspaper carries a page-one story about the death of someone you've never heard of." He was referring to Kurt Cobain, whom few would expect the 75-year-old Rooney to know anything about anyway. But Rooney did not stop there. He drove one grizzled foot deep into his mouth while the other kicked Cobain's corpse.

Complaining that Cobain didn't have to live through a war or a Depression like he did, Rooney then opined that "if Kurt Cobain applied the same thought process to his music that he applied to his drug-infested life, then it's reasonable for a reasonable person to think that his music may not have made sense either." Huh? On the following show, the commentator contritely read a small sampling from the sacks of hate mail that had poured in during the week.

Rooney wasn't the sole offender. Rush Limbaugh, the *McLaughlin Group* and countless newspaper columnists—after most of them acknowledged they had never heard of Cobain, Nirvana or even grunge—summarily dismissed the dead rock star, perhaps hoarding their tears in anticipation of the passing of a true American hero: Richard Nixon. Across the country, editorial pages wagged gnarled fingers at weepy Gen-Xers, telling them that Cobain and the whole "angry generation" had no right to complain. Many backed up their point with the horrors of life in Bosnia. See? It makes unemployment, pollution, broken homes and a decaying infrastructure sound kind of fun, doesn't it?

If one event magnified the chasm of mutual incomprehensibility between journalists and the so-called "so-called Generation X," it was the suicide of the Nirvana singer and guitarist. Rather than plead ignorance or point out the futility of defining a generation that does not think or act monolithically, the media reached for their collective Grecian Formula. News anchors across the country intoned canned phrases such as "leader of the grunge-rock movement," "the Seattle sound" and "disaffected youth" as if they were hip to the whole thing from the start. Meanwhile, out in the field, reporters chased anything in flannel, begging for quotes about "how this tragedy affected you."

In the scramble to acquire legitimate voices to pen *My Generation* post-mortems, *The Washington Post* pulled off the biggest coup. Uh, make that Coupland. The author of the novel *Generation X*, Douglas Coupland (who's a very twenty-something 33), wrote "Letter From a Fan: A Sky of Tears for a Fallen Star." In the 900-plus-word essay, references to its celebrated author outnumbered references to the Nirvana singer 46 to 34.

X: The generation no one understands.

How Kurt Cobain's death baffled the press.

Suicide is certainly a complicated event that cannot be neatly summed up, even if you're not separated from your subject by a gaping generational divide. *Newsweek*, which had the morbid good fortune to have a suicide story in the works when the news hit, probably turned in the best coverage. It stuck fairly close to the facts. Writer Jeff Giles actually demonstrated some insight into what Nirvana and grunge are all about and, best of all, avoided such inanities as *Time*'s "John Lennon of the swinging Northwest."

Meanwhile, most of the self-appointed pundits combed through the Nirvana discography for clues. They churned out articles that were little more than annotated lyric sheets, or worse, stayed home and interviewed their children. Reporters trolled the Internet, stringing together any electronic snippets that seemed to make sense of it all. At one point, journalistic traffic on the information superhighway was so heavy that a collision was inevitable. It occurred when *Spin* magazine posted a message asking people to e-mail their feelings about Cobain. It got a response—a request to share those answers—from *Rolling Stone*. Request denied. Learn how to post, *RS*, or get out of the youth culture game.

Tone, too, seemed problematic with such tricky subject matter. *Entertainment Weekly*'s schizophrenic selection of sidebars, for instance, included one called "Smells Like Teen Exploitation," which wrung its hands over the inevitable profiteering that would result from the suicide. Two pages later, another sidebar—"Tape Me: Nirvana Collectibles"—helped the process along. "Even if you have all four of their albums," it reminded fans, "you're missing a big chunk of what Kurt Cobain left behind."

Of course, the easiest way for the media to fill the vacuum of understanding was simply to have reporters interview one another. MTV's Kurt Loder set the stage with his interviews with *Rolling Stone*'s David Fricke—who was probably the first to go on record with the tedious John Lennon comparison—and with Nirvana biographer Michael Azerrad, whose "sweet, sensitive guy" platitudes were everywhere. The E! channel also milked fellow journalists for insight. When E! host Steve Kmetko quizzed Seattle TV reporter Dan Lothian about Nirvana's future, Lothian enlightened us with the knowledge that "experts are saying there were only three people in this band, and without the lead singer [who, by the way, also played guitar and wrote almost all the songs] it's doubtful that Nirvana will continue as it was known in the past." Thanks, E!. Glad I tuned in.

Hell, if you can't explain, you can still preach. Taking their cue from Loder's plea of "Don't do it" (Loder had trouble uttering the S word throughout his broadcasts and usually resorted to such locutions as "it" or "a thing like that"), the media braced themselves for a Jonestownish thinning of the ranks of Generation X. One *Washington Post* piece titled "This Is What Not to Do" quoted a suicide hotline staffer as saying that "Nirvana's not suggesting everybody go out and shoot themselves." Got that, kids? To prove the threat was real, *USA Today* noted that one hotline's call volume was up 50 percent after MTV promoted its number. But the paper couldn't seem to make the connection between those two events.

But what does it matter that the media were never able to reach a more profound comprehension of this generation and its music other than to throw labels at it? When the chips were down and Generation X needed help, the media came through. Keep living, they said. Get counseling. Everything will be all right. And what do you know? It was. By press time, we're happy to note, the copycat carnage had leveled off at one.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

IN HIS SEVEN previous novels, Paul Auster demonstrated that he can write stylish prose. But he was so preoccupied with philosophy that it made those books heavy sledding. In ***Mr. Vertigo*** (Viking) there is still plenty to think about, but this breakthrough novel is driven by the power of his storytelling. The tale begins in 1927, when a nine-year-old orphan hustling nickels on the streets of St. Louis is approached by a stranger in a tuxedo and told he can learn to fly. Master Yehudi whisks away young Walt Rawley to a farmhouse outside of Cibola, Kansas and in three years turns him into Walt the Wonder Boy, a showbiz sensation who duplicates the feats of holy men and prophets.

For two years, Walt amazes audiences across the country with airborne antics and acrobatics. But as he advances into puberty, he is forced to stop by inner forces as mysterious as those that enabled him to fly in the first place.

In the second half of the book—his life after flying—Walt the aged narrator tells the equally compelling tale of how he became a Chicago gangster, nightclub owner and pal of pitcher Dizzy Dean. The plot of *Mr. Vertigo* careens about with a zaniness worthy of John Irving. Auster Americanizes a miracle and takes us to a place where only magicians have gone before.

A curious nonfiction parallel to Auster's yarn is ***Dillinger: The Untold Story*** (Indiana University Press), by G. Russell Girardin with William Helmer. During roughly the same period that fictional Walter learned to fly, John Dillinger became Public Enemy Number One. While Walt was empowered by his teacher, Dillinger was crushed by the prison system. In 1924, a troubled farm boy without legal counsel was given the maximum sentence for an attempted robbery. Nine years later, a hardened criminal came out of Indiana State Prison. Dillinger immediately embarked on a bank-robbing spree that left 26 dead and 19 wounded before he was gunned down in front of the Biograph Theater in Chicago in 1934.

This intimate history of Dillinger—unpublished until now—was written more than 50 years ago by Girardin, a young advertising man who by chance had become acquainted with both Dillinger's lawyer and a private investigator who was one of Dillinger's closest friends. PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Bill Helmer, a scholar of gangsterdom, found Girardin in the course of research and dubbed his manuscript "a Dead Sea scroll to Dillinger historians." Helmer's claim is justified by the inside stories from Dillinger's family and his gang, by statements that support the belief that some of Dillinger's robberies were prearranged with the banks to cover missing funds, by details of how the famous "wooden gun" jailbreak was planned, and by the first comprehensive overview of Dillinger's betrayal and killing.

Mr. Vertigo makes magic and mischief.

New additions to the crime shelf and 40 years of glory.

Helmer has wisely allowed the narrative to remain in Girardin's dated, melodramatic style and to supply extensive background material and annotation from 36,000 pages of FBI files. A fascinating addition to the true-crime shelf.

Crime fiction continues to be a summer staple, with a list topped this month by William Kotzwinkle's ***The Game of Thirty*** (Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence). The author of *Elephant Bangs Train*, *The Fan Man* and *Fata Morgana* spins an offbeat murder mystery around Egyptian antiquities. The Game of Thirty is a board game that the ancient Egyptians believed to reflect the state of the players' lives, in a manner similar to Tarot cards. Wisecracking private investigator Jimmy McShane finds himself playing the game with a killer on the streets of Manhattan.

James Ellroy has been telling wild, noir tales of Los Angeles in the Fifties in such novels as *The Black Dahlia*, *The Big Nowhere*, *L.A. Confidential* and *White Jazz*. ***Hollywood Nocturnes*** (Otto Penzler) contains a novella and five short stories set in the same milieu. However, even Ellroy's eerie, intimate introduction to *Dick Contino's Blues* does not prepare you for the whacked-out verbal ride of this bizarre escapade.

Pardon us if we trot out our family album, but ***The Playboy Book: Forty Years—The Complete Pictorial History*** (General Publishing), by Gretchen Edgren with Murray Fisher, is everything proud literary parents could hope for. This handsomely produced picture book features more than 1200 photos and illustrations that take the reader from a card table in Hugh Hefner's apartment in 1953 through the astonishing growth of the Playboy empire as it moves into electronic media.

Hef supervised the selection of material from more than 8 million images in the PLAYBOY archives, and his instinct for topicality, humor and visual impact is evident. Many of the best cartoons of Jules Feiffer, Vargas, Gahan Wilson, Buck Brown, Shel Silverstein and Harvey Kurtzman are included, along with illustrations from history-making articles and re-creations of memorable covers. The book is filled with reminders of unforgettable *Playboy Interviews* with the Reverend Martin Luther King, John and Yoko, Jimmy Carter and Marlon Brando, to name a few, as well as illustrations that accompanied book excerpts from *Roots*, *All the President's Men* and James Michener's *Space*.

A chronicle of the past four decades and the history of a magazine, *The Playboy Book* brings alive people and issues in vivid, colorful images. This pictorial survey demonstrates why PLAYBOY has become, in Hefner's words, "a handbook and a book of dreams for young, urban American males."

BOOK BAG

My Life in Toons: From Flatbush to Bedrock in Under a Century (Turner Publishing), by Joseph Barbera with Alan Axelrod: The spirited story of the 83-year-old co-creator of *Tom and Jerry*, *The Jetsons* and *The Flintstones*, who spent years struggling on Wall Street before going on to dominate Saturday morning TV.

Sex & Sensibility: Reflections on Forbidden Mirrors and the Will to Censor (Ecco Press), by Marcia Pally: A controversial book that attacks censorship and details the battle over First Amendment rights with lively opinion and a ton of facts.

Jukebox America (St. Martin's Press), by William Bunch: Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist Bunch went on a search for the greatest jukebox. Take the ride.

Prisoner of Woodstock (Thunder's Mouth Press), by Dallas Taylor: Taylor played drums with Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young in the Sixties. This book recounts his struggle with fame, how it nearly killed him and the miracle of his recovery.

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AUSTRALIAN FOR BEER.™

MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

MARY JONES

ONE-NIGHT STANDARDS

How choosy is a man who's looking for a one-night stand? If you're inclined to believe Douglas Kendrick, a psychologist at Arizona State University, men have hardly any standards at all. Kendrick asked both men and women what they look for in a long-term partner and found that they seek similar qualities, such as intelligence, stability and status. However, when Kendrick asked what men and women might want in a one-time sexual liaison that no one would ever know about, he discovered that "men's scores dropped through the floor." The same was not true for women. "They still wanted a partner with desirable traits," reports Kendrick—whether it was for a night or for a lifetime.

THE MYTH OF THE DANGEROUS HUSBAND

It's hard to say anything nice about Lorena Bobbitt, but give her this: She was guilty of only one mutilation. You can't say the same for those who have exploited her case to further their own causes. They have twisted the statistics to suggest that Lorena's homelife—a tragedy of physical abuse—mirrors what happens to more than a million American women every year.

It just ain't so.

The Department of Justice's National Crime Survey is based on more than a half million interviews with women between 1979 and 1987. It estimates that about 2.5 million women and teenage girls (out of 106 million over the age of 12) are victims of violent crimes each year. The number overstates the incidence of intimate violence, though, because anyone who ever dated the victim is labeled a boyfriend. An assault on the second date is tallied as intimate violence, when it might be more reasonable to consider it an attack by an acquaintance.

Search deeper into the statistics and you find that husbands are responsible for 2.2 percent of all violent crimes against women. Altogether, abuse in male-female relationships—from blind dates to 40-year marriages—accounts for 18.5 percent of the violent crimes against women and girls. That's slightly more than 460,000 victims—or less than half of the 1 million figure that is frequently cited. And in more than 25 percent of the incidents, the violence was actually a threat of violence. This means that fewer than 345,000 women (out of 106 million) report that they are physically assaulted, robbed or raped by a husband, lover or date in any year.

Of course, 345,000 victims is not a small number. No level of violence—real or threatened—should be acceptable. But knowing the right numbers helps dispel the notion that male-female relationships are inherently dangerous for women. Violence by husbands and lovers is not the norm. It is freakish behavior by any definition. To claim otherwise is, well, a hatchet job.

ANGELLA DASKALAKIS

UPLIFTING NEWS

Like a suspension bridge, a bra is a miracle of engineering. And recently, when Kate Moss called Playtex Wonderbras "brilliant," women around the country felt their hearts swell. "Even I get cleavage with them," Moss said. Key word: cleavage. Last fall, you may have noticed that the boyish, flat-chested look was in—at least among women's fashion magazines. Then U.K. lingerie maker Gossard scooped Playtex in the U.S. with its rival push-up bra, the Super Uplift, a contraption that is made of 46 separate pieces of lace, straps and wires. Like the Wonderbra, which debuted shortly thereafter, the Super Uplift pushes breasts up and together with a creative use of padding. The result is firm curves and clefts that turn men's thoughts to spelunking. When Saks Fifth Avenue in New York announced the arrival of the Super Uplift, the retailer sold $18,000 worth of bras in two days. Men have greeted the innovations with wonder and worry. Humorist Dave Barry sees it like this: "(1) Breasts make men stupid. (2) The Wonderbra makes breasts even more noticeable. (3) The Wonderbra is coming here. This is very bad for the United States."

ELECTRONIC HIGHWAYMEN

Could it be that computers make men more articulate? Or that hard drives make them softer? Regardless, the men's movement is moving out of the woods and on-line through Mens Net, an electronic men's club offered by Delphi Internet Services. Started by Ron Mazur in 1989, Mens Net's 14,000 users bond in forums, ask for advice or just wire in raunchy messages and exit, never to return. With Mazur as moderator, Mens Net fosters interaction by isolating areas of interest in discussions and databases. Spike Lee and the myth of the black stud dominate the men-of-color forum, while social issues influence the gay chats. An ongoing poll takes the pulse of participants: Currently, twice as many straight men say they favor oral sex as prefer the first runner-up, vaginal intercourse. The men's movement is tracked through the oh-so-earnest *Changing Men*, an on-line magazine dedicated to ending such ills as "patriarchal oppression" and "heterosexism." However, like much of the men's movement, Mens Net seems most useful for guys who are either in trouble or merely troubled. Lots of advice is offered on divorce, sexual dysfunction and the perils of wife-swapping, including legal tips, addresses for men's organizations and titles of pertinent books. The emotional support is crucial; for a man who can navigate the unfriendly Internet in the first place, finding an address or a book title probably seems like child's play.

STEVE TUSH

HAIR-RAISER

The latest hair line: A New York physician, Dr. Adam Lewenberg, has developed a new therapy for baldness that apparently packs a wallop. According to an article in the medical journal *Advances in Therapy*, Dr. Lewenberg has been successful in growing hair on more than 80 percent of his patients using a mixture of Rogaine and an acid called tretinoin. It's believed the tretinoin allows the skin to absorb more Rogaine, also known as minoxidil. A spray, Lewenberg's tonic also works well on the front of the head, which has thick skin impervious to plain minoxidil. This new treatment often produces healthy new hair that will keep your pate from looking like a fuzzy navel.

THE BLACK WOMAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT

Who's making the most career progress? It's not white men, but the fastest-growing group in corporate America isn't white women, either. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, black professional women swelled their ranks by 125 percent between 1982 and 1992—an average gain of 8.4 percent per year. White women came in next, with an annual growth rate of 6.4 percent, followed by black men, with 4.2 percent. At the bottom of the list were white men, with a humble showing of two percent per year.

DEBASEMENT TAPES

Today's video junkies have a keen sense of the bizarre. How else can you explain the newest craze sweeping the avant-VCR crowd, particularly in San Francisco? Bored with bland Blockbuster fare, this group has turned to bootleg videos that make *Mondo Cane* look like *Full House*. Popular clips witnessed by our excitable, far-flung correspondents include: home porn, allegedly of a famous beauty queen accepting a fistful of love from her equally famous husband; John Lennon babbling in a heroin-like haze in the back of a limo; the 20-minute pilot for *Planet of the Apes*; William Shatner reciting *Rocket Man* at a science fiction awards ceremony; medical films—including ones that dwell on the consequences of digestion; Ted Knight narrating a documentary on the virtues of raw food; a press conference during which Pennsylvania politician Budd Dwyer puts a gun in his mouth and shoots; stop-animation porn done with dolls; Crispin Glover on *Letterman*, in the midst of an apparent paranoia attack; Herve Villechaize talking about being suicidal; the legendary *Apocalypse Pooh*, a short film of Winnie-the-Pooh animation edited to the soundtrack of *Apocalypse Now*; pit bulls fighting so viciously that it takes five men to pull them apart; and last, our favorite: footage of Jim Bakker and his grandiose Kevin's House for handicapped children, Kevin being the only disabled child who ever lived there. And that's the tame stuff. The truly bizarre footage is said to be in Amy Fisher's video camera.

CATHY HULL

LIP SERVICE

"Men always want to please women, but these past 15 years, women have been hard to please. If you want to resist the feminist movement, the simple way to do it is to give them what they want and they'll defeat themselves. Today, there are women in their 20s and 30s who don't know if they want to be a mother, have lunch or be secretary of state."

—JACK NICHOLSON

"I now realize that it is in the eye of the beholder, and the woman is the beholder. Therefore, you must not do anything

DAVID HODGES

now that might be conceived by the recipient as offensive, or misconduct, or whatever. I don't know how you decide ahead of time what is going to be offensive. If you don't try, how do you know?"

—SENATOR BOB PACKWOOD

"Somebody does a Mrs. Bobbitt and it causes shock and horror. But it is not the small parts of women that are found frequently by the roadside. It's their heads, their arms, their legs, the whole body."

—AUTHOR MARGARET ATWOOD

"There is indeed a national hysteria over this new forceful feminism—but it's male hysteria. The real cultural fear is not that women are becoming too Victorian but that they're becoming too damn aggressive—in and out of bed."

—SUSAN FALUDI

RENT-A-WOMAN

Archaic as it may sound, taxi dancing is making a comeback. Of course, these are the Nineties, and inflation has long since altered the famed "dime-a-dance" standard of the World War Two era. Now the going rate to fraternize with the euphemistically titled hostess is as much as 35 cents a minute—$21 an hour—plus tip. Despite the relatively high cost (and its limited return on investment), this rent-a-woman approach is catching on, especially in Los Angeles, where hostess clubs, long catering to Asian and Hispanic immigrants, are beginning to attract a more upscale crowd. Men are rediscovering that the fear of rejection is decreased substantially when you're paying for a woman's attention, although having her punch a time card before she'll dance with you might spoil the mood.

MANTRACK

GUEST OPINION
BY BOB SHACOCHIS

Among the things that make life worth living for some of us wretched souls is the kind of bad (though not evil) behavior that can be roughly characterized as sin. Heaven knows these days that sin—however stylish and satisfying, and despite its generous contribution to the overall texture of that state of grace known as being alive—has fallen into disrepute. Since only a fool would defend it, I volunteered, understanding, of course, that I would be in good company.

I've passed my HIV test, my most recent chest X ray reveals no horrific shadow-clump of cells and my designated driver is curbside, awaiting my tipsy arrival. I know I'm not going to live forever, and neither are you, but until my furlough here on earth is revoked, I should like to elbow aside the established pieties and raise my martini glass in salute to the mortal art of pleasure. Specifically, to drinking, smoking and screwing—those much maligned but eternally seductive temptations of the flesh, those impetuous jockeys of the spirit. Vice, after all, is not wholly without virtue and, like virtue, must sometimes settle for being its own reward. Nor has vice lacked its advocates over the years (though a great many of them now appear to be in retreat or are dead).

I remember—at least I think I do, it's all rather murky—when I was the person I wanted to be, when it was customary for me to drink, smoke and (attempt to) screw with abandon. But then came the Eighties and, even worse, the Nineties with their zealous reformation of the liberated counterculture into a priggish, middle-aged nation of naggers and health harpies. We didn't just become our parents, we became our parents with a vengeance, determined to fashion a parody of adulthood that was as surrealistic as a date with a freshman at Antioch. Can I stand in this room with you? Can I touch your hair? How about your anus?

More than one hopeful observer has noticed, with keen disappointment, that anything that's your heart's desire sooner or later turns into a sin. When pleasure is criminalized, we live in a world according to the high school nurse, terrified of the surgeon general and the brass pearls of righteousness with which she buttons her uniform. Does anyone here need a good spanking? Apparently so. Is it possible we've outgrown growing up, that we cling to adulthood only so far as to the point where we are held accountable for ourselves, at which time we scurry, with a great deal of cowardice, back to the authoritarian kingdom of childhood, where we are no more complicated than bumblebees, sexless, and without temptation?

DRINKING, SMOKING AND SCREWING

One struggles to keep pace with the moral conventions *du jour* as the menu evolves, undergoes erasure and recycles. Say, is Catharine MacKinnon really the reincarnation of Anthony Comstock? Is she the Carry Nation of the heterosexual orgasm? It is the role of the contemporary social and cultural reformer to brick over life's natural state of danger with layers of prophylaxis. The hazards of existence, however, can't be removed, they can only be muffled or obscured. Yet each level of protection is mortared between a heart and its passion. Perhaps the anti-sensualists would better serve society if they kept in mind these words of Oscar Wilde: "Selfishness," he wrote, "is not living as one wishes to live, it is asking others to live as one wishes to live."

Somehow, the nation allowed propriety and good sense to become hyperinflated commodities. Evidence was presented to suggest that sins against oneself were offensive to others—in other words, were unconscionable sins committed against one's neighbor, who roamed audaciously through one's backyard aiming a video camera. Drinkers, smokers and fornicators were hence transformed—if you enjoy vulgar imagery (and I know plenty of you still do)—into turds battling upcurrent against the purified, utopian flow of the self-improved mainstream. Decent people could finally relax about the impending fall of the American empire.

The inescapable fact is that what you bind yourself to, either by passion, love or duty, is going to be the end of you. It's true that the Marlboro Man is stone dead of lung cancer, having regretted the countless small, harsh but transcendent moments of pleasure he inhaled with his tobacco. It is true that drinking is no longer generally considered to be an upright profession, and it is outrageously true that the poets' linkage of sex and death is particularly apropos of our times, seeing as how we now kill one another with our genitals at a much more alarming rate than we do with our guns.

If Charles Darwin was correct, smokers, drinkers and libertines are doing the species a favor, accelerating the biological quest for perfection. But spiritual quests aren't so simple, and sometimes they lure the seeker into smoky barrooms or the arms of an unexpected lover. Hot damn! Or maybe not. It's futile, I suppose, to defend smokers, drinkers and fuckers. But who wants to live in a world without them, without their libidinous hunger, without their exalted obsessions? They take the joy and sometimes the pain of living to the very edge and shout back instructions, dire caveats, titillating weather reports. Without them, the world might be simple and clean, but it wouldn't be deliciously, fascinatingly, pathetically human, would it?

Nor would it be much fun.

Bob Shacochis and other writers speak their minds in "Drinking, Smoking and Screwing," a collection of essays to be published by Chronicle Books in September.

FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

Most of us were brought up to believe that the goal of exercise is simply to get stronger. Our childhood hero was Superman, the man of steel, not Gumby. So we work out, bulk up and forget about stretching—and then wonder why, for all the new brawn, we can't seem to hit a baseball any farther. Or why we have this nagging pain in our lower back. The answer lies in the one component of fitness that remains a tough sell, especially to young men: flexibility. We ignore it at our peril.

There isn't a lot of sex appeal associated with, say, a nice, elastic hamstring; cannonball deltoids and washboard abs are what turn women's heads. In virtually every sport, however, there is a direct correlation between suppleness and performance. In addition, flexibility plays a crucial role in keeping the body's fickle machinery from going on the fritz. Because young bodies are resilient and relatively hard to wreck, you can neglect stretching and probably get away with it through your teens and early 20s. But continue on that path as your 30th birthday comes and goes, and you're asking for trouble.

To understand why stretching is so important, you have to know only a little about how muscles work. Every kind of exercise, every movement, involves the contraction of muscle fibers. On command from the nervous system, bundles of fibers shrink in length, yanking their ends tightly together. And because no mechanism exists within the muscle for pushing the ends back apart, contracted fibers tend to stay knotted up and tense.

To get a muscle to relax you have to tug it back out to its original resting length. That's where stretching comes into play. If you don't periodically stretch a muscle, it gets accustomed to a state of contraction and actually grows shorter over time, making you feel stiff and creaky. This will decrease your range of motion, which impairs your ability to swing a golf club or hop a fence or bend over to tie your shoes.

Exercise isn't the only thing that causes muscle fibers to contract. The filaments that make up red meat are jumpy and quick to fire. A number of stimuli—heat, cold, fright, anxiety, pain, a loud noise—will trigger an involuntary contraction of those fibers. But another reason for muscle contraction is lack of

ISTVAN BANYAI

IT'S A STRETCH

stimuli—that is, inactivity. Consequently, hunching over a desk for eight hours a day can make your muscles as tight as running a marathon.

Indeed, Steve Ilg, author of *The Outdoor Athlete*, argues that sitting in chairs is a major cause of chronic muscle tightness and all that comes with it: headaches, back pain, sciatica, tendinitis, nervous tension. "Inflexibility," he insists, "is basically a manifestation of too much comfort. If you want to stay supple, get rid of your furniture. Eat meals sitting on the floor. People in less-developed countries don't suffer from lower back pain the way Americans do, because their lifestyle keeps them flexible. Their spines and pelvises aren't contracted and contorted."

The good news for those of us who have no desire to chuck our Barcaloungers is that a complete lifestyle transformation isn't the only way to get limber. Adopting a simple stretching regimen, Ilg concedes, can do a lot by itself, and do it quickly: "It takes much less time for the body to become supple than it does to gain aerobic capacity or muscle strength. You start to feel the physiological and psychological benefits of stretching almost immediately."

Bob Anderson, author of the book *Stretching*, emphasizes that "stretching is enjoyable. It's relaxing. You can do it just about anyplace and at any time. You don't have to be in good shape to stretch. There's nothing difficult or unpleasant about it if you do it correctly." The fundamental rule of stretching is to start out slow and easy. Unfortunately, Anderson says, "A lot of people don't. If it hurts, you're doing it too hard."

The uninitiated should avoid extreme stretches, which involve forceful bouncing. If done carelessly, they can cause serious injury. Overzealous stretching can also trigger the stretch reflex, in which overextended muscle fibers respond by involuntarily contracting, clenching up the muscle you're trying to elongate.

Beginners should instead stick to static—or slow, sustained—stretches. "Get to the point where you feel a mild tension," explains Anderson. "The feeling of tightness should subside as you hold the position for 20 to 30 seconds. Move a fraction of an inch farther until you again feel mild tension, then hold for another 20 to 30 seconds."

Anderson likes to choreograph several different stretches into a routine that works the entire body. This one is quick and simple:

(1) Lie on your back and put the soles of your feet together; your knees should be bent and your legs open to the sides. Let gravity do the stretching.

(2) While still on your back, put your feet on the floor and bend your knees. Lock your fingers behind the middle of your head and pull your head forward until you feel a slight stretch in the back of your neck.

(3) Lower your head, extend one leg and grasp the other leg with both hands behind the knee. Pull that leg gently toward your chest, keeping your lower back flat and your head against the floor. Don't strain. Repeat with other leg.

(4) Extend your arms overhead and straighten your legs. Reach as far as you can with your right arm while extending your left leg with toes pointed. Repeat with left arm and right leg.

"This basic routine is a good place to start," says Anderson. "You can add other stretches gradually. People who have never stretched before are amazed that something this good for them doesn't inflict pain and suffering."

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3 Leg Extension Unit included	YES Permits both leg extensions and lying leg curls.	NO Costs $200 extra.	YES **BUT...**Leg unit included doesn't permit lying leg curls.
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MEN

By ASA BABER

The best fathers prepare their children for the hard edges of life. That is what fathers are for. Their role may not seem as nurturing as the mother's, but it has its place.

Several years after I went through a difficult divorce, my two sons, in their early teens, came to live with me in Chicago. As happy as that reunion made me, I knew we had some work to do. My sons had been living in rural Kentucky, and it was my job to introduce them to city life. So I did three things:

(1) I invented a game called Street Smarts. If I told my sons to meet me on a certain corner at a certain time, they had to get there without my spotting them. I might follow them from our front door. Then again, I might hide out at the corner and then sneak up behind them. I might be sitting in a car or hiding behind a trash bin in an alley. I did not have to touch them to win. All I had to do was to see them, pretend my hand was a pistol, point my forefinger at them until they saw me, and bang, I won.

Some of you reading this might say, "Those unfortunate children. Their father made them paranoid." But that was my goal. If we had lived in a tranquil time, things might have been different. But through Street Smarts, my sons learned to be aware of their surroundings, and that is an important lesson. My life in Chicago taught me certain smarts from an early age, and I passed that knowledge on.

(2) I enrolled my sons in martial arts classes. Jim took karate, Brendan took judo, and both learned enough to handle themselves. There was no exaggerated emphasis on self-defense at home, but they learned the fundamentals, which served both of them well later. The martial arts instruction, combined with other athletic endeavors, gave them a sense of their physical capabilities. In addition, I wrestled with each of them almost daily while they were growing up, and that contact helped them too. (To their amusement, now that they can both pin me with ease, I have suddenly lost interest in wrestling as an educational tool).

(3) I took my sons to see Francis Coppola's *The Godfather* the way some parents take their children to Sunday school. I explained the film and what

MICHAEL LOEW

THE WISDOM OF DON CORLEONE

could be learned from it, because in terms of preparing your children for the real world, the wisdom of Marlon Brando's Don Corleone is true wisdom. He was a man who tried to teach his sons how the world really operates.

"I worked my whole life—and I never apologized—to take care of my family. I refused to be a fool. But I never wanted this for you," the don tells his son Michael shortly before he dies. "I spent my life trying not to be careless." Then he tells his son what will happen after his death. Don Barzini, the head of another New York Mafia family, will set up a meeting with Michael—and at that meeting, Michael will be assassinated. "Now listen, whoever comes to you with this Barzini meeting, he's the traitor. Don't forget that," Don Corleone says.

Sal Tessio, supposedly a trusted member of the Corleone clan, fulfills the don's prediction. At the don's funeral, Tessio approaches Michael to propose the meeting with Barzini. "I always thought it would be Clemenza," the Corleone *consigliere*, Tom Hagen, says to Michael. "No, it's the smart move," Michael says. "Tessio was always smarter." And then Michael tells Tom that he plans to delay the meeting. "I'm going to wait until after the baptism [of my nephew]," he says.

What is the significance of what Michael says to Tom? It shows he has heeded his father's instruction. Michael is not sure whom he can trust, so he artfully misleads Tom, his adopted brother. Michael does not wait until after the baptism to eliminate Barzini and company. He makes his move during the baptism. He has kept his own counsel and functioned like one of Machiavelli's shrewd princes. He was the prince, Barzini the betrayer, Tessio the dupe.

The Godfather as a role model? Some people will be amused by this contrarian advice on fathering. "Raise our children as hoodlums? I've never heard of such counseling for fathers," for example. Just look at today's parenting books. They emphasize sweetness and innocence and are written by warm and cuddly professors and psychiatrists. Reading them, you would think that a man's life is nothing but one big therapy session, and that if all men would simply hug and make up, all would be well with the world. "Where is the kindness and gentleness and nurturing?" readers will ask. "What a terrible vision you have of the world. Why would you want to pass it on to your sons?"

I followed Don Corleone's model of fathering because it fulfilled my sons' needs, and I am not ashamed of it. It was my job to prepare them for the world. In this supposedly new age, a lot of people would have us believe that between antioxidant vitamin pills and a new national health plan, we have found peace. This is an era of herbal teas and graduate seminars and 12-step programs and pseudopsychotherapy on talk shows. This culture prepares people for consumption, not treachery. It praises gullibility and mislabels it as innocence. But that approach to a dangerous world is romantic crap, and we should guard against it. The 21st century will not be pretty, and our children will prevail only if they are taught the darker skills of survival.

There are worthwhile things to be learned from Don Corleone, and the most important is this: Teach your children how the world is, not how you wish it could be, and give them the skills to survive in the chaos that will be theirs.

That is good parenting.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I'm lost when it comes to the status of the backlash. There was feminism and a male backlash against feminism, then a feminist backlash against the male backlash. Now there seems to be—correct me if I'm wrong—a male backlash against the feminist backlash. My head is swimming. As a feminist, do I like men now? Do they like me? Should we commence to tear out each other's throats? Or is it time for meaningful dialogue? Here's the biggest question:

Whose fault is it, anyway?

The entire country is alive with the sound of whining. Feminists have been doing it for years; it is my movement's least attractive attribute. We tend to blame men for everything in a sniveling, wimpy sort of way. When someone backs us into a corner, we sink to the floor and whimper. It's pathetic.

Now men are doing it, which is at least as unappealing. I was reading a men's magazine today, and it was full of torment: What if someone accuses us of acquaintance rape? Why do we have to know how to cook? What about our rights as fathers? What about our rights as men? Why do we always feel like walking wallets? Why are feminists such ball busters? Why do women tell us that everything we do is wrong?

Here's a riddle: How many masculinists does it take to screw in a light bulb? Answer: That's not funny.

Guys, masculinists, sweat-lodge devotees, for your own sakes, lighten up. You're going to give yourselves heart attacks. We're not listening to you anyway.

When I hear men complaining about their lot in life, my stomach goes into a knot while all the injustices perpetrated against women boil up inside my brain. So you don't want to be accused of acquaintance rape? Well, buddy, how do you think it feels to *be* raped by an acquaintance? You don't want to cook? For how many centuries were we expected to do every lick of housework? Your rights as fathers? How come so many of you never stick around long enough to claim them? Men's rights? Do me a fucking favor! Walking wallets? Well, who has the money? Ball busters? Who has the balls? Everything you do *is* wrong.

When men hear this kind of stuff, their stomachs knot up and they attack. Then women go insane because we're once again being attacked by men. Nobody listens to anybody and everybody goes off and sulks and no one gets laid. What with this progression of blame and counterblame, the frustration level between the sexes has shot off the graph.

JORGE COLOMBO

WRONG AGAIN

I propose we all just stop in mid-sentence. No more whining on either side. People who whine might actually enjoy their martyrdom, because if it didn't satisfy them somehow, they would stop whining and do something. But whining precludes action. Whining is as cozy as flypaper. It freezes you into victim status and makes you unpopular at parties.

There is a new trend in feminism—antivictim feminism. A bunch of young whippersnappers decry the old guard feminists for seeing themselves as victims. I want to hit them. Many women are victims. So are many men. Society loves to punish its victims: welfare mothers, gays, blacks, the poor. I say punish the whiners, not the victims. Praise the victims for not going insane, especially the victims who pull themselves out of the gutter of abuse and fight back against their oppressors.

There is a fabulous irony in this battle between men and women. We are on the same side. OK, you can stop laughing now. We all have big problems with traditional relationships—in which men are the heads of the households and control the fates of their women.

What are men's main whines? That women take them for a ride, take them to the cleaners, bleed them dry. That they must have a Porsche and a decent stock portfolio to approach women. That men feel like a meal ticket without rights. That in the event of a divorce, the woman will get the house, the car, even the kids while the man pays for it all and lives on Chinese takeout in a furnished studio apartment.

What are women's whines? That men perceive women as having less intrinsic value than themselves. That glass ceilings prevent them from getting good jobs. That women are always responsible for the housework and child care, and only rich women can afford maids and day care. That women are constantly being patronized, bullied, even sexually harassed. That their bodies are not their own, and when those bodies wear out, they'll be dumped for a younger model.

Men don't want to be success objects, women don't want to be sex objects. We both want to eschew traditional relationships for something more newfangled and equal. But there's a teensy snag.

Even as men complain that women want to be taken care of, they still are loath to relinquish one iota of control either in relationships or in the workplace. And as women complain that men demand total control, they still expect men to be completely responsible for them.

We all want it both ways. It won't work. We must make sacrifices.

Men must give up ruling the roost and let the little women get big and strong. There can be no complaints when dinner is late or nonexistent, if dark roots show and the occasional leg is unwaxed. Your mate may no longer be a glorified concubine, but she'll share your burdens and won't bleed you dry. If a woman demands that you become a prince on a white charger, just say no.

Women must stop wheedling and manipulating their men when they want a new sofa. We must not pout and toss our curls like little girls who need daddy's permission, or use sex as a power tool. We must be prepared to shoulder equal burdens or sacrifice all rights to equal opportunities. If a mate demands that we impersonate an inflatable doll, just say "Get a grip."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I thought I had experienced everything in the erotic world until the night my 22-year-old girlfriend came into my bedroom stark naked, holding three large oranges and a knife. She carved a hole in the end of the first one and allowed the juice to drip all over my genitals. She cut the second one into four wedges, squeezed them and licked the juice off my scrotum. She then forced the head of my erect penis into the hole of the first orange, gently squeezing and turning the orange until I came. She halved the third orange and rubbed it all over her body, which I licked clean. Then she asked me to squirt the juice directly into her vagina. Have you ever heard of having sex with citrus fruit? My girlfriend says citric acid fights infection. Is that true?—F. B., Hesperia, Michigan.

Sounds as if you had a delicious time. Your girlfriend is an inspired and imaginative woman, but her claim that citric acid fights infection is false. Citric acid will sting when applied to a cut, but it is not an antiseptic. However, you needn't worry about scurvy in the near future.

I have yet to pick up a woman's magazine that doesn't have an article saying women want more romance, or that men want more sex. While I know what sex is, I could use some help defining romance.—D. L., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Romance is what happens while you are making plans for sex. Psychologists, sociologists and anthropologists have studied this topic for years. Here are some findings: When men and women were asked to define romance, there wasn't much disagreement between them. Both said that taking walks, kissing and dining by candlelight were romantic. The men also enjoyed holding hands, making love and sitting in front of a fireplace, while the women preferred slow dancing, giving or receiving gifts and saying and hearing I love you. Other studies have reduced passion to variables. If you like someone's personality, find them physically attractive and—here's the kicker—the feeling is reciprocal, you have romance.

On a recent trip overseas I left my cameras with the front-desk clerk at the hotel, with instructions to store them in the security vault. When I went to pick them up, I found the cameras stashed haphazardly in a corner. Ever since then I've wondered, just how safe are hotel safes?—R. T., Los Angeles, California.

One survey showed that for almost half of the victims who had something stolen while traveling, the theft occurred from a hotel room. Using an in-room safe is better than leaving valuables on your bed, but a determined thief will see the safe as a beacon that says "Look here first." Properly handled security vaults offer the best protection but may be more of a hassle than they are worth. Be sure to get signed inventories or receipts that indicate the value of what's being stored. Local laws may limit hotel liability, and there's enough red tape to make collecting anything a nightmare. Our advice: If you can't wear it, don't take it. Isn't the point of travel to get away from it all?

A fashion feature in the May PLAYBOY caught my eye. In it you show conservative business attire, then contrast it with casual office clothes. I dress down on Fridays, but if I want to hang out downtown after work Monday through Thursday, I'm stuck in my conservative clothes. What can you suggest?—S. L., Greenwich, Connecticut.

Change your drawers—or rather, what you stash in your desk drawers. Keep one or two pullovers or cardigans and a knit polo or banded-collar shirt. Don't go overboard—you don't want your co-workers to think you live in your office. With a little imagination, you can have a decent alter ego. And next life, move to the city.

I am considering having a sunroof installed in my car. What's it going to cost me? I've also heard they sometimes leak.—K. B., Hammond, Indiana.

Sunroofs have come a long way since they were introduced to the U.S. by Heinz Prechter, a German businessman, about 30 years ago. If properly installed and cared for, you shouldn't have major problems. You can prolong the life of a manual sunroof's silicone seal by applying a lubricant at least once a year, and more frequently if you live in an area that has lots of rain or frigid temperatures. Prices, including installation, begin at about $100. If you opt for a power sunroof, plan on shelling out at least $1000 and cleaning out the water drainage tubes once in a while. In both cases, it's wise to insist on original-equipment manufacturers' parts.

Here's a question you probably don't get too often. I have been celibate for almost two years. Now I find myself interested in a woman—and the sexual attraction is palpable. I'm worried about what to say, not to mention how I will perform. Do I tell her she is my first partner in a while, or do I keep silent and hope I don't come in ten seconds?—F. W., New York, New York.

Keeping quiet is a bad idea, and if it's coupled with a ten-second ride, you'll have been a deceitful partner and a lousy lover. Tell her she's the first woman in a long time to give you the fever—she may be flattered. Then, if your initial performance is weak, you'll both be comfortable knowing that your batteries are fully charged, and extended play will not be a problem. Then again, why rush to intercourse? Slow down and enjoy all the things you've missed—the feel of someone else's skin and hair, the sound of someone else in bed. Give each other orgasms the old-fashioned way—with your fingers, lips and tongues. Then put on a condom and last the rest of the night.

My wife and I enjoy erotic videos as an occasional enhancement to our lovemaking. Most films just seem to cram as many sex acts as possible into the barest plot imaginable. We would like to see films that are appropriate for couples and that are sensitive to how a woman experiences sex. We have heard that there are some studios producing such films and that they use female directors. Can you suggest some?—E. Z., Columbus, Ohio.

Caballero Video in Van Nuys, California (800-269-4457) and Femme Productions in New York (212-226-9330) are two good sources for the kinds of films you want. There are a lot of X-rated movies by female directors, but don't expect them to be more sensitive. Sex researcher Patti Britton studied 22 porn films made between 1980 and 1990 by women directors, then compared them with films made by men. She found few differences. Both male- and female-directed films took about the same time to get to the first sex act (an average of five minutes) and showed the same number of sex acts (an average of seven, with a range from one to 33). The women in femporn tended to hold their partner's penis more, to assume a woman-on-top position facing their lover and to show excitement by heavy breathing. A male-directed film was more likely to focus on erect nipples

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

and facial come shots. In every other area—plot, roles, images of women, frequency of pseudo-violent or coercive sexual acts—the films were more alike than not. Britton pointed out that one female director, Candida Royalle, consciously broke genre rules—her feminist porn films do not feature come shots, and more time is spent on foreplay. The solution lies not with the director but with the audience. The images on the screen are like candles—they establish a mood, but you light the fire.

What is the etiquette for dealing with telemarketers? I can't get through dinner without some jerk trying to sell me a credit card or storm windows. I don't have an answering machine because screening junk calls is as much of a pain as answering them in the first place.—J. P., Evanston, Illinois.

A simple 'fuck you' won't suffice? Just hang up—the bozos are, after all, invading your privacy. Contact the Telephone Preference service of the Direct Marketing Association, P.O. Box 9008, Farmingdale, NY 11735. Give your name, address and telephone number and tell them you don't want to be bothered. You should notice a drop in the number of calls after 90 days. The next step is to get an unlisted number.

My husband and I have been together for 20 years and have four children. Our sex life is as exciting as ever, but the problem is that I cheat on him constantly. I have even had sex with two guys at once. None of these affairs are long-standing, and my husband knows nothing about them. I have no guilt afterward but sometimes feel shame because of whom I was with. I practice safe sex, so I don't feel that I'm hurting anyone. Is this normal behavior for a mother and wife?—C. Q., Hartford, Connecticut.

If you feel a sense of shame, then your behavior is hurting you. If you think your husband and children are not affected by this, it's time to understand that your actions are depriving them of some part of your time, attention or good humor. Then think about how they will feel when they find out—and they surely will. You haven't hurt anyone yet. Don't mistake dumb luck for innocence.

Forget the health nazis. The bumper sticker on my car says EAT AMERICAN. Nothing beats a great steak. My question is, Why can't I re-create at home the kind of steak I shell out $30 to $60 for on a night out?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

It would seem a reasonable challenge. As one food writer pointed out, steak houses don't have chefs, they have technicians who can bring a remarkable slab of meat to perfection. Can you match them? Probably not. The great steak houses use prime-grade beef (only one percent of the beef supply), which they buy from special suppliers who dry-age (or sometimes vacuum-pack) finely marbled cuts. Try finding that at your local supermarket. Assuming that you can, the final barrier is heat. Broilermen sear their meat at 1500 to 1700 degrees Fahrenheit—roughly three times hotter than a home stove. You can approach these results by coating a steak in oil before searing and adding salt or flavored butter after cooking. But why bother? If it weren't for great steak houses, there would be no reason to leave home.

As if I need more confusion in my life, I've heard that there are now both analog and digital cellular phones. What is the difference?—G. Y., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Most of the inexpensive portable phones that cellular companies now offer are analog—that is, they send your voice over the airwaves. Digital cellular service, which is still fairly new, turns your voice into a computer-like code before transmission, offering two benefits. First, your coded voice sounds like gibberish to eavesdroppers, so your conversations are private. Second, digital technology enhances cellular capacity, meaning fewer disconnections and less interference. Also, the digitals are available in the familiar lightweight sizes that current analog phones come in. Nokia, Blaupunkt, NEC and Motorola are just a few of the companies that sell digital cellular phones. Prices start at about $300—possibly less if you can strike a deal with your phone company.

Three months ago my friend's apartment was burglarized, and she hasn't been too cheery since. Apparently, the insurance company covered only a fraction of her loss. Now that I'm paranoid, is there anything I should know before I call an insurance agent?—A. C., Los Angeles, California.

Be sure to ask for replacement-cost coverage, which guarantees that your payoff will be enough to replace the items that were stolen or destroyed. Otherwise, you'll get only the depreciated value, calculated by the insurance company (you can imagine how that works). Have the agent explain each section of the policy, and ask about "floater" coverage for valuable items. Keep an inventory, photographs, receipts and appraisals off-premises to avoid too much interaction later with prickly claims adjusters.

You may not want to touch this, but a friend told me that there are documented cases in which farmers have died after having sex with their tractors. Please tell me this isn't true, or I may never be able to eat vegetables again.—T. L., Iowa City, Iowa.

Researchers writing in the "Journal of Forensic Sciences" described two recent cases involving men who have strangled themselves while seeking solitary sexual thrills. The first man was found hanged from a rope attached to the raised shovel of a backhoe tractor, which he had nicknamed Stone. He had previously written a long poem about the tractor and mentioned it affectionately in a Christmas newsletter to friends. The second man was found asphyxiated under the scoop of his tractor, to which he had attached an apparatus that would suspend him upside down. He was nude except for a pair of knee-high nylons and a pair of women's red shoes with eight-inch heels. We judge not.

My friends and I are having a debate. What is the most frequently stolen car in America?—J. W., New York, New York.

Because professional thieves strip stolen cars for parts, which they then sell to unscrupulous body-shop owners, the hottest cars are several years old. (Older models are also popular because petty thieves need a few years to figure out how to beat factory-installed antitheft devices.) Topping the list are Cutlass Supremes and Chevy Camaros from the mid-Eighties. If you want to know how thieves rate current cars, those with the highest ratios of pinched to produced include the Mazda 626/MX-6 and RX-7, the Ford Mustang, the Volkswagen Cabriolet, the Nissan 300ZX, the Toyota Supra, the Cadillac Seville and Brougham, the Porsche 928 and the Geo Metro. Station wagons are at the bottom of the list. Obviously, automakers don't brag about these preferences, but insurance companies find the numbers useful in determining your rates.

My wife and I have been together for more than eight years and have a great sex life. I love performing oral sex on her whenever she wants and almost always bring her to orgasm. But when she performs oral sex on me, it is usually just for a few minutes of foreplay and rarely to completion. The problem is not with ability—she gives great head. She just seems to get tired or loses interest after a short time. I don't take more than ten or 15 minutes to come, and I have an average-size penis. Do you have any ideas that might persuade my wife to be a little more generous with her oral talents?—D. B., San Francisco, California.

It can get awfully lonely down there, especially if she's performing without feedback. Moan, groan, wriggle, talk dirty, touch her, scratch her back, lift her up and kiss her on the mouth, beg for more, go down on her at the same time, take it away from her for a few minutes, ask her to kiss your balls, or put your penis in her pussy then back in her mouth. Then come. It's supposed to be a blow job, not a career.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.

LOONY TOONS

florida puts the boot to a cartoonist

By CHUCK SHEPHERD

Recent statistics confirm that Florida, known around the world for its tourist murders and serial killers, has the nation's highest per capita violent crime rate: one every three minutes, 14 seconds.

Florida is lowering the boom on criminals, and residents of Pinellas County awoke on March 29 to this headline in the *St. Petersburg Times* announcing it: "BOILED ANGEL" CARTOONIST SENTENCED.

Say what?

Four days earlier, sheriff's deputies had shackled 23-year-old Michael Christopher Diana, loaded him into a paddy wagon and hauled him off to jail pending sentence. Basically, Diana was in trouble for drawing and selling "obscene" cartoons, which appear in his homemade, photocopied comic book *Boiled Angel*, a "zine."

That an amateur illustrator could face three years in jail for selling his work to an undercover agent seems a stretch even in the upside-down world of Florida justice. But after a four-day trial, Michael Diana was convicted on three counts—two of distributing obscene material and one of advertising obscene material.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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The ugly hum of intellectual languor filled the courtroom the moment the trial opened. Oliver Wendell Holmes would not be presiding. The jury would consist of no one remotely like Mike Diana, no one who could tell a zine from a supermarket flier, no one who read anything more controversial than *Better Homes and Gardens*. Rather, jurors would be those nourished on Sally Jessy Raphaël and interviews with Jeffrey Dahmer and the Manson women.

Picture the comic impressionist John Byner, with a beard, attempting a kindly judge with a singsong voice, and you have the Honorable County Judge Walter Fullerton. Imagine the actor Robert Downey Jr. after six months on free weights, and you have subsonic-voiced Assistant State's Attorney Stuart Baggish. Call Central Casting for a "shy, sensitive artist," and Mike Diana will politely stand outside the door for an hour or two before finally asking permission to come in.

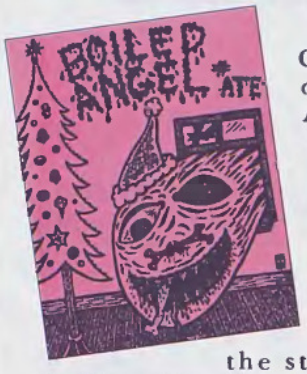
Like hundreds of artists of his generation, Diana has rejected the gallery and the art-show-at-the-mall. He turned to the photocopier to produce zines of his work, which he sells almost exclusively through the mail to other artists and zine fans. *Boiled Angel* has a tiny circulation and is always produced at a financial loss.

Diana's style is neither polished nor subtle, and his subject matter is usually the ugly side of life—religious hypocrisy, violence, parental failings. His images are often sexual—priests sodomizing children, and women portrayed as victims of rape and abuse. Titles such as *Baby Fucked Dog Food* and *God Up My Ass* are poor proxies for the raw outrage of the drawings. *Boiled Angel* features page after page of intricate monster amalgams that often are emerging from toilets, some driven by their gargantuan, deformed sex organs, many emblazoned with symbols of the Antichrist.

As both an artist and a zine publisher of others' works, Diana's sense of humor is macabre. In one issue he ran fiction by convicted murderer G.J. Schaefer; in another he published a summary of correspondence and conversations with imprisoned serial killer Ottis Toole. The piece that gave the jury the biggest fit was a 12-step list, *How to Be a Successful Serial Killer*, lifted from an anarchist zine. In retrospect, Diana should have added an I-don't-advocate-serial-murder disclaimer. The jury, believe it or not, appeared to think he was publishing a textbook on murder.

Actually, the First Amendment protects a murder textbook. Violence wasn't the problem; the occasional genital raised the issue of obscenity. In 1973, the Supreme Court's decision in *Miller vs. California* provided the definition of obscenity: Will an average person, applying contemporary community standards, find the material taken as a whole to appeal to prurient interests? Does the material depict or describe, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct that is specifically defined by applicable state law? Does the material, taken as a whole, lack serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value?

The answer to all these questions must be yes. The prosecutors focused on community standards. "Pinellas



County has its own identity," Assistant State's Attorney Baggish told the jury in his closing argument. He implored jurors not to accept the standards of "bathhouses" or "crack alleys." *Boiled Angel* "goes all over the world," Baggish warned, "and it says 'Largo, Florida.' Nice reputation for Pinellas County, don't you think?"

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Diana's lawyer, Luke Lirot, argued that the material could not possibly appeal to a prurient interest in sex. His reasoning: The sexual images were too grotesque and deformed to be sexy. He argued further that, whatever the outcome of that debate, the work did not lack serious artistic (or literary or political) value.

But Judge Fullerton seemed to lose control of both the issues and the jury. Contrary to the *Miller* majority, Fullerton allowed the jury to decide the case on its own prejudices and tastes—not on community standards. The decision seems to have been made solely on the jury's distaste for Diana's drawings.

The prosecution's focus on local standards and tastes was breathtaking. Its expert witness, local forensic psychologist Sidney Merin, reinforced it. In a half-hour incantation during which he was shown drawing after drawing, Merin droned: "That would appeal to a deviant personality." "That would turn on a deviant personality." "That would get a rise out of a deviant personality." It appeared that, to him, any rounded object was a breast, any protrusion a penis, including one surreal moment when he identified the male organ from the mere outline of the state of Florida, which Diana had helpfully labeled FLORIDA. Another remarkable identification—a pencil as an object of prurient interest—caused a murmur among reporters in the gallery.

Merin, for his $4000 fee, recited the often-heard censor's logic that written material can cause deviant behavior. Fredric Wertham, in his now-questioned exposé *Seduction of the Innocent*, tried making the case that comics lead to juvenile delinquency. That's the same logic many antiporn activists use in blaming abhorrent behavior on magazines. "This is the kind of stuff Danny Rolling [recently sentenced to death for the Gainesville, Florida murders] started with," warned Baggish.

Although the dominant theme of Diana's material was "violence," Merin said that he believes violence and sex derive from the same impulse in the deviant personality. Diana's mutilated, barely recognizable bodies are "turn-ons." Baggish later spelled it out for the jury: First the deviant looks at drawings, then pictures, then films and finally "he's into the reality." Never mind that a serial killer such as Ted Bundy (who was caught in Florida) could find inspiration in anything, even cheerleader magazines.

Particularly damning was Merin's reference to penile plethysmographic studies, in which a subject's erection is measured after he is shown erotica. Certainly, pedophiles get a rise out of photographs of cute kids, but could Diana's crude caricatures generate a hard-on in any man? "Same thing," said Merin. The distinction between drawings and photos is less important in Florida because the legislature long ago declared drawings to be the same as photographic depictions.

Equally as anachronistic was the Pinellas County view of art and literature, again underscored by the prosecution's experts, a pair of professors from the Presbyterian-founded Eckerd College. Both stated that *Boiled Angel* was not "serious literature" or "serious art" (suggesting that the zine does not belong with the classics). But the legal test requires only that the work have some "serious value" as literature or art. Furthermore, each witness, trying to characterize a zine genre with which he obviously was unfamiliar, wound up playing a shell game with *Boiled Angel*. The literature expert said it was not literature, it was journalism and art; the art expert said it wasn't art because Diana is actually a "storyteller."

Novelist and English professor Sterling Watson called *Boiled Angel* a "mad rant." But if the jury had read the gang-rape passage from Watson's own novel *The Calling*, Diana might have had company in the paddy wagon. Art professor and sometime cartoonist James Crane told the jury that if "the arts community" has never heard of it, or if you can't hang it on the wall, it's not art. Make that three in the paddy wagon if the jury had been able to ponder the cartoon Crane said he submitted 30 years ago to a now-defunct radical magazine, in which a man is sitting on a corpse, carving it up and eating it piece by piece, with the caption, "It's all a matter of taste."

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The pressure was on Judge Fullerton to top the beating given to common sense. He did not disappoint.

Rejecting the prosecutor's call for two years in the slammer, the judge sentenced Diana to three years' probation, a $3000 fine, psychiatric evaluation and counseling (if necessary) and 1248 hours of community service at the Salvation Army Correctional Services. Diana was also ordered to enroll in a college-level course in journalism ethics or journalistic professionalism, "so you'll learn what it's like to be a responsible publisher," and to stay away, by court order, from people under the age of 18. Finally, not only is Diana to refrain from publishing "material that could be considered obscene," he also is forbidden to "create material that could be considered obscene, even for [his] own use."

To enforce that order, the probation officer will be permitted to conduct

warrantless searches of Diana's home to evaluate his latest drawings. When anticensorship forces decry mind control, it is usually hyperbole. Pinellas County takes its mind control literally.

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At their core, First Amendment cases are culture wars, and the American justice system, the fairest in the world, is impotent if judges and juries fail to comprehend defendants' behavior in the context of cultural differences. Gangsta rap analyzed by white America is not an expression of rage and boredom but a call for white genocide. Evaluated by mainstream America, *Boiled Angel* is not an art zine but a handbook on sexual sadism.

The First Amendment and community standards are adversarial. The former protects the minority from the tyranny of the majority, the artist from the indifference or hostility of the moment.

Diana's work covers much of the same ground as the immensely successful movie *Silence of the Lambs*—albeit without the Hollywood budget, production values or press agents. His work is not pretty, not popular and, in the hearts and minds of the Pinellas County jurors, not permissible.

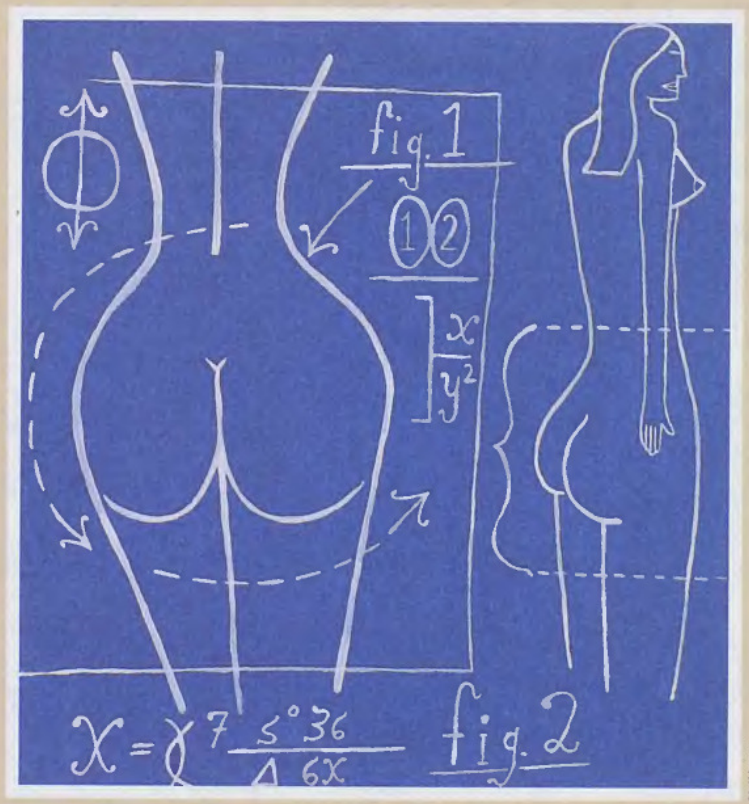
Don't they have any sense of irony and nuance?

When Mike Diana tries to draw pretty flowers and trees, irony and nuance will be about the only tools the court will allow him.

An Ass, Clearly

st. johns county, florida defines its buttocks

Murders, rapes and drug abuse have taken their toll on Florida's tourism, so towns and counties have started a crusade to curtail crime. Not oblivious to this, Florida is cracking down on dangerous acts wherever and however they may appear. How? For one, by banning thong bikinis. But before they can be outlawed, the law must describe just what they reveal. Here's an example:



"The area at the rear of the human body (sometimes referred to as the gluteus maximus) that lies between two imaginary straight lines running parallel to the ground when a person is standing, the first or top such line being one-half inch below the top of the vertical cleavage of the nates (i.e., the prominence formed by the muscles running from the back of the hip to the back of the leg) and the second or bottom such line being one-half inch above the lowest point of the curvature of the fleshy protuberance (sometimes referred to as the gluteal fold), and between two imaginary straight lines, one on each side of the body (the "outside lines"), which outside lines are perpendicular to the ground and to the horizontal lines described above and which perpendicular outside lines pass through the outermost point(s) at which each nate meets the outer side of each leg. Notwithstanding the above, buttocks shall not include the leg, the hamstring muscle below the gluteal fold, the tensor fasciae latae muscle or any of the above-described portion of the human body that is between either (i) the left inside perpendicular line and the left outside perpendicular line or (ii) the right inside perpendicular line and the right outside perpendicular line. For the purposes of the previous sentence, the left inside perpendicular line shall be an imaginary straight line on the left side of the anus (i) that is perpendicular to the ground and to the horizontal lines described above and (ii) that is one third of the distance from the anus to the left outside line, and the right inside perpendicular line shall be an imaginary straight line on the right side of the anus (i) that is perpendicular to the ground and to the horizontal lines described above and (ii) that is one third of the distance from the anus to the right outside line. (The above description can generally be described as covering one third of the buttocks centered over the cleavage for the length of the cleavage.)"

FULL-COURT PRESS

Edward Cone wrote a tremendous article on the religious right ("The Religious Right's Full-Court Press," *The Playboy Forum*, April). Jay Sekulow, chief counsel for the American Center for Law and Justice, says the religious right is "a SWAT team of freedom fighters poised and eager to defend [religious] rights." However, Sekulow and Pat Robertson are fighting for the rights of only one religion, Christianity. In pushing school prayer, the beliefs and ethics of students other than Christians will be trampled. Trying to include pagan and other non-Christian ideas in these prayers will mean facing Sekulow's wrath again. What school system has the monetary resources to take on the ACLJ repeatedly? The freedom to worship as one pleases is valuable to the people of this country. When this freedom is abused by the likes of Pat Robertson, there is a problem. We must not allow these extremists to force their way into our lives and take away our right to worship as we wish.

Mike Conway
Gillette, Wyoming

Jay Sekulow says the ACLJ's goal is to "reclaim the culture for Christ." Since the culture never belonged to Christ, reclaiming it for him is absurd. What frightens me more than anything is the thought that any religion could have the power to shape our laws. Of course, the Christian right believes that it works for the common good. But to allow it to do so would be a move back to the English church-and-state society that this country's founders came here to escape.

G.C.S.
Hanover, New Hampshire

I was distressed to read of the Browns' suit against the Woodland Joint Unified School District over the *Impressions* reading series and their misguided beliefs on Wicca witchcraft. Wiccans practice a peaceful, respectful and positive existence. Wiccans do not presume to choose spiritual paths nor do they lay claim to a "true" way to the deity. The Constitution assures our right to freedom of religion. Many of our ancestors came here with that thought in mind.

Jaye Moore
Atlanta, Georgia

I have in my hands a recent copy of the Reverend Donald Wildmon's *American Family Association Journal*. In it, Wildmon offers for duplication and distribution a bill of rights for those students at the mercy of our pagan public schools. Wildmon proposes that the Constitution guarantee to these students the following rights:

(1) To meet with other Christian students on campus for prayer, Bible study and worship.

(2) To form and meet with Bible clubs and prayer groups on campus.

(3) To share one's Christian faith on campus.

(4) To wear Christian T-shirts or symbols to express one's beliefs.

(5) To carry a Bible and to read it, during unassigned reading time, on campus.

(6) To publicize the gospel or hand out tracts on campus.

(7) To include religious themes or points of view that are relevant to school projects.

(8) To study and observe Christmas and Easter holidays on campus.

(9) To voluntarily participate in prayer at school.

(10) Not to participate in activities (or possibly classes) that conflict with sincerely held religious beliefs.

It look as if Donald Wildmon has finally caught on to the value of free speech as protected by the First Amendment.

Joe Langston
Morris Plains, New Jersey

FOR THE RECORD

A FULL DECK

"Pornography functions in the manner of a good myth. It provides an imaginary exploration of all the possibilities that attract and constantly incite us to keep reshuffling the deck."

—FROM THE BOOK *The Jaguar and the Anteater*, A STUDY OF THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF PORNOGRAPHY, BY ANTHROPOLOGIST BERNARD ARCAND

PRIVACY

After reading Jeffrey Rothfeder's "Twenty Facts About Privacy" (*The Playboy Forum*, April), I bumped into a friend at a bank. My friend is a contractor and is regularly paid cash. He told the teller that he wanted a cashier's check and that he intended to pay for it in cash. The teller excused herself and returned shortly with another woman who looked very serious. Ms. Authority began to ask my friend his address, account number and other questions. Why? According to Ms. Authority, he was "dealing in cash." I turned to my friend and said, "All you have to do to avoid this hassle is to get cashier's checks at different places." Ms. Authority became very indignant and said, "If you leave I will turn you in." For what? Now it's a crime to have cash?

Ron Clementsen
Palo Cedro, California

Rothfeder responds: The banks are trying to protect themselves with paper from money-laundering charges. Secondarily, our culture is trying to make individuals join the data network with this sort of disincentive.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

RESPONSE

A little more than a year ago the ACLU asked public opinion researchers Albert and Susan Davis Cantril to conduct a survey of Americans' attitudes toward personal privacy—a hitherto unexplored aspect of public opinion. The report is based on data collected through approximately 1000 45-minute in-person interviews with a representative cross section of American adults. The Benchmark Survey on Privacy found that concerns about personal privacy run deep among Americans, and that we tend not to agree on these issues. Even on hotly debated matters, such as abortion and gay rights, an attitude of "live and let live" prevails. For example, while six in ten respondents agreed with the statement "homosexuality is against God's law," 80 percent of these same people agreed that homosexual relationships between consenting adults should be private.

One of the study's more surprising findings is that Christians who identify themselves as evangelical or born-again hold views that are mainstream, even on politically charged issues. Three fourths of born-again Christians believe that government should have no role in encouraging the Judeo-Christian tradition. Even on the issue of abortion, 72 percent of self-described born-again Christians agree that abortion is a woman's right, even though they may disapprove of ending a pregnancy. I believe that the study is a significant contribution to existing literature on public attitudes toward civil liberties in general, and privacy and personal autonomy in particular.

Ira Glasser
Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

PRIVACY MATTERS

Can your employer ask about:	Employer has right to know	Not employer's business	Depends or qualified	Can't say
Your record of previous employment?	96%	3%	1%	—%
Your educational background?	92	5	2	—
Your age?	56	37	6	—
Whether you are HIV-positive or have AIDS?	52	34	13	1
Whether you are married or divorced?	38	58	4	—
Whether you have ever used drugs, even if you are not using them now?	33	57	8	1
Whether you smoke cigarettes?	27	68	5	—
Whether you have ever seen a psychiatrist or psychological counselor?	23	69	7	—
Whether you are gay or lesbian?	23	72	4	2
Whether you ever consume alcohol off the job?	17	78	4	—
How you might have voted in the last election?	4	95	1	1

Would it bother you if:	Great deal	Fair amount	Only a little	Not at all or don't know
The telephone company gave records of your calls to a private agency doing a background check on you?	66%	15%	6%	13%
Credit card companies let mail order companies know about purchases on your credit card?	57	19	9	15
A health insurance company put medical information about you into a computer bank that others have access to?	56	19	10	15
Names of videos you may have rented were given to someone checking your background?	46	11	10	32
An insurance company got more information than it needed from your doctor?	44	26	16	14
A credit rating company gave out information on how quickly you pay your bills?	36	26	16	22
Your employer gave information about you to your health insurance company?	33	25	19	23

Source: ACLU Benchmark Survey on Privacy (1994)

THE LAW & LOVE

when brokenhearted lovers hire attorneys

by Ted C. Fishman

Chicago lawyer Sharon Wildey had known Oregon rancher Richard Springs III nine weeks when she brought up marriage. Springs proposed and they chose a $19,000 engagement ring. He also opened a checking account in Chicago and gave Wildey signed blank checks from it. She promptly wrote herself a $6000 loan. But Springs soon came to feel that the thrice-married Wildey and her children did little to make him feel part of the family. Wildey wouldn't discuss it. Six weeks after he proposed, Springs wrote Wildey a letter ending their engagement with the words "Ours is not a good situation for me." He told Wildey she should keep the ring and use the $10,000 remaining in his Chicago bank account. Wildey sold the ring and emptied the account. She then sued Springs for "breach of promise to marry." A jury awarded her $178,000, more than half of it for "pain and suffering." (This award was later reduced by $60,000.)

Alice Parker, a 23-year-old nursing student, often fought about sex with her lover, Dr. Ronald Bruner, 11 years her senior. Parker felt that premarital sex was sinful but agreed to it because Dr. Bruner said he loved her. Parker became pregnant twice during their two-year affair. She and Bruner decided to abort the first pregnancy. The two planned a wedding, but Bruner later backed out. Their relationship ended when Parker, pregnant the second time, decided to have the child. Parker sued Bruner for "seduction." A Missouri jury awarded her $75,000. The award did not include child support, for which she sued separately.

Frank Zaffere III, a 41-year-old lawyer, and Maria Dillon, a 21-year-old waitress, were engaged for seven months in 1991. Zaffere bought Dillon a diamond ring and a fur coat. He also paid for her medical expenses, auto loan and vacations. In all, he provided his fiancée with more than $40,000 in gifts and financial help. Then Dillon broke the engagement. Zaffere mailed her a notice, in compliance with the Illinois Breach of Promise Act, saying he had suffered "significant actual damages in reliance to your promise of marriage." Dillon responded, saying "It makes me want to swim across Lake Michigan . . . to get as far away from him as possible." Zaffere replied in a lawyerly manner, suing Dillon for breach of promise and fraud.

STEVE BRODNER

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These cases, each screwy in its own way, used the legal system in an attempt to salve the heartbreak of romance with finance. Courts, of course, already sort out failed marriages, and lawyers anticipate these failures with prenuptial contracts. But our free-wheeling, sue-anything-that-moves tort system has been largely out-of-bounds to jilted lovers.

This was not always true. In the 19th century, disappointed lovers could have their day in court. Then, suits against men who left women, or who sweet-talked them into sex, were common. Cold-footed men were hauled into court for breach of promise—with the more wily ones facing seduction charges. The "anti-heartbalm movement," which began in 1935, limited breach-of-promise and seduction suits. The impetus came when Roberta West Nicholson, an Indiana legislator and women's rights advocate, introduced a bill to bar the suits in her state. Nationwide, feminists and female lawmakers followed Nicholson's lead. The legal system, they insisted, should not enshrine women as passive victims easily preyed on by men. If women were to be financially and sexually independent, seduction and breach-of-promise suits had to end. By 1945, 16 states forbade such suits. In the other two thirds, revised laws so sharply limited damages that only a handful of suits were filed until recently.

A few high-profile cases have recently dragged breach of promise and seduction back into the legal system. Lawyers contacted by *Chicago* magazine writer Gretchen Reynolds for her story on Sharon Wildey said Wildey's victory has caused numerous inquiries from potential clients wondering if their ill-fated relationships qualify for damage settlements.

A woman must, it seems, be portrayed as a helpless, gullible, damaged victim to win any money. One juror in the Wildey case explained that Springs lost because he and his attorney seemed mean and arrogant, while Wildey came across as calm, nice, polite and deeply wounded—someone who deserved to "get repaid for what she'd had to go through." The jury in Alice Parker's trial appears to have awarded her the $75,000 to compensate her

"dignity and emotional injuries."

If a loose-knit group of lawyers who call themselves interventionist feminists gets its way, this view—that women are more vulnerable and fall more deeply in love—may find its way back into mainstream law. Jane Larson, an associate law professor at Northwestern University, proposes what she calls a "tort of sexual fraud," a kind of romantic affirmative action for women. "Women," she argues in a recent issue of the *Columbia Law Review*, "are desiring sexual objects who nonetheless live under social conditions of unequal status and power that put them at risk of injury in their pursuit of sexual self-fulfillment." Larson believes new laws would dissuade men from lying and breaking promises. "Contemporary feminists," she writes, "must begin the work of crafting a sexually nonrepressive, yet interventionist, regime of sexual regulation in the interests of women."

Larson's litigious remedy for unhappy affairs resurrects the idea that sex, even in romantic relationships, is commerce. Civil courts have long considered force and fraud equivalent in commercial transactions: Legally, it is just as bad to sell someone a $100 stake in the Brooklyn Bridge as it is to mug him. By analogy, Larson argues that men who lie or break promises to women, especially if their lies and promises lead to sex, are no better than men who force women into sex.

Women who fall for false promises, Larson believes, are actually having sex without their consent. "Like other sexual acts that are not fully consensual," Larson writes, "sex induced by fraud has the potential to cause grave physical and emotional injury."

Sharon Wildey's attorney, Terence Flynn, also likened sex to commerce. "Everyone has been lied to or deceived or somehow burned in a relationship," Flynn has said. "Why shouldn't that be regulated by law? If people don't keep their promises in business, and someone is hurt, there's legal recourse. The same is true here."

Larson applauds the successful suit by Alice Parker because the jury punished breach of promise. But singling out the woman as the only victim in a relationship in which neither person showed much moral strength overlooks the means Parker took to force Bruner to "consent" to fatherhood.

Even Larson should have a hard time calling a shotgun wedding, or the threat of one, conducive to consent.

One germane issue is whether men in relationships lie more frequently and more successfully than women do. There's little evidence of this, though a study at the University of California found that 34 percent of the men and 10 percent of the women admitted they had told a lie to help maneuver their way into the sack. Almost half of both sexes, however, did say they would lie about former relationships. The *Wildey vs. Springs* trial provides some anecdotal evidence that lying goes both ways. It turns out that Wildey had a history of suicidal thoughts, depression and obsessive-compulsive behavior. She also had phobias, including a fear of opening envelopes. She had neglected to mention any of this to Springs during their whirlwind romance. Interestingly, Larson's proposed tort includes "silence" as an "actionable misrepresentation."

"Everyone has been lied to or deceived or somehow burned in a relationship."

Larson also finds instructive the case of Lee Perry, who became pregnant with the child of her married lover, Richard Atkinson. Perry claimed that when she told Atkinson her hopes that the two could be parents together, Atkinson was sympathetic but encouraged her to put off having a child for a year or so. Atkinson allegedly promised that "even if they were not together in a year" he would impregnate her. Perry agreed and aborted the child. Later, when Atkinson decided he wouldn't conceive another child with her by any means, Perry sued him for fraud and deceit in a California court.

"The modern tort of sexual fraud," Larson writes, "respects the broadest range of noncoercive sexual expression and will potentially increase the quality (and perhaps even the quantity) of sexual interaction." Does Larson believe that divorce laws have helped couples stay happily married? The only people likely to be cheered by seduction and breach-of-promise suits are lawyers. For the rest of us, the suits will combine the worst aspects of rape and divorce trials.

It's hard to imagine exactly how a jury could attach a fair dollar value to the hurt of the jilted party. In Sharon Wildey's case, the problem becomes obvious: The jury based its award on the testimony of her psychiatrist, Dr. Norman Litowitz. He described Wildey's psychiatric suffering and told the jury that she would need three to five years of additional therapy to make herself whole. An obvious conflict of interest, yet in the jurors' minds Springs had to pay—never mind that the rancher had known her for only a few happy months out of her pain-filled life. Never mind that five years of therapy could buy Dr. Litowitz a new beach house.

Wildey vs. Springs is due for review in a federal court of appeals sometime this fall. Fortunately, many state courts are unwilling to write seduction and breach of promise back into the law. Last year, courts in New York and Virginia threw out suits on the grounds that they were barred by anti-heartbalm laws. The Virginia judge wrote, "Seduction is archaic and a gender-based statute." A California court dismissed Lee Perry's fraud case against Richard Atkinson, who wouldn't impregnate her. And last February, another California appeals court overruled a $242,000 jury award to a man whose ex-wife admitted she had never been sexually attracted to him. The man, Ronald Askew, had sued for fraud. "These are matters better left to advice columnists than to judges and juries," the judges' panel wrote in Askew's case. They added some advice for courts in future cases: "Stay out of the bedroom."

Frank Zaffere dropped his suit against Maria Dillon and is glad he did. "There is no question in my mind," he said at the time, "that the lawsuit was justified legally and morally. But that became unimportant. I would take her back in a minute." *Chicago* magazine reports that Zaffere and Dillon are now married and expecting a child.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SOUNDS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT

BOSSIER CITY, LOUISIANA—*While shopping for a bed at a department store, two teenagers put one to the ultimate test. This*

led to their arrest for having sex in public. Despite their apologies to the store's management, each faces up to six months in jail and a $500 fine on an obscenity charge.

DAYTON, OHIO—*Two high school students, a boy and a girl, received suspensions from school because he performed cunnilingus on her in a ninth grade study hall—while classmates looked on. The supervising teacher, who allegedly sat oblivious at her desk listening to a radio during the incident, denies it occurred but has submitted her resignation. School officials have readmitted the pair and they are undergoing counseling.*

AIDS WATCH

BALTIMORE—*Five county and state officials are being sued by a 30-year-old man who was arrested and forced to take an HIV test, which came up positive. The arrest was made on a judicial warrant under a state law that makes it a crime to spread HIV knowingly. The subject didn't respond to several requests to take the test voluntarily after a sex partner had tested positive. Nevertheless, several civil rights groups and the ACLU argue that in spite of his partner's infection, authorities did not know the man was infected at the time he was taken into custody.*

MIAMI—*An HIV-positive man who raped an 11-year-old boy has been found guilty of kidnapping, lewd and lascivious assault, sexual battery and attempted first-degree murder after the jury decided that the AIDS virus was used as a lethal weapon. While many states have criminalized deliberate spreading of the disease, an attorney who studies the legal aspects of AIDS says that this is the first time a rapist with HIV has been prosecuted for attempted first-degree murder.*

CHILLY CONCEPTION

LOS ANGELES—*A wealthy Malibu lawyer willed 20 percent of his estate (which included 15 vials of his frozen sperm) to his girlfriend before taking his own life in 1991. The man's son and daughter had contested giving a portion of the sperm to his girlfriend because, she contends, they were worried they might have to share the estate with future half-siblings. A superior court judge has now ruled that the man's estate does include his frozen sperm and so awarded three vials of it to the girlfriend, as the deceased had authorized.*

STRIP POKER

NEWNAN, GEORGIA—*After months of investigation, Coweta County sheriff's officers finally won enough at local video poker machines to charge three businessmen with distributing obscene materials. Instead of paying off in money, the machines rewarded players by undressing computerized images of women. The equivalent of a jackpot yielded a display of explicit sexual acts. Said the sheriff, "Women have come into my office to say that their husbands blow entire paychecks on these games."*

HAVE COMPUTER, WILL SUE

NEW YORK CITY—*Fed up with a prisoner who is whiling away his two life terms filing fraudulent product liability suits, a federal district judge concluded that fines alone would not discourage abuse of the legal system. So Judge John S. Martin Jr. not only ordered the inmate, a convicted murderer serving his time in West Virginia, to pay $5000 to the court clerk and file no more actions without court permission, but also took away his word processor—and any other equipment he might otherwise have used to file lawsuits.*

HEY, SAILOR

BALTIMORE—*Joining the civic fad of creating drug-free, gun-free and nuclear-free zones, Baltimore is trying to reclaim certain residential neighborhoods by declaring them prostitution-free. If the new zones are approved by the city council, police will be able to arrest sex workers for loitering, lewdness and propositioning motorists at specific street corners. Our question: What's stopping the police now?*

BEHIND BARS

MILWAUKEE—*The Milwaukee County Board has voted twice to ban weight lifting at the local correctional institution so that "those tax-paid muscles won't be used in an adversarial manner against jailers, other inmates, law enforcement officers and crime victims." One outspoken proponent of the new policy explained the motivation: "I don't think the government should be in the business of making criminals bigger, stronger and more dangerous, and then releasing them upon society." Milwaukee's new downtown jail has avoided the issue by not having any weights to begin with.*

FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA—*A county sheriff has banned MTV because of complaints from both male and female guards that gangsta rap and erotic videos, especially those featuring Madonna, bring sex into the workplace and make inmates unruly.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

BUTT OUT

the epa ignited hysteria about passive smoke, but the greater risk to our health comes from an overaggressive government

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

I was stopped at a light on Tony Montana Avenue in Santa Monica, sunroof and windows wide open, puffing away happily on a cigar. Relaxing alone in the car, it seemed that I had found one of the few places where my family—or anyone else—would let me smoke the occasional stogie. Suddenly, an adolescent voice from the car alongside ordered me to "Put it out!"

What? Which is what I asked the kid, politely enough under the circumstances. His mother told him to roll up the window, hissing I might have a gun.

Enough already. The antismoker talk has gone crazy, fueled by a new judgment from the Environmental Protection Agency that labels passive smoke a carcinogen. No matter, as we shall see, that the EPA cooked the data and otherwise engaged in bogus science to make its case against passive smoke. The media ran with the story, and smokers went from suicide risks to serial murderers overnight.

Not that I'm against reasonable restrictions on smoking. In fact, I find cigarette fumes noxious compared with the sweet if pungent odor of a fine cigar.

Cigar smokers are not addicted to cigars in the sense of needing to stand outside an office building puffing madly during a break. A good cigar every once in a while will do. Most cigar smokers prefer being alone with their cigars, thereby rarely polluting the air of others.

Never having been a cigarette smoker, I typically request the nonsmoking section of restaurants. I understand why someone would want to go to a smoke-free restaurant, and that should be his choice. By the same token, as a matter of individual liberty, proprietors ought to have the option of accommodating smokers.

Conflicts that arise between smokers and nonsmokers should be handled with civility. In my experience, smokers are as reasonable as other people, and a bit of friendly talk is all that's needed to prevent a scene. There is no reason for Big Brother to get even more involved.

However, our government has embarked on an ambitious campaign to prevent people from smoking. This will be accomplished in two ways. The first is through even more excessive taxation. These regressive taxes, piled on by both federal and state authorities, disproportionately hurt people with lower incomes. The current federal tax on a pack of cigarettes is 24 cents; under Clinton's proposed health plan, that would be boosted to 99 cents.

The rationale for raising the tax on tobacco is that medical costs are higher for smokers, so they should pay a heavier share of national health costs. Then why not apply the same principle to those who eat red meat, drink whole milk, are overweight, drink alcohol or refuse to exercise? We target smokers because they are presumed to harm not only themselves but those around them. They are the progenitors of a dreaded demon: secondhand smoke.

The drive against smokers reached hysteria last year after the EPA issued a publicized report labeling secondhand smoke a class A carcinogen. That means the smoke exhaled by smokers, and sent up from the burning cigarettes themselves, pollutes the air and creates a serious health risk for those who breathe it.

That was all antismoking forces and the government needed to launch the other part of their campaign: to ban smoking in all public places. Finally, the smoking butt had been proved to be a smoking gun. Passive smoke, the EPA said, kills approximately 3000 people a year through lung cancer.

Although the media heralded this report uncritically, someone should have noticed that a mere 3000 people were affected in a nation of 260 million, 50 million of whom are smokers. On closer examination by the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress and leading epidemiologists, the EPA claim proved to be unsubstantiated.

The EPA conducted no new survey of the effects of secondhand smoke but rather summarized the results of previously published studies on the increased risk of lung cancer to nonsmoking spouses of smokers. However, those studies failed to define the health risks of passive smoke.

The Congressional Research Service pointed out that of 30 studies, "six found a statistically significant (but small) effect, 24 found no statistically significant effect, and six of those 24 found a passive-smoking effect opposite to the expected relationship."

In other words, there was as much evidence to show that people married to smokers had a lower incidence of lung cancer. The evidence disputes any connection between passive smoke and health risk.

Equally depressing for antismoking crusaders is that two more recent studies on this subject do not support their cause. One of those studies, conducted in 1992 for the National Cancer Institute, "found no statistically significant increase in risk associated with exposure to environmental tobacco smoke at work or during social activities."

Instead of using this data, the EPA based its report on 11 earlier studies. But even after manipulating the stats, ten of the 11 studies referred to by the EPA still failed to reveal a statistically significant effect of secondhand smoke on health. The EPA responded with a technique it had never before employed. It simply combined the data from the 11 studies into one report. Even then it couldn't demonstrate a connection between passive smoke and cancer within the 95 percent accuracy required of all previous EPA studies. So the agency changed the rules. This time, a statistical conclusion with only 90 percent predicted accuracy would be acceptable.

This is a dangerous basis for the making of public policy. Objectivity is subordinated to policy directives. Zealotry, even when the cause is good, can lead to costly mistakes and a loss of public confidence. People already feel restrained by an excessively long and ever-changing list of things that are bad for them.

A more rational approach would be to acknowledge that there are possible, but unproven, risks to passive smoke. We could then address the potential harmful consequences in a way that is effective without being draconian. But to attack 50 million Americans who choose to smoke represents neither good science nor good public policy. It's just another attempt at control by a government that insists it always knows best.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DEION SANDERS

a candid conversation with pro sports' jock-of-all-trades about baseball, football, race, rap, loyalty, betrayal and his magic boxer shorts

Deion Sanders is in a hurry. Closing the gap on an NFL receiver, legging out a triple on the baseball diamond, touting a new sports drink or racing to the recording studio to cut a rap album, 27-year-old Sanders is fast becoming the decade's most versatile athlete. And he is making money faster than his agent can invest it. "Making bank," as he gleefully puts it.

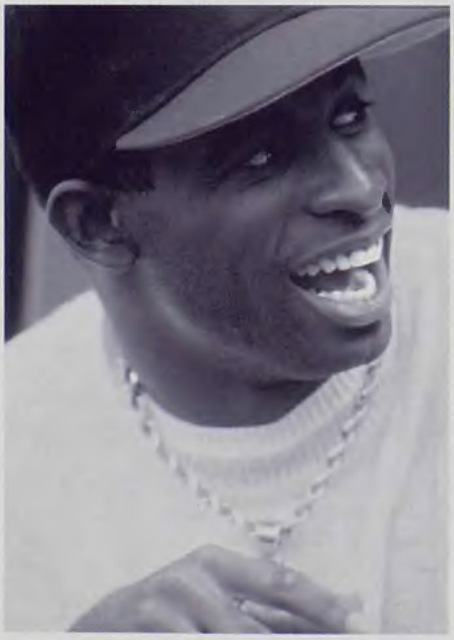
Like any good cornerback or leadoff man, "Neon" Deion has perfect timing as well as speed. Bo Jackson may have invented modern two-sport stardom. But when an injury laid Bo low, Sanders stepped up to take over the role as a renaissance jock and advertiser's dream, a guy who could make Nike's slogan "Just Do It" seem plausible. After all, it was Sanders, not Jackson, who was the first to play two pro sports on the same day. It was Sanders, not Jackson, who scored a touchdown for the Atlanta Falcons and hit a homer for the Atlanta Braves in one epic week. It was Sanders who once left a Falcons game in Miami, jumped into a limo, hopped on a jet and arrived in Pittsburgh for a Braves playoff game via helicopter—Deion ex machina, descending from the heavens.

You want timing? His rookie year in baseball, in 1989, had barely ended when he joined the Falcons and promptly returned a punt 68 yards for a touchdown. The next year he homered in his last game for the New York Yankees, who then allowed him to sign with the Braves. In 1991 he hit a three-run homer the night before rejoining the Falcons. Soon renowned as a Pro Bowl cornerback, he starred for the Braves in 1992, skipping a couple of NFL games to hit .533 in the World Series and tie a Series record with five stolen bases. As the Braves' center fielder this season—his first year as an everyday baseballer—he homered and stole a base on opening day.

And as Bo, Larry Bird, Charles Barkley and Michael Jordan begin to fade, or at least lose some of their luster, Sanders is entering his prime. Last year "Prime Time" (his other nickname—you wouldn't expect him to have just one, would you?) was the only NFL defender sent to the Pro Bowl by a unanimous vote of his peers. In December he won a showdown with the only unanimous All-Pro on offense, San Francisco 49ers receiver Jerry Rice. After an emergency delivery of Deion's lucky underwear—green boxer shorts festooned with dollar signs—to the Falcons' locker room, he intercepted two passes intended for Rice. He was also among the league's best kick returners and soon added another distinction that shot him past Bo into Jim Thorpe territory: Sanders played offense as well, catching passes, scoring touchdowns and becoming the first effective two-way player in three decades of NFL football.

These NFL triumphs followed a baseball year in which he went from prospect to semistar. After batting .183 in his first three major-league seasons, he batted .304 in 1992. The club rewarded him with a three-year, $11 million contract—far more than the $750,000 per year that the crosstown Falcons were paying. In 1993 he hit .276 and stole 19 bases as a part-timer. That convinced the Braves to say goodbye to his friend and outfield rival Otis Nixon, making Sanders the team's everyday center fielder. Sanders announced that the diamond was now his best friend. "I've accomplished my goals in that other thing," he said. He wanted to be only "a great baseball player."

In fact Sanders has switched "my favorite sport" so often that it has never been clear which game he truly prefers—until this interview, that is. More on that later. For now, bear in mind that Sanders has spent most of this year singing baseball's praises. In April, after the Falcons' signing of lineman Chris Doleman put the team near its salary limit, Sanders said, "I will probably never be a



"Baseball is mental, because the sport sets you up for failure. You fail seven out of ten times. Let me drop seven out of ten punts, and I'd be on my way out. You can't master baseball, you can just learn more about it."

"I've always been an offensive-type football player, even on defense. When I get the ball, people can see the offense in me—I'm taking it to the house, thinking about scoring every time I touch the ball."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE SEBO

"You're white. I know what you think when you see me. I go into a restaurant in baggy jeans, tennis shoes, my hat on backward. They don't recognize me. They treat me like dirt. This stuff happens all the time."

Falcon again. But that's cool with me."

Critics have questioned his ability as much as his ardor. He hadn't played a full season of baseball since Little League, they said, with only slight exaggeration. Indeed, one of his few distinctions on the diamond was being named to "Baseball America's" facetious Mr. Average Team. Could a man unfamiliar with failure succeed in a sport that defeats its superstars seven out of ten times? Would he, like Michael Jordan, discover that baseball can humble even the greatest of jocks?

Sanders doesn't like the question. In fact, he hates criticism of any kind. His egocentric behavior and prima donna antics have alienated fellow athletes such as Carlton Fisk, who castigated Sanders for failing to run out a pop fly at Yankee Stadium.

Born in Fort Myers, Florida in the midst of the 1967 baseball season, Deion Luwynn Sanders grew up in a world that ground hopes to dust. His mother was a cleaning woman, his father a junkie. His friends, many of them nearly as gifted athletically as he was, joined gangs or sold drugs. But young Deion was the fastest and strongest of them all. He didn't have to smoke, drink or join a gang because he was naturally cool. He was already famous in his neighborhood at the age of 12, the kid everyone figured would make millions as an Olympic hero, a big-league ballplayer or an NFL superstar.

He streaked to multisport fame at North Fort Myers High School. His legend grew at Florida State, where the Seminoles' flashy two-time All-America athlete was dubbed Neon Deion. He won the Jim Thorpe Award as the nation's top defensive back, led the NCAA in punt-return yardage, starred in the College World Series and qualified for the 1988 Olympic trials as an All-America sprinter for the FSU track team. On one grand two-sport day Sanders helped the Seminoles win a baseball game, hurried to the track to join the track team's 400-meter relay team (running in his baseball pants), then returned to the diamond to deliver a game-winning hit in the second game of a tournament doubleheader. Before long he was a pro football star, incredibly wealthy compared with his family and friends back home. He built a posh house for his mother. He entertained old friends from the neighborhood with lavish dinners and fishing trips. Next came intimations of baseball stardom, plus a Nike commercial that sealed his status as jockdom's latest crossover celeb.

Less publicly he married his longtime sweetheart, Carolyn Chambers, and fathered two children, Deiondra and Deion Jr. This summer he will release his first rap album.

Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** *(who last interviewed Barry Bonds for* PLAYBOY*) met Sanders in Florida before one of the Atlanta Braves' preseason games. Cook reports:*

"The fans were expecting Sanders to bat leadoff against the Mets. They were disappointed. Moments before the game he jogged from the clubhouse to meet me, leading a half-dozen autograph hounds. He wore one of his well-known Hawaiian shirts, green satin shorts and enough jewelry to choke a precious-metals dealer. 'Let's go,' he said, pointing to a black Toyota truck with silver letters reading PRIME TIME *on its doors.*

"'What about the game?' I asked.

"'No problem,' he said. 'I told them I'm taking the day off.'

"We sped to a Red Lobster. He had the Admiral's Combo, his favorite, and relaxed behind a pile of fried shrimp. He was open, occasionally funny and surprisingly candid, given his reputation for being impatient with the press. He made only three or four calls on his cellular phone, a constant companion that costs him $1000-plus in monthly phone bills. He insisted on paying for lunch. Then we were off to a down-home hair salon, Progressive Beauty, where he talked about his heroes and enemies while his hair was permed and braided.

"Later we went fishing, the hobby he loves most. Sanders caught one little bass and let it go. He seemed miffed at the fish for being so small. By then he was also getting miffed at me for asking so many questions.

"Driving from place to place he played cuts from his new record, which will hit the stores this summer. Like his conversation, Sanders' lyrics are often bitter, biting and curiously enraged for a young man whose life so far has been mostly golden.

"As PLAYBOY *went to press, Sanders was sent to the Cincinnati Reds—a surprise trade that was surely motivated in part by his growing cancer-in-the-clubhouse rep in Atlanta. He now goes to play for Marge Schott, another loudmouth, but one known for making racist comments. The Reds and Braves may well meet in the playoffs. If so it will be billed as Deion's Revenge, yet another Prime Time headline.*

"Reached by phone, he told me, 'I was surprised to be traded, but now I'm looking forward to the change. Actually, this is the best thing that could have happened. Everything had gotten comfortable for me. Now there's extra motivation. I'm going to go even harder to show everyone what I can do.'"

"If I score a touchdown, I can enjoy that all week. In baseball, you hit a home run and that's it. The next at bat, you're starting over."

PLAYBOY: Which of your nicknames do you prefer?

SANDERS: Prime Time. Neon Deion, that's not me. That was made up by Florida State's PR people. Prime Time was given to me by a dear friend in high school, one of my boys, and it's a hell of a name. But my friends don't call me Prime Time. It's just Prime or Time, whatever sounds right at the moment.

PLAYBOY: Are you in your prime now?

SANDERS: This is my year. I hope to be an All-Star in baseball. I'm working with Coca-Cola promoting Power Ade, their new sports drink. I might have a new fishing commercial, and my record is coming out, too.

PLAYBOY: You're finishing your best year in the NFL, in which you're one of the biggest stars of the game. But until this season you weren't even an everyday player in baseball. Is baseball harder?

SANDERS: Oh, yes. Football is straight-out ability, man. Football is physical—strength and instinct. Baseball is mental, because the sport sets you up for failure. You fail seven out of ten times. Let me drop seven out of ten punts, and I'd be on my way out. Plus, if I score a touchdown or intercept a pass, I can enjoy that all week. I can sit on that for six days. In baseball, you hit a home run and that's it. The next night, the next at bat, you're starting over. Baseball is repetition, endless repetition. You can't master baseball, you can just learn more about it.

PLAYBOY: You had a great line last year: "Baseball toys with your mind."

SANDERS: One minute they can't get you out. Next thing you know, you're 0 for 25. It'll make you crazy if you think about it too much, so you have to contain yourself. You have to stay flat mentally, because the game is always playing with you. That's why there are so many damn alcoholics in baseball.

PLAYBOY: How do you stop a slump?

SANDERS: Focus on your weaknesses. I used to go up there swinging. They'd get me out with fastballs off the plate, junk that wasn't strikes. Now that I'm more developed as a baseball player, I know how to work the count a little bit. I broke my 0 for 25 against [the Cincinnati Reds'] Jose Rijo, a great pitcher. He kept throwing fastballs outside. Finally I slapped one to left field. After the game I said, "Thanks for taking care of me, man. I was looking for that fastball." He said I had been pulling off the ball. I was never going to reach that pitch until I started keeping my front shoulder in. It was good of him to tell me what I was doing wrong.

PLAYBOY: You sound almost humble about baseball. Has the game ever embarrassed you?

SANDERS: Definitely. Striking out three times straight, that's the worst. You're going to go home and think about that.

PLAYBOY: You didn't strike out much in the 1992 World Series against Toronto. Did you go home and think about batting .533 on national prime-time TV?

SANDERS: No, because we lost.

PLAYBOY: As pennant winners, all the Braves received rings from the league. Why don't you wear yours?

SANDERS: I gave it to my stepfather. I

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didn't want it because I didn't earn it. The Braves weren't even playing me before the World Series. I don't like sports rings. They are a form of bragging.

PLAYBOY: You're against bragging?

SANDERS: Doing it that way, yeah. Maybe if I had contributed to the team all year, helped us get to the Series and we had won——

PLAYBOY: What if that happens to you this season?

SANDERS: I might wear that ring.

PLAYBOY: You've always gone back and forth about which sport you prefer, especially at contract time. But the big diamond-encrusted 21 on your necklace is your football number. Should that tell us anything?

SANDERS: Probably.

PLAYBOY: After an All-America football career at Florida State, you were the Falcons' first-round pick in 1989. You were All-Rookie that year, All-Pro two times since. Playing baseball caused you to miss five of the Falcons' 16 games last year, but people still talked about you as the NFL's MVP.

SANDERS: To come off the baseball field and get seven interceptions in 11 games—it's unbelievable to do that.

PLAYBOY: You played offense, too. You averaged 18 yards per pass reception, had a touchdown catch that iced an upset of the Super Bowl champ Cowboys and even threw a perfect pass on a trick play. What's the matter, isn't covering Jerry Rice and Michael Irvin hard enough for you?

SANDERS: I've always been an offensive-type football player, even on defense. When I get the ball, people can see the offense in me—I'm taking it to the house, thinking about scoring every time I touch the ball. I chose defense in college because the team was stacked at wide receiver. When I came to the Falcons they were deep at receiver, but I could play right away at defensive back.

PLAYBOY: When you run a pass route, do you actually know what the cornerback is thinking?

SANDERS: I know what he wants to do to me because it's what I would try to do to him. First of all, he's a little scared of a guy with my speed. So I know he'll back off a little.

PLAYBOY: You're thinking this as you look at him?

SANDERS: As soon as I come out of the huddle, as soon as I come off the ball, I'm thinking touchdown.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to play offense even more next season?

SANDERS: Yes. June Jones, our offensive coordinator, always wanted me out there full-time. If it were up to him I would never have left the field. That was fine with me. I told him I wanted to earn every dime they were paying me. But now it looks like I won't be back with the Falcons. As for my future in football, it's hard to say what's going to happen.

PLAYBOY: No one else has played both ways in the NFL since the Sixties. Could you be an All-Pro on both sides of the line? Is such a thing possible?

SANDERS: Why not? If there's anybody who believes in himself, it's me.

PLAYBOY: On defense, you're known as one of the game's hardest hitters.

SANDERS: But I'm not a hard hitter. Not if I can stay away from contact. I'm too valuable to my team to go out there and butt heads every minute. And anyway, they don't put in the paper how hard you hit a guy. It's tackles or assists, not "bones crushed," right? I think of myself as a big-play person, not just a hitter.

PLAYBOY: Tell us how to shut down Jerry Rice.

SANDERS: I didn't shut him down. Jerry's a great man, nobody can stop him. I contained him. I kept him out of the end zone and I got two interceptions. But people need to know that it's not just Deion Sanders versus Jerry Rice. No defensive back can stop a receiver if the quarterback has enough time to throw. If I don't get a good pass rush from my teammates, he's going to kill me. That game I got a great pass rush, and I was getting a good jam on Jerry at the line—throwing him off stride at the line of scrimmage.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you would do if you had to cover Deion Sanders?

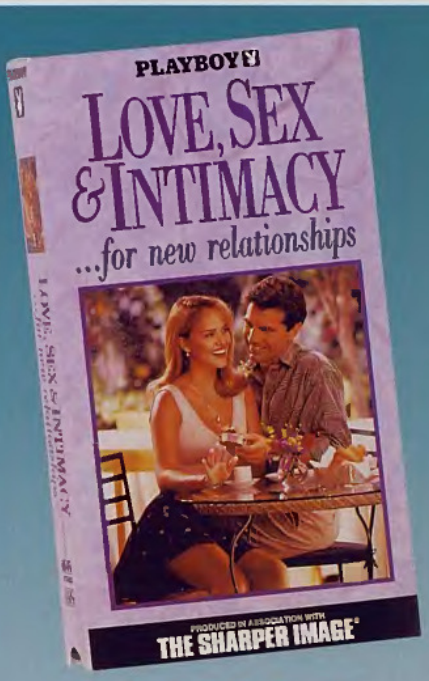
SANDERS: Yes, because if the man gets rolling he is going to roll. Also, with someone like Jerry you have to stay strong, because he can run like a deer all game long.

PLAYBOY: It was the marquee matchup of the year: The upstart Falcons, who had a winless first month before you rejoined them, were suddenly the hot Falcons facing the favored 49ers. All eyes were on Sanders and Rice. Describe the moment when you knew you had beat him and you were going to pick off the pass.

SANDERS: It started with the snap. I knew from their alignment they would run a quick snap. From the way Jerry's body was aligned, the way he set up at the line—I'd watched film of him over and over—I knew this is the play he runs to this particular area. So I was prepared. But you can't go for it before it's time. You can't move, you can't tip them off that you know what's coming. I sat back and waited. And then he comes to me, and when the quarterback, Steve Young, lets the ball go, I know I've got it.

PLAYBOY: You have said you're an instinctive football player. Does that mean you're not a student of the game?

SANDERS: I'm a student of the opposition. I have game films dating back to when I came into the league—it's like keeping notebooks on pitchers. Two years ago when we played the Cowboys,



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Mike Irvin had a good game against me. Before we played them last year I was thinking about that all week: I have to shut that guy down. I went to my little library and pulled up film from 1991, when I did well against him, and picked up a few moves. Can't tell you what they were—I don't want him to read about them—but I went out there and did all right against Mike last season.

PLAYBOY: You held Irvin to one five-yard catch all game, while catching a 70-yard touchdown pass of your own. What gives you the biggest charge, shutting down a star receiver like Irvin or Rice, or hitting a home run?

SANDERS: I'd rather score a touchdown. Guys hit 40 home runs in a year, but nobody gets 40 TDs. That's the thing I love to do. That's six whole points, man. A run is just one point.

PLAYBOY: It seems you're looking forward to scoring more touchdowns.

SANDERS: If I play football again. It's not decided yet. I don't have a football contract. I may not even play in the NFL this year.

PLAYBOY: Could you really give up the game? You've admitted that you're better at football and that you have a lot of work to do to be a great baseball player. Wouldn't it be hard to quit the NFL when you're at the top of your game?

SANDERS: I want to play football, but it's not a necessity. I can give it up if I have to. Right now it's baseball season, so I'm focused on that. I can think about the NFL later.

PLAYBOY: Still, you're coming off your best football year.

SANDERS: It was my most gratifying year, not because of what I did on the field but because I had dedicated the season to my father, Mims Sanders—that's what the MS on my wristband stands for. He died last year. And that man loved football. Baseball was cool with him, but football was it. After he died I would take him out there on the field with me. I would go up to the line, get ready to cover somebody and look over my shoulder and say, "You all right over there, baby? You OK, Pops?" I worked my butt off. I dedicated the season to my father and had a good year.

PLAYBOY: Were you close to your dad?

SANDERS: I grew up with my mother and stepfather, but my father was around. We had our misunderstandings—he didn't do all the right things in life. He got caught up in drugs. Then he was finally getting his life together. We were becoming closer when he got sick and died of a brain tumor. He was 50.

PLAYBOY: Your friend Hammer, who's now producing your album, took your dad on tour with him, didn't he?

SANDERS: My father was part of Hammer's posse. He didn't have a job title, he just took care of odds and ends. But it made his last year the best year of his life. Hammer did this as a favor to me. I went to him and said, "I can't get through to Pops, but if anybody can, it's you." Hammer said, "OK, I'll take him on my world tour." And old Pops Sanders became part of the posse, part of the family. Finally he was going onstage and dancing, opening Hammer's shows.

PLAYBOY: Did your father have a showbiz background?

SANDERS: No, he was just cool. He used to work with mentally retarded children before he got caught up in junk. I guess he might have danced when he got high.

PLAYBOY: Did you get to say goodbye to him?

SANDERS: No, and that kills me every day. I did a song on the record about taking things for granted: "I never got the chance to say I love you, but we both knew. I know you love me, Pops, and you know I love you."

PLAYBOY: Growing up in the projects in Fort Myers, how did you stay out of trouble?

SANDERS: I had sports, and I had my mother. She broke her back working in a hospital, cleaning up. She taught me right from wrong. Also, I could think. I was never crazy enough to get in trouble like all my friends. My friends are in jail, most of them. But I wasn't like them. I'd see them selling dope at school and think, You're going to get caught. I'd say to them, "Man, if I know you're selling, don't you think the police know? You're one person going against the whole police staff. They're all out to catch you, so how can you succeed?" And I'd say one other thing: "Have you ever seen a drug dealer retire?" They couldn't answer that one. They knew I was right, but they kept at it. Now they're doing time.

PLAYBOY: Most of your childhood friends?

SANDERS: Maybe 70 or 80 percent of my boys are doing time today. Unless they're dead. Some of them are dead.

PLAYBOY: You were never tempted to do what they did?

SANDERS: I was playing sports every minute, so I didn't hang out. Without sports I probably would have been out there with them, and in jail today. But, you know, I could think for myself. My father did drugs. I saw what that stuff could do, so why would I want to be like him?

PLAYBOY: What about peer pressure—didn't you want to be cool?

SANDERS: Mark my words, man. Ever since I started playing sports, I was the best one on the team. I was always the man, always cool, even at eight years old. I never had to fit in with the crowd.

PLAYBOY: You've said you were disappointed with baseball last year. You left the team for three weeks while your agent negotiated a new contract, which was seen as a bargaining tactic. But it was also during the time your dad died. You've said that when you returned to the Braves clubhouse, none of your teammates said they were sorry to hear of his death.

SANDERS: "How much money did you get?" That's what they said. I'm bitter because it was the first time I'd lost someone close to me, first time I'd ever been to a funeral. And all anyone cared about was the damn Braves. The team said I was holding out for more money, but come on, I wasn't playing anyway. Why shouldn't I leave? I wasn't playing for one simple reason: I wouldn't sign their contract. They wanted me to sign and I wouldn't sign, so they punished me. It was killing me to sit there on the bench, knowing I should be playing, knowing that they were saying I was greedy—even though nobody talks about the times I was tired as hell after football practice and came over here and pinch-ran for the Braves, just to get a run home and help them win. I was thinking about my father dying, and my mind was nowhere near baseball. That's why I left. I was starting to go crazy.

When I came back Otis Nixon was playing. The fans would cheer him and boo me. I've always been able to handle heat, but what hurt me was that Otis was fueling up the situation, capitalizing on it against me.

PLAYBOY: But you two were good friends.

SANDERS: That's what puzzled me. But the fans were even worse. One day I jumped at a ball in the gap and hit my shoulder on the wall. I came off the field holding my shoulder and they were cheering. They were glad I got hurt.

PLAYBOY: What did that make you think?

SANDERS: There ain't no love. That's what I learned. If I sign an autograph for them it's fine, I'm a good guy. But deep down they don't really like me. So I lost love for them. Now I just go out and do my job.

PLAYBOY: In the end you got what you wanted. Otis Nixon is gone, center field is yours and you have an $11 million contract.

SANDERS: But I didn't like being punished by the team. I didn't like being booed by the fans.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to tell the Braves fans?

SANDERS: One thing: Be true to your boo. I'm serious about this. Don't just boo me when I strike out. When I turn it around and hit a triple off the wall, don't cheer. I want you to boo me. That's what I have to say to the fans at Fulton County Stadium, because they embittered me. I won't sign an autograph at that stadium for anything in the world.

PLAYBOY: Does that statement apply to your football fans?

SANDERS: No, no, I'll sign for them. They're cool. They know I pour my guts out every time I'm on the field. That's why I would take a jog around the field before the Falcons games, to slap all their hands. There's love there.

PLAYBOY: Is there more pettiness in

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What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.
In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US and 10 European medical centers involving over 600 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 23% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 9% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 43% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.
Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.
People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.
Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.
ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.
Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:
Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.
When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.
In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.
Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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baseball than in football?

SANDERS: There's a lot of pettiness in baseball. Like the rookie thing. It's rookie this, rookie that: "Rookie, you should respect all the old guys." Hey, the hell with that. I don't agree. Rookies can be good, too. In the NFL, you try to kill that old guy. Football is more about doing your own thing—get out there and knock the hell out of the old guys.

PLAYBOY: In your rookie year in baseball you failed to run to first on a pop-up against the White Sox. Their catcher, Carlton Fisk, yelled at you for it. A lot of fans, and even other players, liked that. They figured you were getting your comeuppance. We assume that you don't agree.

SANDERS: He was calling me names! "Run, you so-and-so." He had no right to do that. He didn't know why I wasn't running. The bat had flown out of my hands and it was going right at these little kids in the first row by the dugout. I couldn't move. I was frozen, standing there watching my bat spin through the air. What was I supposed to do, turn and run to first base?

PLAYBOY: Your next time up you called Fisk a racist. He objected to that, too, and you two nearly came to blows. When you say he called you a "so-and-so," was that a racial slur?

SANDERS: No. Just "you rookie," stuff like that. But does he do that to a white guy? Maybe not.

PLAYBOY: You said that your father was a football man. How does the rest of your family feel about football as opposed to baseball?

SANDERS: My mother hates baseball. She loves football. She's knowledgeable, too. After a game she'll tell me what I did wrong: "You let that man catch the ball all over you!"

PLAYBOY: How about your wife, Carolyn?

SANDERS: She likes football.

PLAYBOY: Daughter Deiondra?

SANDERS: Football.

PLAYBOY: It's getting close to unanimous. Are we right to think that you truly prefer football?

SANDERS: That's what I've been telling you.

PLAYBOY: And baseball isn't even close.

SANDERS: It's a fact.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about an injury that might make your final decision for you? Have you talked to Bo Jackson——

SANDERS: You can't think about that stuff. Just because a guy who got hurt has a large name, that has nothing to do with me. I mean, I check the injury reports every week. Guys get hurt. There are career-ending injuries every week. So I pray for that guy. I hope his finances are straight, because the team ain't going to take care of him for the rest of his life. But other than that, I don't really think about it.

PLAYBOY: You have insurance, though, in case of a career-ending injury.

SANDERS: Yes. Quite a bit of it. It's part of the job, like having insurance when you drive a car. But it's not because I'm scared of injury. There's nothing I'm scared of.

PLAYBOY: Are you at all superstitious?

SANDERS: Yes. I wear rubber bands on my wrists all the time. Before a football game your socks, jock and undershirt are rolled up in a rubber band. One time at Florida State I took off the rubber band and put it on my wrist, and it worked. I had a great game. I did it the next week and I've done it ever since. I also have to read a verse from the Bible every morning, or I don't feel right that day. And every time I get a base hit or make a big play in football, you'll see me tap my chest twice and point to the sky. I'm pointing to my father.

PLAYBOY: Then there are your famous lucky shorts, the green ones with white dollar signs all over them. When you lost them before the game last year against Rice and the Niners, a messenger brought them to the stadium at the last minute. Don't you have a backup pair?

SANDERS: I have one pair. My wife gave them to me my rookie year, and I have to wear them on football game days. I'd left them in Houston. They got mixed up in the laundry, but our equipment manager found them and got them to me just in time. So I had my lucky drawers and two interceptions, and afterward I told the press, "It has to be the drawers."

PLAYBOY: Tell us another quirk.

SANDERS: I get a kick out of thinking up questions that have no answers. Like, Why do they call a dick a dick? Why not a henry or larry or leroy? And who named it? Stuff like that amuses me.

PLAYBOY: Whatever you call it, athletes are known for giving it a workout. Was that true for you when you were a bachelor?

SANDERS: I've never really been a bachelor. Carolyn has been with me since college, so I never had that life. I don't go to clubs. Most nights, unless I'm working on the record or something else, I'm sound asleep at 7:30.

PLAYBOY: Has AIDS changed the lifestyle for other pro jocks?

SANDERS: Definitely. Guys are using a lot more protection. The condom people are doing very well on the athletes. Which is good—those things can save your life. But there are still people living dangerously, playing with fire.

PLAYBOY: Your beliefs and experiences seem to have made you a bit of a puritan.

SANDERS: I have never tasted alcohol. I have never smoked a cigarette. I have never tried drugs.

PLAYBOY: Were you tempted by sex?

SANDERS: [*Laughing*] That's different. I was active when I was a kid. And very lucky. There wasn't AIDS then, but there was gonorrhea and everything else. At least I was using protection.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

SANDERS: Too young. Younger than 12, let's say. The girls were three or four years older, but not old enough to do what we were doing, not old enough for sexual intercourse. But I used protection and we were lucky.

PLAYBOY: Even at that younger age you were thinking ahead?

SANDERS: Right. I knew that if I had a kid my mama would really have to break her back and I would have to go to work, too. No more sports.

PLAYBOY: You and Carolyn had a baby, Deiondra, and then Deion Jr. last year. Is it true you were talking to your mother on your cellular phone while Deion Jr. was being born, even while you cut the umbilical cord?

SANDERS: I kept her posted: "It's coming out, it's a boy, he's fine and he's healthy." I was helping Carolyn, too, but she had an easy time of it. She was on the phone to my mother, too.

PLAYBOY: Are you easy to live with?

SANDERS: Carolyn and I don't argue too much. But in my household, what I say goes. When I get mad I get mad, and you better just leave if you don't want to get caught in the crossfire.

PLAYBOY: What kind of dad are you? Do you change diapers?

SANDERS: No, that's Carolyn's field. But I play with my kids. With Deiondra—she's

"I didn't use one because I didn't have one with me."

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four—it's singing games. We do those cute little Barney songs. Deiondra loves Barney.

PLAYBOY: Deion Sanders raps by night, sings Barney songs by day.

SANDERS: Barney's cool, man. Barney is a bad man. Barney is large.

PLAYBOY: Does Deiondra know what you do for a living?

SANDERS: She knows, and it's important to me that she knows. She needs to know why we live the way we do, why we have a nice house, why we're capable of riding in the cars I have. I want her to know what kind of sacrifices I make for all that, like when Daddy has to go away for days at a time. She'll say, "Daddy got to go to work." I'll say, "Daddy's got to go do what?" And Deiondra knows. She says, "Daddy got to go make money."

PLAYBOY: Do you treat your daughter differently from your son?

SANDERS: You need to be more careful with a girl. A girl has more to lose in life. For instance, if a man has sex with a hundred women, in some places he's a hero. If a woman has sex with a lot of men, in all places she's a zero. So it is different. I'm not going to sit with my boy someday and say, "OK, you can go have sex with her and her." But I'll be a little freer with him. When he gets older, Deion Jr. can maybe stay out till 8:30, but Deiondra will need to be in before dark.

PLAYBOY: Seriously—before dark?

SANDERS: No question about it.

PLAYBOY: Has having a daughter changed the way you think about men and women?

SANDERS: Well, I won't say I viewed women badly before, but it softens your heart to have a little girl.

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of misogyny in rap music, a lot of antifemale talk.

SANDERS: I don't condone that, but some people are raised that way. If that's their lifestyle, let it be.

PLAYBOY: As a famous father, do you worry about your family's safety?

SANDERS: There are weird people out there. There's this one guy who turns up wherever I go. Carolyn calls him Fatal, as in *Fatal Attraction*. Every time I pull out of the parking lot after a Braves game this man is standing there staring at me. Black dude, a strange person. He's at football games, too—reaching out to slap my hand when I come out of the tunnel. One time he handed me a 20-dollar bill. "Get yourself something to eat," he says. Which could be kind of funny, except that right after my daughter was born, I walked out of the delivery room and he was right outside the door.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he's a stalker?

SANDERS: Just a fan, I think. An overboard fan.

PLAYBOY: Have you confronted him?

SANDERS: No, man. I don't speak to him. I don't want to encourage him. But we went to another hospital for Deion Jr.'s birth.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about Carolyn and the kids when you are on the road?

SANDERS: Sure I do. But anyone who gets into my house at night, any man who comes into my bedroom, he's liable to be full of holes when he comes out. Carolyn is ready.

PLAYBOY: Do you have guns in your bedroom?

SANDERS: Let's just say that Carolyn is ready.

PLAYBOY: What about you? Is there a gun in the truck you're driving today?

SANDERS: It's possible.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your other high-caliber exploits. During the 1991 pennant race, when you helicoptered from football practice to a Braves game, what was running through your head?

SANDERS: I was nervous. It was my first time in a helicopter. I told the pilot to fly over my house. I wanted to see how the house looked. It looked cool, I felt better.

PLAYBOY: In October 1992 you became the first player ever to play two professional sports in one day, playing for the Falcons in Miami one Sunday, then joining the Braves in the National League playoffs that night in Pittsburgh. Falcon fans loved you for it, but some baseball people thought you were showing off.

SANDERS: The story should have been that I was breaking my neck to help both

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PLAYBOY'S SUPER HOTLINE

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of my teams. But [then CBS baseball broadcaster] Tim McCarver put negativity on it—saying I was out for publicity. Hey, I don't give a damn about publicity. I don't need it. But for three or four games in a row, this guy kept talking about my big attitude, calling me selfish, saying I played two sports in one day because of ego. But I know what he was about. I know why he tried to make me look stupid: He wanted an interview and I wouldn't give it to him.

PLAYBOY: How did you know what McCarver was saying on TV? You were in the dugout at the time.

SANDERS: You think we don't have a phone in the dugout? You think I don't have football friends with TVs? I heard from them—they said they wanted to jump through the screen at the guy.

PLAYBOY: In the locker room after the Braves won the pennant you made more news. You dumped a bucket of water on McCarver.

SANDERS: It would have been more accepted if it had been champagne, but I don't play that. I don't believe in alcohol. Even if we win the playoffs, nobody throws champagne on me. So I threw water.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't the most adult thing to do.

SANDERS: It wasn't an adult thing for him to discredit me in front of millions. Where I come from, you don't take any junk. It's about honor. Nobody can talk about you like that. So I threw water. Would it have been better if I had beat the hell out of him?

PLAYBOY: On your rap record you call him "tiny Tim McCarver" and imply that he was jealous of you.

SANDERS: You have to understand. The things I do and the way I carry myself give some people fits. I see it all the time. I mean, you're white—when you're at a red light and I pull up in my Benz, dressed like I am, the first thing you think is, He's not doing something right. He's probably in drugs. Because I know what you think when you see me. You don't think, This young black man in a Benz might be a lawyer, do you?

PLAYBOY: You're talking about racism, not jealousy.

SANDERS: I was in a golf cart with my attorney. My attorney is black, too. This white guy runs up and says, "Where'd you get that golf cart?" just knowing we stole it. This stuff happens all the time. I go into a restaurant in baggy jeans, tennis shoes, my hat on backward. They don't recognize me, and they treat me like dirt. I'm in a store in Atlanta, and the security guard asks if he can check my bags. "Hell no, you can't check my bags. What gives you the right?" So we have a confrontation. Then somebody tips him off who I am and this guy feels like an idiot. He's so embarrassed he can't even speak. He just floats away.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago in Georgia you had trouble with a white policeman. He nabbed you for two different violations involving the Florida license plates on one of your half-dozen cars. Another time you were charged with disorderly conduct at an Atlanta grocery store.

SANDERS: That's right. The Braves had just sent me to the minor leagues. I was going to buy thank-you cards for my teammates, for their friendship. I'm an appreciative person—after my first touchdown for the Falcons I bought Gucci watches for all the guys on the punt-return team. So now here I am in Atlanta with my family, going to buy thank-you cards for the Braves. Carolyn drops me off at Kroger's because it's raining and this guy—and he knows who I am—starts harassing me about my license plates. I say, "Man, I'm tired. I have to get some cards for my teammates, then I'm going home," and I walk away. He says I'm going to jail. So I say, "Let's go. I'll go with you, you don't have to cuff me in front of my family." I mean, Carolyn is watching this. My daughter is watching. He really wants to put those cuffs on me. So what do I do? I jump in his car and lock the doors.

PLAYBOY: He didn't appreciate that.

SANDERS: No, but he was harassing me.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

SANDERS: I let the other cop cuff me, this guy's partner. We went down to the police station. Eventually they dropped all of the charges.

PLAYBOY: You tackle some of these issues in the songs on your rap album.

SANDERS: [*Singing*] "I got an ego, yeah man, that's what they all say. 'Cause Prime he can play two sports in one day. But I got two jobs, two responsibilities. I got two paychecks—all this versatility."

PLAYBOY: In one song, *All Eyes on Me*, you attack Spike Lee as well as Tim McCarver. Lee once criticized you on a talk show for being what he called the stereotype of the flashy, young black jock. Now you're upset with him for sowing what you call "disunity in the community."

SANDERS: [*Singing*] "Why do they envy the infamous Mr. Prime Time? Spike Lee dissin' the Prime was ridic-u-lous. Why? For one, you never met me. But now you on the TV screen trying to check me, trying to make me look low. Playing it so black, but you a black man on a white man's show. I see your true color, I know what you's about, playing pro-black. Punk, you's a houseboy."

PLAYBOY: The lyric was different on the tape you played for us today. The last line was, "Punk, you's a house nigger."

SANDERS: Well, that was too harsh, so I'm changing it.

PLAYBOY: Race figures prominently in your songs and your conversation. But in baseball, at least, some of your best friends are white guys. You go fishing with pitcher Kent Mercker.

SANDERS: That's right.

PLAYBOY: And you once played fashion advisor for pitcher Steve Avery.

SANDERS: I have hundreds of suits all over my house, closets full upstairs and downstairs. Everyone knows I dress well. I saw Steve in the locker room in these

"Catfish"
-Sinbad

"Chicken wings"
-Dan Marino

"Pasta"
-Walter Payton

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big white undershorts and took pity on him. Here's a big-time pitcher dressed like a high school kid. So he gave me $5000 to work with. I went out and bought him a wardrobe.

PLAYBOY: You had to go back to him for another thousand.

SANDERS: He needed shoes. I introduced him to crocodile and alligator shoes. Now he wears them on every road trip.

PLAYBOY: How does he look?

SANDERS: He looks cool. He just needed direction.

PLAYBOY: So Avery likes you and trusts you. Mercker backed you up in your first run-in with the Georgia cops. A little while ago you suggested that all white people have preconceived notions about blacks, but these white friends——

SANDERS: You don't understand. They're teammate friends, not like my boys from Fort Myers and Florida State. Maybe they're my friends, but they're seasonal friends. After the baseball season they don't call me and I don't call them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Avery and Mercker make the same assumptions about blacks as that cop?

SANDERS: Yes. I'm damn realistic, man. I hate to say it, but that's how it is.

PLAYBOY: What are your politics? Do you vote?

SANDERS: No. I think about the struggles black people went through to get to vote, but I don't get too deep into politics. But Clinton is killing me. I pay all these taxes and I still see homeless people on the street. I see big hotels with vacant rooms, $200-a-night rooms, and people with nowhere to sleep.

PLAYBOY: You stay in those $200 rooms.

SANDERS: I'm not staying in the Peek-a-Boo Inn, no.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Michael Jordan's attempt to be a baseball player? He says your example helped him believe he could be a two-sport player.

SANDERS: The guy accomplished everything there was to accomplish in basketball, and that enabled him to try out for the major leagues. I'm happy for anyone who gets the chance to fulfill his dreams. I think people should leave him alone, let him go out and have a good time, instead of making it harder for him.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't get a free pass to a big-league spring training camp just because you were great at another game. You had to start in the minors and work your way up. For Jordan it's been the other way around.

SANDERS: It's not about fairness. It's about him and his dreams. He isn't hurting anybody, so let the man play ball.

PLAYBOY: He was taking at bats away from other guys during spring training. A lot of the White Sox were miffed about the special treatment he got.

SANDERS: They were probably mad that all the cameras were on him. Players who get upset about something like that—that was their egos talking. I bet every one of them asked him for his autograph.

PLAYBOY: The problem some of the players had wasn't so much about Jordan but about how the club staged a Jordan circus. They thought it insulted the game.

SANDERS: The heck with those guys. Why can't Michael Jordan have a good time? If those guys wanted to go to a basketball camp, I don't think he'd get pissed off at them. Their problem is ego. They wanted the attention he got.

PLAYBOY: Let's suppose you switched careers again. What would Deion Sanders do if he were president?

SANDERS: [*Laughing*] Paint the White House black! Make it the Black House and call all my boys. "Come on over, boys, park your cars out front and we'll have a good time." We'd take care of the issues, too. I wouldn't be spending all that money on bombs that will never be used. If somebody messed with my country I'd call them. "This is President Prime on the phone to let you know: If I have any more problems with you, I'm sending my boys out there at you. There ain't going to be no talking about it. No, you do what I want or my guys'll be down to tighten you up." I'd give my boys from the neighborhood positions in the Cabinet. My boy who loved guns in college, he would be the secretary of defense. He's good with those things—he'll come and personally tighten you up.

PLAYBOY: Clinton plays the saxophone, you could sing.

SANDERS: Prime's in there rapping. Come to the House for a party!

PLAYBOY: What else would happen in a Prime Time administration?

SANDERS: I'd have no alcohol. Smoking and drugs, the same way.

PLAYBOY: You'd outlaw a lot of things.

SANDERS: Yes. They shouldn't allow alcohol in locker rooms. Look at the statistics—it's one of the leading causes of death, if not the leading cause.

PLAYBOY: Don't some people drink and smoke and use drugs responsibly?

SANDERS: There's no choice. That stuff helps people die. If it were good for you they would serve it to schoolkids, wouldn't they? That's what I tell kids when I make speeches. I say, "If drugs and alcohol were good for you, you'd have your peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, a 40-ounce to drink and a joint for dessert. But they don't because it's not good for you." It's wrong, and I get tired of seeing people drinking and driving, drinking and doing drugs, and dying of alcohol and drugs. Just about everything bad is alcohol- or drug-related. Most people who kill people are not in a good frame of mind. They've been drinking or getting high, then they go shoot somebody.

PLAYBOY: You're pretty sure of your beliefs. Does that come from your childhood experiences, or is it religious?

SANDERS: It's both. I'm confident in my beliefs. I pray every day. I try to know the Lord.

PLAYBOY: Still, you see racism all around, and poverty and alcohol and drug abuse. How does that square with your idea of God?

SANDERS: The Lord doesn't make you do drugs. The Lord didn't tell you to have sex with this girl you got pregnant. You're faced with your own decisions. The Lord isn't buying a gun and pulling the trigger in a convenience store.

PLAYBOY: When you pray, how do you see God? In the books we all grew up with, he was a towering white guy.

SANDERS: God is black. The Bible describes him as a dark-skinned man with coarse hair.

PLAYBOY: How does he look? Does he have robes and a long white beard?

SANDERS: [*Laughing*] He looks just like the white dude, man, only he's black.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to earth. You've said here for the first time that for all your protestations about loving both of the games you play——

SANDERS: I need to keep my bargaining power.

PLAYBOY: Football comes first for you. Was there a time when you made that decision for good?

SANDERS: Yes. The Miami game.

PLAYBOY: That was October 11, 1992. The Braves weren't playing you much in the playoffs against the Pirates. That morning you flew from Pittsburgh to Miami to join the Falcons for their game.

SANDERS: You want to know why? My guys had to face Dan Marino that day. I had to be there with them. It wasn't right any other way. How could I ever face those guys if I hadn't been there when they needed me?

PLAYBOY: You helped keep Marino and his receivers out of the end zone, but Miami won the game. After which you got an IV for dehydration before you flew back to Pittsburgh. It wasn't a happy Falcons locker room. But we hear that some of your football teammates came up to thank you after the game.

SANDERS: Jamie Dukes, Mike Kenn and Jesse Solomon. They came to me in the shower.

PLAYBOY: A warmer reception than the one you got from the Braves after your dad died. Once and for all, is that when you decided you could live without those booing Braves fans and stick to football?

SANDERS: That's when I knew I would do anything for those guys. Because they were my boys—we loved each other. They came into the shower just to say how much they appreciated my coming all that way to help them. And I cried. I was just losing it, tears running down my face, and that's when I knew which sport I loved. Right there in the shower I told them, "Hey, I finally found out where my heart belongs."

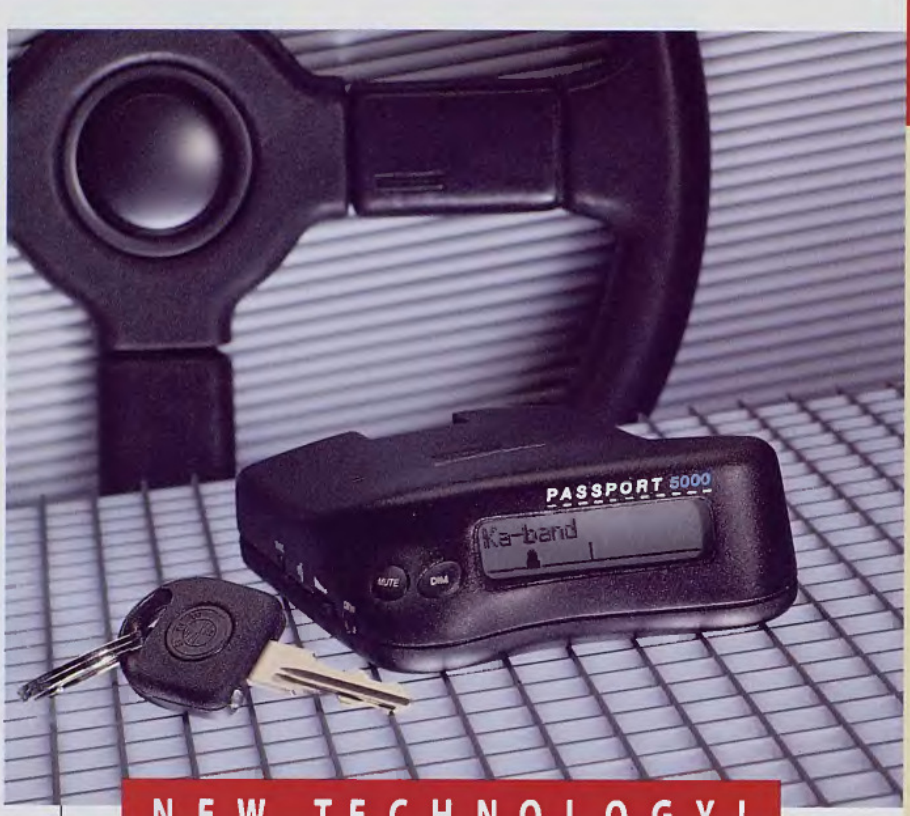

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ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

AT ONE END of a block in Brooklyn, where the elevated train casts diamond-shaped shadows on the intersection of Foster Avenue and MacDonald Avenue, an Arabic chant blares over a loudspeaker every Friday, sounding the call to prayer at the Abu Bakr Siddique mosque. Except for its fortress-like entryway, the building doesn't look much different from the other brownstones and wood-frame houses in the neighborhood. But it was here that Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman called for the destruction of "the edifices of capitalism." It was here, federal prosecutors will argue in a sedition trial in September, that the blind Egyptian cleric inspired his followers to "levy a war of urban terrorism against the U.S." That war's first offensive was the bombing of the World Trade Center in February 1993.

At the other end of the block, just a few hundred yards from the mosque, is a simple red-brick house on the corner of Ocean Parkway and Foster. You can't tell from the outside that it is the local headquarters of Kahane Chai, the militant Jewish group devoted to the teachings of the murdered Rabbi Meir Kahane. The rabbi preached a type of unrepentant racism that attracted followers in the Jewish neighborhoods of Brooklyn. Among them was a young doctor named Baruch Goldstein, the former Brooklyn resident

article by
CHARLES M. SENNOTT

HOLY WAR IN Brooklyn

religious passion, hatred and violence erupt in the middle east's latest occupied territory: new york city

who last February gunned down 29 Arabs at a mosque in Hebron, on the Israeli-occupied West Bank of the Jordan River.

It is just one block in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn, but the trip from one end to the other is a journey beyond the rooftops of brownstones, past the church spires and the gray smudges of factory smoke to a distant desert horizon shimmering with the ancient passions, religious hatred and violent rhetoric of the Middle East. On both ends of Foster Avenue, the militants, the peacemakers and the cops agree that Brooklyn has emerged as a new theater of the Middle East conflict. The echoes of violence from Hebron reverberate all the way to Coney Island and Flatbush.

Just days after the Goldstein shooting came a chilling example of this. On a morning when newspaper headlines were filled with news of the "massacre in Hebron," a Brooklyn cab driver who had emigrated from Lebanon allegedly unleashed a hail of bullets on a van filled with rabbinical students traveling across the Brooklyn Bridge, killing one of the young men and injuring five others.

"There is no difference between Goldstein and the shooter on the bridge," says Arthur Hertzberg, a visiting professor of humanities at New York University, and, incidentally, a cousin of the 16-year-old rabbinical student who was killed in the incident. "They both represent groups in Brooklyn that feel victimized. They see religion as a way to define the enemy—and, by extension, as a way to define themselves. That definition, plugged into the West Bank or Brooklyn or Bosnia or Belfast, is what generates hatred. It is the definition of terrorism."

•

Outside the Abu Bakr Siddique mosque, three boys kick a soccer ball against the building on a sunny spring morning. Orthodox Jews in black felt hats and dark suits pass by with their wives and children on their way to Saturday services at a local synagogue. Mohamad Abdou, 38, leans against the wrought-iron railing in front of the mosque and talks about life in Brooklyn. Several times a week his neighbors from Kahane Chai, Hebrew for "Kahane lives," stop in front of the mosque and shout, "Death to Muslims."

"Other than that, we don't say much to one another," says Abdou, a heavyset man with a thick black beard and large hands calloused from his work as an electrician. He emigrated from the poor town near Alexandria, Egypt that was also the home of his friend Mahmud Abouhalima, the alleged mastermind of the World Trade Center bombing.

Like his friend, Abdou says he has been a target of FBI investigators, who have repeatedly broken into his van and searched through his tools and equipment. Abdou insists he is merely an electrician and a devout Muslim, not a terrorist. He slides open the door of his van and laughs as he displays the coils of electrical wiring and the stacks of fuses and circuitry that he uses in his work.

"They actually thought this was for terrorism," says Abdou. He adds that men who he is sure are FBI agents followed him for weeks and then posed as reporters and asked him questions about his friendship with Abouhalima.

"We all live side by side. But most of the people are here to get away from the violence of the Middle East. There is hatred, but it is different," he says.

The difference is apparent up and down the block. Across from the mosque is the Shomer Shabbus Fruit and Grocery. It is a kosher food store owned by an Orthodox Jew, but it also serves Muslims, whose dietary laws, called halal, are similar to those practiced by Jews. Next door, the widow of an Orthodox Jew has rented restaurant space to a Muslim, who plans to sell Italian food to the neighborhood. Next door to the mosque, a doorframe carries a mezuzah, the scriptural scroll Jews place in their doorways.

Ari Bodenstein came to this block from Jerusalem ten years ago and is raising his family here. An Orthodox Jew, he works as a wholesale supplier to drugstore chains. He is holding the hands of his two daughters. He complains about the Friday call to prayer at the mosque.

"It's like the West Bank," he says. "The Jews pave the way for the Arabs. For 2000 years the Palestinians didn't develop the land. Now they come here after we have made the neighborhood safe and comfortable."

At the end of the block, Mike Guzofsky, 29, associate director of Kahane Chai, works out of the group's small headquarters at 729 Ocean Parkway. He says Kahane Chai is "devoted to Jewish identity and Jewish self-defense." The Israeli government has its own definition. In March it classified Kahane Chai as a terrorist organization and outlawed it in Israel.

Rather than discuss his group's infamous reputation, Guzofsky prefers to turn the conversation to Meir Kahane, who was gunned down in a midtown Manhattan hotel in November 1990 as he addressed a group of followers. Guzofsky believes that the murder was a conspiracy among the associates of El Sayyid Nosair, an Egyptian convicted on weapons charges associated with the shooting.

Federal law enforcement officials believe a terrorist cell, revolving around Nosair, Sheikh Abdel Rahman and Abouhalima, may have bombed the World Trade Center and planned other blasts to spring Nosair from prison.

"There could be a need to put these groups down with violence," says Guzofsky, who recruits for Kahane Chai's paramilitary camps in upstate New York. "Violence is not a good thing and violence is not a bad thing. It's sometimes a necessary thing. So be it."

•

Ron Kuby may be the only person in Brooklyn who knows both ends of Foster Avenue. He is a former member of the Jewish Defense League and is now the law partner of William Kunstler, the fabled defender of political prisoners and pariahs. This September, Kuby and Kunstler will represent several of the Muslim defendants in the conspiracy trial.

Kuby, like Baruch Goldstein, came of age in the Sixties and joined Kahane's Jewish Defense League. It "was cool to be tough and Jewish," he says. Young kids saw the JDL as the Jewish counterpart to the Black Panthers. He still has his application—now yellowing—to the paramilitary camps in the Catskills.

"Kahane was encouraging his followers to emigrate to Israel," says Kuby. "When I got there I found a bunch of misfits, malcontents and thugs. I remember watching an Israeli soldier shoving an old Arab man down the street at gunpoint. It was the same dehumanization that I saw in white racists at home." Altered by the experience, he quit the JDL and returned home.

Says Kuby: "The media portray the Arabs as the terrorists, but few realize the racism of the militant Jewish fringe. There are a lot of Jews who believe their own people don't talk like Guzofsky, but they are out there."

•

Atlantic Avenue is the heart of New York's Arab community, and the Masjid Al Farooq mosque is its largest house of worship. The second-floor sanctuary, where services are held, is bathed in a soothing light, tinted green from the jade-colored walls and emerald carpeting. Worshipers align themselves along stripes in the carpet, face Mecca and pray. There is a sweet smell from incense sticks that rest in cracks in the plaster walls.

Racks on the back wall hold a collection of workingmen's footwear: the

(continued on page 147)

"I wish you'd stop saying 'It doesn't get any better than this!'"

New York's Finest

NEW YORK CITY policewoman Carol Shaya's fondest on-the-job memory might sound like a nightmare to most people. "We got a call about a dispute—a man with a knife was trying to stab his girlfriend. My partner and I arrived on the scene and saw this guy with a machete. I said, 'All right, we have a problem here.' So I jumped out of the car and chased him down. When I pulled up this guy's arrest warrant and found out that he was wanted by the FBI in Puerto Rico and in New York City for a double homicide, I felt good. The FBI sent me a letter of congratulations. So did the mayor. That's the day I realized how much I love this job."

It was never Carol's intention to join the police force. "When I was still in high school, for kicks I took the test with my then-boyfriend. He really wanted to be a police officer, but he ended up in another line of work. I tested pretty well and decided to attend the academy. My stepfather has been a Port Authority cop for 23 years, so he wasn't too upset. At first, though, my mom said, 'No way.' But she and I have always been best friends, and eventually she came around."

Carol admits that her PLAYBOY pictorial might cause a stir at the station house. "I'm proud of what I do and of the way I look," says Carol. "People are going to see me on the cover of PLAYBOY and think twice before stereotyping police officers."

policewoman carol shaya in an arresting pictorial

"I like my job because it's never routine or boring," says Carol, who has been assigned to work in some of the toughest areas in the Bronx. "You learn everything on the streets. I'm o good shooter and I handle my nightstick well. And, I can intimidate someone verbally. I've jumped from the roofs of buildings and I've done things that I look back on and can't believe."

As corny as this sounds, my mom's my hero. Whenever I even thought about doing anything bad when I was growing up, she found a way to keep me on the straight and narrow. And I'm really glad she did."

So what's a typical day in the life of this cop? Tough. Carol's precinct is where the movie *Fort Apache: The Bronx* was filmed. Did the film exaggerate the South Bronx' reputation? Carol rolls her eyes and laughs. "No, not at all. It really is like that. The only drawback to this job is that so many cases get thrown out of court."

Born in Israel, Carol moved to New York with her mother and grandmother when she was four. "I went to Catholic school. At first, I felt like an outcast. Everyone was either Irish or Italian, and there I was, this little Israeli girl. But the boys liked me and my peers accepted me because I played sports—including basketball and softball—with them."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

OUR REPORTER KNOWS
WHAT IT'S LIKE
WHEN A TRUSTED AGENT
GOES BAD.
THAT'S WHY WE
ASKED HIM TO WRITE
ABOUT ALDRICH AMES

How Spies Die

article by JEFF STEIN JUST BEFORE noon on most days in 1969, I'd take a lazy drive through the streets of Da Nang, a port city in Vietnam. I would stop at some point for a walk along the riverfront, or browse for a few minutes at a newsstand or stroll through the chaotic marketplace. Later I would drive to the city soccer field, where I looked for a small chalk mark on a faded yellow wall, a signal from one of my agents that he had reports to deliver.

This was my little corner of the Vietnam war, a dark arena of spies and jangling nerves where my hands could turn cold under the scorching tropical sun. I was only 24, a novice operative with Army Intelligence. By day I worked undercover as a civilian official, but my real mission was gathering intelligence on key members of the Viet Cong's civilian underground.

One hour after spotting the chalk mark, I would go to a prearranged place on a beach, where I would wait for a young boy peddling ice cream. I'd buy a cone wrapped in thin white paper with a coded message written on it.

One day I discovered that an agent had gone bad, and that's when my nightmare began.

All those memories came flooding back a few months ago when the FBI arrested Aldrich "Rick" Hazen Ames, a high-ranking CIA officer who the authorities said had spent nine years working in secret for Moscow. Ames, in spy parlance, was a mole—"every director's nightmare," as former CIA chief Richard Helms put it—who had carried out the worst act of betrayal in CIA history.

So far.

The arrest of Ames, 53, featured the most celebrated symbol of Russian treachery since Soviet bugs were discovered 42 years ago inside the official seal *(continued on page 80)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

BUNNY FASHIONS 2000

the playboy rabbit becomes a symbol of postfeminist power

IN APRIL, the Playboy bunny hopped down the runways of New York during the fall preview of designer Laura Whitcomb's Label line. "Playboy women are empowered in their sexuality," Whitcomb told *The New York Times*. "My clothes are based on sexiness." The *International Herald Tribune* declared Whitcomb's tribute to the Playboy Rabbit Head symbol the hottest ticket in town, and pronounced that her styles "set the agenda for postfeminist power dressing."

"The Playboy design is as American as apple pie, Coca-Cola and McDonald's," says the 24-year-old Whitcomb, taking a break at her design studio in lower Manhattan. "To me, the Rabbit represents a magazine that worships women in one of the ways they should be worshiped."

With a creative use of tantalizing accessories—including mohair panties, bustiers and Bunny outfits complete with ears and tails—the Label line is Whitcomb's eagerly awaited encore to her triumph in 1993, when she knocked the fashion industry on its bustle with her Adidas-inspired slacker look. "With that line I was making a sarcastic statement by merging the world of the graffiti artist with the Upper East Side cocktail party crowd," Whitcomb says. "But the Rabbit is different. With that I'm trying to get across a message."

Whitcomb says her message is aimed at women's sexuality: "The Rabbit is more than just a logo," she insists. "It signifies men's adoration of women—a healthy, intelligent passion for the female form. I love the idea of putting that kind of adoration into women's hands, so they can use it for themselves. By displaying the Playboy symbol on women, we're telling them to stop being obsessed with perfection—because they're already perfect."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB RICH

label

How Spies Die *(continued from page 77)*

"In 1991 you learn that a mole hunt is underway. The CIA has set computer traps to snare Ames."

of the U.S. embassy in Moscow: a sturdy blue Washington, D.C. mailbox with a thin white chalk mark on the side. The scratch, the FBI said, was a "load signal" the Russians used to communicate with their mole. Some things never change.

The mailbox became a symbol of the FBI case against Ames and his Colombian wife, Maria del Rosario Ames, who was heard in government wiretaps nagging Ames about his absentminded handling of ill-gotten Russian cash. Both pleaded guilty in a deal that will put him in jail for the rest of his life and lock up Rosario for at least several years. Meanwhile, their five-year-old son, Paul, is in Colombia in the care of his grandmother. Rosario's sentence will probably depend on how cooperative Ames is with government interrogators. Without a trial the public will probably remain ignorant of all the details of the case, forever.

A fastidious man with a stylish mustache, Ames had been on Moscow's payroll since at least May 1985, the government charged. And what a payroll it was. According to bank records seized by the FBI, Ames earned at least $2.7 million in those nine years, and he spent the money conspicuously. He and his wife paid $540,000 cash for a house in the Washington, D.C. suburbs, redecorated it twice for thousands more, ran up credit card bills of nearly a half million dollars, bought a $40,000 Jaguar and took frequent vacations. On shopping trips to New York City, they often dined at La Côte Basque.

If neighbors wondered how his $68,800 government salary could support such a lifestyle, Ames apparently let them believe that Maria had received an inheritance. Eventually, a few alert security types asked Ames about his newfound wealth, and he cited his wife's nonexistent money. Along the way he managed to get by two routine lie-detector exams, for which the CIA has a touching regard.

Even when a local bank reported Ames' large deposits and frequent foreign-wire deposits to the Treasury Department, as required by law, no alarms went off at the CIA.

The agency's counterintelligence staff, hundreds of men and women charged with protecting the agency's ranks against enemy penetration, apparently missed all this. In fact, Ames was promoted to a senior counterintelligence job in the Soviet branch, which recruits and manages every spy the CIA has working against Moscow.

This was very odd. Could the CIA be that dumb? Yes! the media chorus replied. One cartoon depicted "Agent Ameski" sitting at his CIA desk in a trench coat, fedora and dark glasses. Critics pointed out that this was the same CIA that missed the collapse of the Soviet Union and couldn't find Scuds in an Iraqi desert.

But, as easy as it was to mock the CIA, some law enforcement and counterintelligence personnel suspected, as I did, that the story was not that simple. They sensed that the truth might resemble a complicated mechanism, with wheels spinning inside wheels.

Listening to the wheels spin is, of course, a safecracker's art and a specialty of people in the shadowy world of espionage. I spoke with several such veterans after Ames' arrest and they had their ears to the safe, trying to pick up the faint but telltale sounds of the mystery's pieces falling into place. Some seasoned CIA operatives saw Ames as a pawn in Moscow's deadly game. Their theory went like this:

Pretend you are the chief of the KGB, now the Russian SVRR. You have two moles in the CIA. One of them is Aldrich Ames; the other is even higher in the ranks. In 1991, perhaps earlier, you learn that a mole hunt is underway and that the CIA has set computer traps to snare Ames.

You warn him to be careful, but his thirst for money is unquenchable. With swelling arrogance, he virtually dares the CIA to catch him.

He has always been somewhat reckless, but, for that matter, so are some of your own operatives. (In 1989 someone sent Ames photos of a rustic spot the KGB had picked out for his retirement dacha.) In the midst of a CIA investigation, such sloppy security practices are even more risky.

Ames is valuable, but you realize he is also expendable. Indeed, the more the spotlight falls on Ames' scandalous behavior, the safer it is for your other high-ranking moles. So you encourage Ames to get more documents. You continue to set up dead drops in Washington, marking mailboxes with load signals. You give him even more money, which can be traced easily. Your agents meet with him in Caracas and Bogotá.

In this scenario, the Russians deliberately acted in startling violation of their own elementary security rules.

Enter Vitaly Yurchenko, a high-ranking KGB officer who defected to the U.S. in 1985, and who is another wheel in the complicated mechanism. Yurchenko had been Moscow's man in charge of North American spying operations. He told the CIA that there was a traitor in its ranks, code-named Robert, who was about to be sent to Moscow to take over several agents. That led the CIA to suspect a former trainee, Edward Lee Howard, who had been fired after flunking a polygraph exam on the eve of a posting to Moscow.

Howard fled in September 1985 before the FBI was able to arrest him, and he surfaced in Moscow. Around that time, CIA operations in the Soviet Union began to dry up. A number of its spies vanished and, according to later reports, were shot. The agency chalked their disappearances up to Howard's betrayal.

Then, to everyone's surprise, Yurchenko returned to Moscow. One evening, three months after arriving in Washington, the mysterious Russian got up from his table at a Georgetown restaurant and walked out, telling his CIA escort that he'd be back. The next day he turned up at the Soviet embassy in downtown Washington, where he declared he had been kidnapped and drugged by the CIA and brought to the U.S. against his will.

The CIA maintained that Yurchenko was a bona fide defector. After all, Yurchenko gave up Howard, as well as clues to a spy inside the National Security Agency named Ronald Pelton. The Russian simply decided to go home, the CIA insisted. Later, word leaked from CIA sources that Yurchenko had likely been executed.

Fast-forward nine years. It now turns out that one of Yurchenko's CIA debriefers was none other than Rick Ames. Did Yurchenko know that Ames was working for Moscow? It's possible that Ames was so important that even Yurchenko did not know about him. We may never know what each of them knew during those face-to-face encounters.

We do know, however, that Ames continued spying for nearly another decade and that Yurchenko was not executed as the CIA had suggested in 1985. A daughter of a former Soviet diplomat told one of my CIA contacts that she saw Yurchenko decked out in the uniform of a Soviet admiral while attending a private party in Moscow shortly before Ames was arrested.

Mark Wyatt, a CIA officer who was called out of retirement to review the Yurchenko "defection," now believes

"I told you they would make an exception."

that the Russian tricked the CIA. Yurchenko, Wyatt says, "played the game the way he was supposed to. He did his job and did it well. He came over on a mission. He leaked Howard and Pelton to us to protect a supermole, Ames."

Wyatt is also suspicious of the way the Russians handled Ames. "In my experience, the Soviets never meet with agents in the country where the agents are assigned," he says. He is "astounded" that the KGB allowed Ames to continue his wild spending, especially after it sent him a nine-page letter of warning in 1989. It was almost as if it wanted Ames to be caught.

So does this suggest that the Russians gave up Ames to protect another mole?

"Exactly," says Wyatt.

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The lessons began right away.

"You are going to learn espionage," the instructor said. "You are going to learn how to lie, steal and cheat in the service of Uncle Sam."

It was the summer of 1967. Thirty of us were crammed into a hot classroom at the U.S. Army Intelligence School at Fort Holabird, Maryland, in a gritty industrial section of Baltimore. We were learning how to be spies. A red sign on the wall warned that the lecture was classified SECRET-NOFORN.

The instructor tapped the sign. Anything that got out of the classroom could cause grave damage to national security, he explained, especially if it were disclosed to an unauthorized foreigner, and that included our allies. In fact, he went on, in the espionage business we have no allies. Regarding our British, French, German and South Vietnamese friends—we spied on them and they spied on us. And we were there to learn to do just that.

The essence of espionage, we were quickly instructed, was persuading people to commit treason. Anybody who wanted to resign from the class could leave right then, no questions asked. All but one of us stayed. The inculcation began.

To accomplish a mission, instructors said, obstacles were to be surmounted by any means necessary. The tricks of the business were called tradecraft. By the end of the day we understood that our jobs might require us to open mail, tap telephones, bribe officials and burglarize embassies. We would work under false names with forged documents, usually under Defense Department or other official cover. We might be placed with commercial firms, or we'd set up our own phony companies.

We had to live a lie convincingly enough to deflect cocktail chatter or a sudden police inquiry. What we were doing must be kept from strangers, friends, colleagues and families.

All this led to our adopting a clandestine mentality. For most of us it was a whole new way of looking at the world, a revelation that we were no longer bound by the legal, ethical and moral standards of society. Those had no relevance to covert operations, which were undertaken in the name of national security, the highest standard of all. The only factor to be considered was pragmatic: getting the mission done in complete secrecy. One class exercise required us to elicit an embarrassing personal detail from a fellow student, an introduction to techniques of exploiting weaknesses among trusting targets.

Not that we didn't have weaknesses of our own. Some intelligence operatives in Vietnam more than doubled their paychecks on the black market or dipped into drawers of operational cash. Others sampled the whores of Da Nang or Saigon, all in the line of duty. Heavy drinking was de rigueur in the old days, divorce a rite of passage.

In truth, a small percentage of operatives fell prey to such temptations. But in the ambience of Cold War operations, with the CIA careening from one coup to the next, its magicians dreaming up new poisons and dart guns, there was a macho, anything-goes attitude. The tough guys went up the ladder; the rest were pushed aside. For the most part, the operations personnel ran the CIA, and the analysts sat on the sidelines.

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Some operations people regarded Ames as a wimp. "I remember him standing outside my office for some reason," said Dean Almy, a 33-year CIA operations officer who served in Indonesia, Vietnam, the Philippines and Jamaica. "He was a Sixties kind of guy with longish hair." In 1980 Almy was the CIA's New York station chief and Ames' boss. Their main target was the Soviet mission to the United Nations.

"He was bright and likable, but he never accomplished anything," Almy recalled. "Those Soviet division guys never did. The only guys who recruited any Sovs were the knuckle-draggers like me who came from Third World operations. The Sov division was always analyzing things to death."

Ames was outgoing, the son of a one-time history professor who had joined the CIA in the early Fifties. But Carleton Ames never became more than a mid-level analyst. He was an alcoholic who disappeared for weeks on end. In his stead, the family was held together by his wife, Rachel, whom friends remember as a source of compassion and integrity. She taught English at McLean High School in suburban Virginia, just down the road from CIA headquarters.

Ames started putting in hours at the agency while still at McLean High and after graduation. He officially joined the CIA on June 17, 1962—three weeks after his 21st birthday—and worked at headquarters while attending George Washington University part-time. After getting his degree in August 1967, he was selected for the agency's operations directorate. In 1969 he was dispatched to Turkey, an important keyhole into the Soviet Union. Three years later, having failed, according to CIA sources, to recruit a single agent, he returned to Washington. He stayed in D.C. until 1976, and then it was on to New York.

During the Sixties and Seventies, the CIA was jolted by a series of exposés that cast a shadow on its image as a sentinel of democracy. There was Vietnam, then Watergate, then revelations that it had spied on American citizens and supported the destabilization of the democratically elected Chilean government. A Senate committee also reported that the CIA had hired Mafia figures to assassinate Fidel Castro. A stream of books and articles detailed the agency's manipulations of student groups and unions and its testing of LSD on unwitting Americans.

Did disillusionment and resentment within the CIA ranks combine to create moles during that period? At least one man claimed he was spurred into espionage after learning of a covert CIA operation. Christopher Boyce worked for TRW Systems, an agency contractor in California that handled satellite surveillance communications. One day in 1975, Boyce said, he read messages about a CIA operation to influence Australia's elections. He became so disgusted, he later testified in court, that he decided to sell code data to the Russians. In 1977 the FBI arrested Boyce, 23, and his accomplice, Andrew Daulton Lee, 25. They were sentenced to lengthy terms in prison.

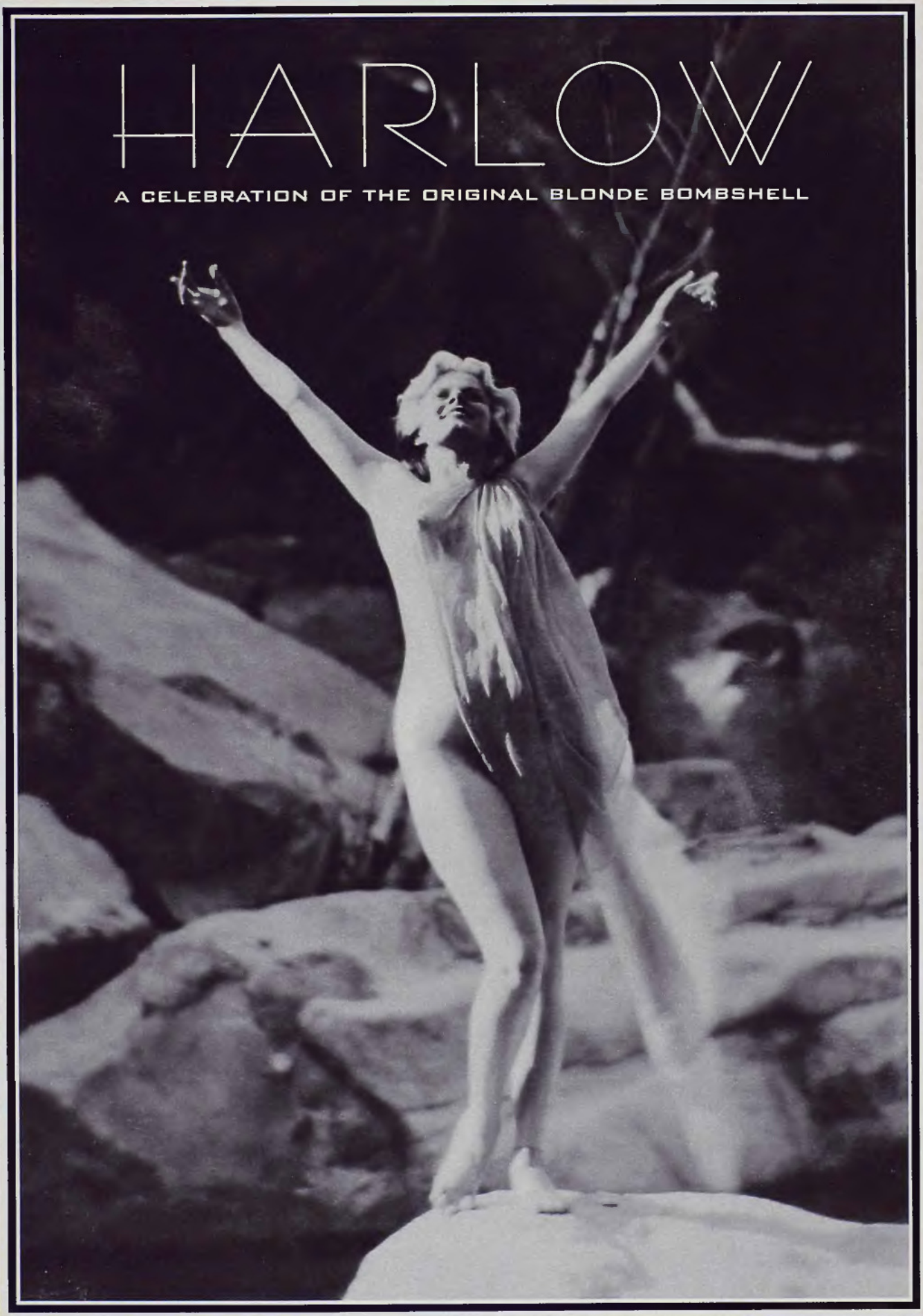
At the time, Ames was assigned to help select Soviet officials for possible recruitment. His first marriage, to a woman who also worked for the CIA, was not going well. They moved to New York together, but his career continued to be undistinguished, and in 1981, childless, she decided not to follow him to his next assignment in Mexico.

The CIA station in Mexico City occupies several floors in the U.S. embassy, a fortress-like building off the Paseo de

(continued on page 155)

HARLOW

A CELEBRATION OF THE ORIGINAL BLONDE BOMBSHELL



Long before Madonna wanted to be Marilyn Monroe, Marilyn wanted to be Harlow—Jean Harlow, the one who introduced a new kind of womanhood to Hollywood. On-screen and off, her specialty was a blend of shock and desire: her penchant for never wearing panties, her rumored below-the-waist dye job, her husband's mysterious suicide and her death at 26. She made "sex funny and comedy sexy," a film historian once said. Precisely. Better than anyone, Jean Harlow knew what gentlemen prefer. Hers was the genuine vogue.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

GETTING TO KNOW DR. DEATH

JACK KEVORKIAN'S FIGHT FOR DEATH WITH DIGNITY IS HEAVY ON THE DEATH, LIGHT ON THE DIGNITY

THE CAMERA is fascinated with the stump. It zooms in and out slowly, hovers around other parts of the body, then returns. The white cotton pants with little red flowers are crudely cut away so that we can see it: the stump, with a red spot on its tip. Blood? A scab?

Offscreen, a detached, almost kindly, voice speaks. "We're going to have the patient tell us exactly what her situation is. Can you go ahead, please?"

A small, gravelly voice responds. "Well, I've had rheumatoid arthritis for about 26 years now, and it's gotten progressively worse. The pain is not being controlled. Four years ago I lost my left leg, and two weeks ago I lost my right leg. And I lost an eye. I'm full of despair and I'd really like an out."

"You're contemplating taking your own life."

"I think that would be the best thing for me."

With that declaration, Dr. Jack Kevorkian is back in business. He'll offer to help the woman kill herself, and that will be enough to get on the evening news.

It's a Monday in March 1994, and more than a dozen reporters are crammed into the office of Dr. Kevorkian's lawyer, Geoffrey Fieger. After they watch the video, Fieger makes a statement. "She wants stronger medication to make the rest of her life more comfortable," he says. "If no medical doctor comes forward, Dr. Kevorkian will feel unbridled by his promise not to assist in any suicides."

The offer comes complete with a deadline: April 19, the day Kevorkian is scheduled to face trial—his first jury trial—for the assisted death of Thomas Hyde. It also comes about three months before another significant date in Kevorkian's crusade. By July 11, he and his followers must gather at least 256,000 signatures to put a constitutional amendment on the Michigan ballot this fall affirming the right to seek physician aid in dying.

This news conference, complete with visual aids, is what Kevorkian and Fieger do best: manipulate events and people in order to advance their

BY MARK JANNOT

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

agenda. But in this case it seems to backfire. A story in the next day's *Detroit Free Press* suggests that Fieger and Kevorkian rebuffed the efforts of a Houston pain specialist to treat Kevorkian's client. A *Free Press* op-ed piece hammers home the point: "Why couldn't Kevorkian just fix the poor woman up with the right doctor? Can't Kevorkian and company do anything without a camera rolling?"

These are not exactly raves. But Fieger accomplished his goal: He kept Kevorkian's name in the news and kept the agenda afloat.

What is the agenda? The casual observer would guess that Kevorkian's crusade has one overriding purpose: the reasonable conviction that people—particularly those who are chronically or terminally ill—should have the right to determine the circumstances of their own deaths, to choose death with dignity. But in Kevorkian's case, there's a bit more to it than that.

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The moment Kevorkian, Fieger and a small entourage enter the lobby of the Second City comedy club in Detroit, the crowd parts, the television floodlights ignite and the reporters shout, "Jack! Jack, over here!"

But Fieger talks first. Tonight is the premiere of a new Second City revue, *Kevorkian Unplugged*, and two local DJs have invited Fieger and his client to help introduce the show. Trouble is, the show's producer was never consulted. Now, apparently fearing that Kevorkian would take over the evening's performance, she barred him and his lawyer from the stage. Fieger steps into the lights and spews his modulated anger.

"It's an outrage," he says in his nasal voice. "And I'm going to do something about it. I gave you permission to use Dr. Kevorkian's name so you could make money, and you do this to us? Uh-uh. With a show called *Kevorkian Unplugged*, they think his presence here is too political? Incredible! Isn't that true, Jack?"

The focus shifts, and Jack Kevorkian, thin and tiny next to Fieger's robust physique, is blindsided by the attention. "What do you think about all this?" one reporter asks.

Kevorkian, his deep voice made small, replies, "I have very little to do with it."

Kevorkian founders on a few more questions before Fieger snatches back the spotlight. "It will be over my dead body that they use his name!" he cries.

Suddenly, Kevorkian's eyes light and his lips curl into that famous open-mouthed death's-head grin. "I wish he hadn't said over his dead body."

Fieger had earlier suggested I drop in on this event, that I might get a chance to collar the doctor for a few minutes. Kevorkian had declined requests for anything longer.

While Fieger milks his rage, Kevorkian sets about gathering signatures for his ballot initiative. He is an animated man, all jerky movements and manic grins, and he jumps around the lobby, thrusting his clipboard at people. Mostly, though, they come to him—asking for autographs, declaring him a hero. And everybody calls him Jack.

At one point, Fieger asks the bartender for information about the producer who spurned him. "She'll lose her job over it!" he fumes.

Kevorkian pipes up. "Who owns Second City?" he says. "What religion are they? If they're Catholic, that would explain it. The archbishop would tell them to have nothing to do with me."

This is a familiar Kevorkian–Fieger gambit—characterizing anyone who crosses them as a religious fanatic. "Religion makes them crazy," Kevorkian says. I seize the opening and ask Kevorkian if he was ever religious.

"Not really," he says. "I went to Sunday school until I got tired of the myths. Walk on water! You can't fool a kid."

"Did you expect this kind of opposition when you started?"

"I didn't expect anything," he says. "I was always doing controversial things in the past, though. The cadaver-blood work we were doing, new kinds of transplants. Now they're thinking of computerizing the body's anatomy. I first proposed that 15 years ago—gridding an idealized human body." He says that he published his idea in a journal in Europe, where he has published most of his writings.

I ask why he publishes in Europe.

"Because Europeans are a lot more sensible," Kevorkian replies. "They have had a harder life. Americans are spoiled. Americans are goofy, and they're a little dumb."

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To understand Jack Kevorkian, it helps to start with the Armenian holocaust, the mass killing of perhaps 1.5 million Armenians by Turks during World War One. His father was a survivor. "It was probably a pivotal event in shaping the emotional environment in which Jack was raised, and his outlook on life," says Dr. Harold Klawans, a prominent Chicago neurologist and writer who was once commissioned by Fieger to write a book on Kevorkian. (The book never found a publisher.) "Jack is the child of a holocaust survivor, but it was the wrong holocaust."

What Dr. Klawans means is that no special effort was ever made to understand the problems peculiar to Armenian holocaust survivors. Few people even remember the killings. Resentment seems to fester in Kevorkian, provoking some rather undiplomatic comments, such as the one he made in a 1991 magazine profile: "I wish my forefathers had gone through what the Jews did," he said. "The Jews were gassed. Armenians were killed in every conceivable way. Pregnant women were split open with bayonets and their babies were taken out. They were drowned, burned, heads were squeezed in vises. They were chopped in half. So, the Holocaust victims don't interest me. They've had a lot of publicity, but they didn't suffer as much."

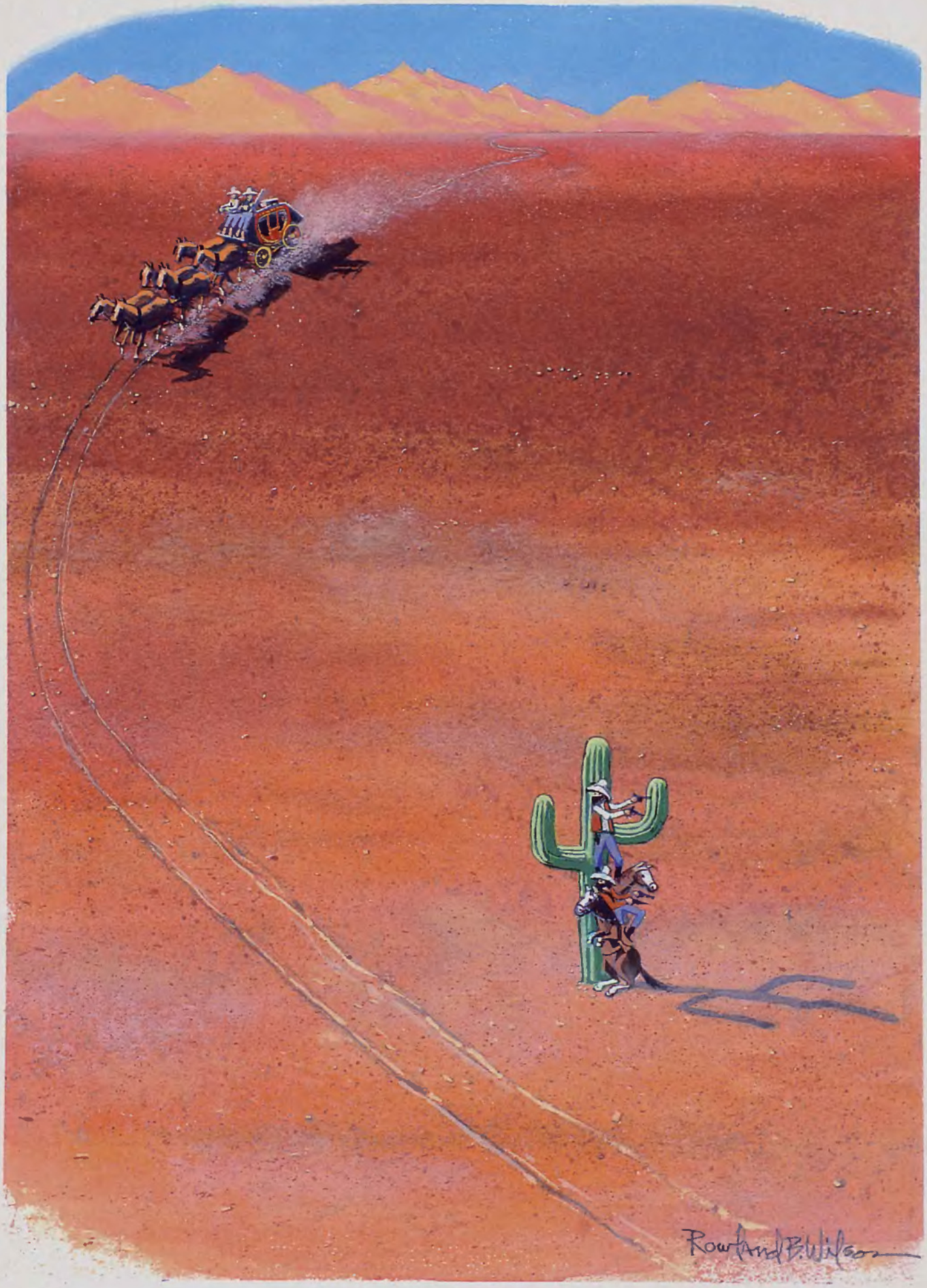
"His normal stance is aggressive badgering," Klawans says. "That's his way of life. He is preoccupied with death, and it all comes from the Armenian holocaust."

The preoccupation with death manifested itself when Kevorkian was a resident at the Detroit Receiving Hospital in the mid-Fifties. It was there that Kevorkian instituted what he called his "death rounds." He would stalk the halls of the hospital at night, enter the rooms of those patients who were close to death and lift their eyelids to see how their eyes changed when they died. He hoped his data would help physicians to determine the exact moment a patient died. But nothing ever came of his observations.

While a resident at the University of Michigan Medical Center in 1958, Kevorkian became fascinated with an alternative to execution: Death row prisoners could be anesthetized and offer their bodies for scientific experimentation or organ harvesting. "It would be a unique privilege to be able to experiment on a doomed human being," he wrote. To that end, he dropped in on death rows around the country, soliciting the opinions of the potential guinea pigs (many were supportive). He corresponded with prisoners, wardens and state legislators, with only one concrete result: He was asked either to give up his death row solicitations or to leave his residency in Ann Arbor. He resigned.

His active mind continued to generate fresh ideas at his new post as a pathology resident at Pontiac General Hospital in Michigan, where he hit on another radical thought: Why not pump blood directly from a cadaver

(continued on page 142)



"Now, this here ambush—just exactly where did it happen?"

she may be watching oprah, phil,
montel or sally jessy, but what she's thinking about is you

A MAN'S GUIDE TO TV TALK SHOWS

IF YOUR GIRLFRIEND says "We have to talk," and you know she just watched *Oprah*, proceed with caution. Sure, Oprah sometimes does a light show, but she also practically invented the word empowerment. Chances are you're about to get dressed down as a bad-smelling, bed-hogging, money-wasting, two-timing bozo who doesn't deserve to be trusted.

Any woman who watches talk shows, whether it's *Oprah* or *Ricki Lake* or *Montel*, has become a walking polygraph machine. She also brings back higher interpretative skills from her visits to the parallel universe of *Sally Jessy*, *Maury* and *Geraldo*. She knows the language of the natives: the male strippers, the compulsive liars, the sexually miserable and the surplus of fat people. She has also adopted the new, expanded boundaries of decency and privacy—i.e., there are none. And she has picked up some new skills. She can crochet a throw rug of meaning out of "slut" and "betrayed" and "outraged"—words uttered with seizure-inducing regularity in this hyperworld. No matter what excuse you might have for getting busted in her sister's bed, she's heard it before.

If you haven't figured it out by now, buddy, listen up. Talk show fans feed on issues and are not likely to be swayed by the fact that what's on the table is old hat, hysterical or just plain ludicrous. The point is, every topic is guaranteed to spawn opinions and spread the blame.

A few years ago a woman looking to refine her opinionated self could find four, maybe five, hours of talk a day. Now there are more than ten hours of babble in most cities. If your Says He Doesn't Understand Her isn't among the 9.5 million who just love Oprah, she can choose from among the swarm of other hosts who, frankly, listen and care more than you do.

Talk shows are a bargain for producers. They cost about $150,000 or $250,000 a week to produce, versus about $1 million for an hour of TV drama. Nothing is ever resolved. There's no limit to how often they can run variations on the same themes.

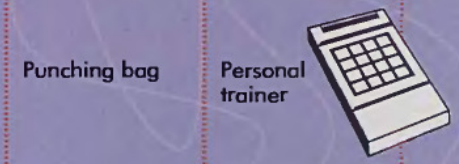
Which is also why they are a bargain for viewers. Unlike soap operas, a woman doesn't need to be home every day to get the lowdown on earthlings impregnated by aliens or preteens who steal their mothers' lovers. A little bit of this stuff goes a long way.

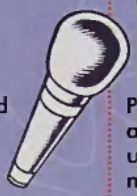
So before you get in too deep, find out who her personal favorite is. Does she schedule lunch around Ricki? Does she want a man who understands her like Phil does? Use the following chart to figure out where you stand when she's in your studio audience.

article by Julie Rigby

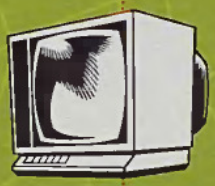
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BURNS

Host/Number of viewers/ Cost of 30-second ad	OPRAH WINFREY 9.5 million $65,000	SALLY JESSY RAPHAËL 5 million $20,000	PHIL DONAHUE 4.9 million $23,000	MAURY POVICH 4 million $23,000	GERALDO RIVERA 3.9 million $15,000	MONTEL WILLIAMS 3.1 million $8000
Host facts	Rebellious farm girl, Miss Black Tennessee in 1972, took her Chicago show nationwide in 1986, makes $50 million-plus a year	Ex-radio soothsayer, brags of being fired from 18 of her first 24 broadcast jabs	The éminence grise of the genre—with the hair to prove it. Extremely prone to puzzlement	First host of *A Current Affair*, married to Connie Chung	A.k.a. "Gerry Rivers," detailed his prodigious sexual appetite in *Exposing Myself*	Former Marine and motivational speaker
Closest domestic equivalent	Matriarch	Avon lady	Father	Stalker	Punching bag	Personal trainer
Pervasive tone that viewers emulate	Smug	Didactic	Needling	Sinister	Snide	Righteous
Actual shows	Arranged marriages. Reincarnated kids. Criminals who sweet-talk women out of their money	Being on a jury ruined my life. A childhood bully ruined my life. Husband got somebody else pregnant and ruined my life	How to tell if your child is a serial killer	Maniac au pairs	Recipes from beyond the grave. Con-artist Casanovas	I'm beautiful and everybody hates me. Prostitutes who love their jobs
Actual on-air quotes	Audience chanting to a man in a toupee: "Take it off!"	"Whoever bites the biggest wienie wins." (Description of a biker video with topless women)	"Slide down on his penis and just sit." (Therapist's advice)	"I talked my mom into doing phone sex"	Asking LaToya's husband and manager if he beats his wife because they haven't "consummated their marriage"	"If he'll go to bed with either of you two, he'll go to bed with anything"
Why women tune in	To share the humanity	To learn words such as "misogyny"	Because Alan Alda isn't an TV anymore	Waiting to hear if Connie's pregnant	To see how low he'll go	For the fights
How women feel after tuning in	Inspired	Pissed off in a vague and undifferentiated manner	Like they'll punch the next whiny jerk they see	Open to anything but you	Violated	Like getting down and giving you 20
According to host, men are:	Never around when you want them	Best saved for marriage	Evolving	Sick, sick, sick	Defiantly horny	Raw material





RICKI LAKE 2.7 million $9000	VICKI LAWRENCE 2.7 million $8000	JENNY JONES 2.5 million $7500	BERTICE BERRY 2.2 million $8000	JERRY SPRINGER 2.1 million $6500	ROLONDA WATTS 2.1 million $6000	LEEZA GIBBONS 1.8 million $5000
Spunky (and fat) *Hairspray* star lost 125 pounds, gained a shaw	Caral Burnett look-alike and sidekick	*Star Search* winner (19B6) and *Girls' Night Out* comedian	Comedian with Ph.D. in sociology	Cincinnati's bay mayor turned news anchor	*Inside Edition* correspondent with mysterious Southern accent	South Carolina native who listened to Barbra Streisand albums to improve her diction
Kid sister	Overanxious stepmother	Nasy neighbar	Social worker	Puppy	Astrologer	Mistress
Collegiate	Cheesy	Incredulous	Weepy	Squirmy	Loopy	Glossy
America's sexiest firemen. Brothers who think their sisters are sluts	Moms pick dates for their sons	Twelve-year-olds who dress like sluts. Young girls who date older men. Shopaholics	Child molesters. Kids with convict parents. Relatives think she's a slut	Transsexuals want it off. Is fatness a disability?	Hypochondria ruined my relationship. Child-rearing tips of former porn stars. A town connected by its past lives	Cheerleader who turns violent. Gennifer Flowers, Roxanne Pulitzer and Tammy Faye Bakker (women scorned) singing *I Will Survive*
"Gang members are people too"	"I'm the menopausal maniac"	"She doesn't have to run around acting like a ho"	"Do you feel he truly loves you, given his lust far little boys?"	"I wake up screaming in the middle of the night because it's there"	"In a previous life I chewed carrots and spat them into the batter"	"He is more liberal than conservative in the bedroom"
Because she's cute	To feel superior to at least one celebrity	To see if she'll detonate	It's free therapy	Ta watch him dribble	To cop her attitude	To check aut the hairstyles
Up for spanking	Still worthless	Like leaving you	Like being held and cuddled into unconsciousness	Moist	Stoned	Like shopping
After me—now	Disgusting	Philanderers	Curable	Wracked	Freaky	Sensational, if they're wealthy



artful eyeful maria checa changed hemispheres to become miss august

Roll On, Colombia

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

It's an hour before closing, and the Historical Museum of South Florida is nearly empty, just the way Maria Checa likes it. Slowly, as if treading on hallowed ground, the Bogotá-born Miss August wanders through the exhibits and stops, transfixed, in front of a 19th century photograph of a huge banyan tree. "As a child," relates Maria with a faint Colombian accent, "I would swing from the vines of a tree just like that one and play for hours under its maze of hanging roots. This picture brings back a million wonderful memories. That is the power of great photography." Maria

COLONY
COLONY

"Being petite—5'2"—can be a definite disadvantage when you're a model," says Maria. "I wear size one dresses and my feet are tiny. It's hard to find shoes that fit and clothes that don't make me look like a little girl. I wear stretchy clothes because they fit better." Amen to that.

should know. She's a photographer herself, having studied the craft since she was 17 years old. She shoots primarily with black-and-white film and develops her own pictures, usually portraits of friends or photographs of the art deco architecture in Miami's South Beach neighborhood, where she lives. But this self-proclaimed visual artist expresses herself with more than a camera. Maria also paints in acrylics and

watercolors, sketches with charcoal, sculpts and creates three-dimensional mixed-media art. Back at her studio apartment, where she has painted a trompe l'oeil sky on the wall, she pulls a painting from behind an antique armchair that she's reupholstering. Monet, Maria's Himalayan cat, jumps onto her lap for a closer look at the bemused figure on the canvas. "This could represent me," Maria says. "Confused at times, on the fence, open to whatever comes next. I'm quite shy, so I express myself through my artwork." Maria's father introduced her to art by buying her brushes and paints when she was just a child. "He

Although she has an artistic temperament and cries easily—"It's embarrassing. I get teary-eyed over sentimental commercials"—a fiery Latin temper lurks just below the surface. "I like to argue," Maria admits, "and I'm relentless about resolving disagreements. I'll argue until you see my point of view."

never gave me coloring books, though, because just filling in the blanks requires no creativity. I always knew I had talent, and I wanted to prove it." Maria got her chance after her family moved to Miami in the late Seventies, where she was later accepted at the New World School of the Arts, a high school for artistically gifted teens. After graduating, Maria went on to the Maryland Institute College of Art. Finances forced her to return to Miami, where she now supports herself as a makeup artist for photo shoots and at the cosmetics counter in a department store. "I still feel a passion for art. But sometimes, my job takes precedence over my artwork." Maria hopes being a Playmate will provide new artistic opportunities. Since appearing in the 40th Anniversary Issue of PLAYBOY, she has become somewhat of a celebrity both here and in her homeland. What lies ahead for Maria? "Who knows what great things will develop from these photos," she muses. "My future is a blank canvas just waiting to be painted."

—TOM WOTHERSPOON

"I don't see myself as a sex symbol. The real me comes through when I'm having fun. To impress me, a guy should be honest and fun—take me roller-skating, dancing or knee-boarding. I know it sounds corny, but the man I marry will have to have good family values. He doesn't have to be rich, he just has to be passionate."

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
bauer
bauer

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Maria Checa

BUST: 32-C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 95

BIRTH DATE: 7-29-70 BIRTHPLACE: Bogotá, Colombia

AMBITIONS: To live life to its fullest, have a beautiful family and a successful career.

TURN-ONS: A romantic candle light dinner overlooking the ocean at sunset with someone I care about.

TURNOFFS: People who are always late, People who are dishonest, self-centered and have no ambition.

THE WAY TO MY HEART: Is by spoiling me with attention. I love for a man to make me feel like I'm number one in his life.

IF I WERE INVISIBLE: Life would be less challenging, because it would make it too easy to find the answers to my questions.

I MAY BE TINY: But haven't you heard? Good things come in small packages.

I WISH I HAD: The ability to read minds.

Ten years old at a ranch in Orlando

visiting Paris in 1992

20 years old

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Doc," Russell said, "my wife is impossible. I have to get rid of her. What can I do?"

"Look," the physician said, "here are some pills. Take these and you'll be able to screw her six times a day. In a month, it'll kill her."

More than three weeks passed. The doctor was on his way to the office when he spotted a haggard Russell laboriously making his way down the street in a wheelchair. "What the hell happened?" he asked.

"Don't worry, Doc," the man rasped. "Two more days and she'll be dead."

Despite warnings from the bartender, the tipsy patron insisted on driving himself home. His erratic maneuvers, however, were spotted by a policeman, who waved him over. "Good eeefning, officer," the driver slurred.

"Good evening, sir," the policeman replied. "Drinking?"

The man's face lit up. "You buying?"

Bumper sticker spotted on a Manhattan taxi: HORN BROKEN. WATCH FOR FINGER.

On the third day on the job, the new construction worker joined Goldstein and Salvatore on lunch break. Perched on a steel girder perilously high over the city, Goldstein opened his lunch. "Oy vey," he complained, "not another corned beef sandwich. If I get one more corned beef sandwich, I'm going to jump off this girder and kill myself."

Salvatore unwrapped his lunch. "Another meatball sandwich," he moaned. "If I get another one tomorrow, I'm going to jump off this beam, too."

The newcomer opened his lunch. "Tuna. Always tuna," he griped. "One more of these and I'll kill myself, too."

The next day the three were back on the beam. "Whew," Goldstein sighed, "finally a bagel and cream cheese."

"Hey, salami," Salvatore exclaimed. "I love salami."

"Oh, shit," the new man cried, "it's another tuna sandwich." He promptly leaned over the edge and plummeted to his death.

"Oh, my God," Goldstein shrieked. "That poor man."

"I wouldn't feel too sorry for him," Salvatore said. "He packed his own lunch."

An elderly husband and wife were taking a stroll on the beach when they happened upon a woman sunbathing in the nude. The old boy's interest was piqued. Noticing a stirring in his shorts, his wife whispered, "I can see, dear. You don't have to point."

When three patients at a local mental hospital began to give attendants trouble, a specialist was called in to evaluate them.

"How much is two times two?" he asked the first patient.

"Five thousand."

"How much is two times two?" he asked the second.

"Friday."

"How much is two times two?" he asked the third.

"Four."

"Excellent," the encouraged medic exclaimed. "Can you tell me how you arrived at that figure?"

"Simple," the beaming fellow explained. "I divided 5000 into Friday."

What goes "Clip, clop, bang, bang, clip, clop"? An Amish drive-by shooting.

A woman was being interviewed as a prospective juror. "I don't think I can serve," she said. "I don't believe in capital punishment."

"Madam, this is a case of a man being sued by his wife," the impatient attorney explained. "She gave him $20,000 to buy a fur coat and he gambled it away."

"On second thought, I can serve," she said. "I could be wrong about capital punishment."

THE JOKE TOO SICK TO DIE:

Did you hear that Michael Jackson had to quit the Cub Scouts? Apparently, he was up to a pack a day.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION:

What did Jeffrey Dahmer say to Lorena Bobbitt? "Excuse me, you gonna eat that?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"For God's sake, Parker, show some guts and stand up to them!"

WHETHER you're a staunch supporter of the Brady law or a lifetime member of the National Rifle Association, one thing's for sure—when it comes to water guns, a truce has been declared. Backpack water tanks, one-pump technology and other engineering advances—including Larami's unique release lever, which "provides a rapid stream of water with better soaking control"—make for a wetting party by the pool or in the park that's great fun.

Take that, you little squirt. The Super Soaker XP 300 in actian at left is "the big one" in Larami's line of water toys, about $40, including a two-gallon backpack water tank plus a tria of air pressure bottles for long-range action. Many other versions of the Super Soaker are also available. Right: Our model may be temporarily on the run, but this water fight isn't over quite yet. Her weapon of choice is a Super One Pump 1000 air-pressure water gun with a 50-foot range and a jumbo tank, by Remco Toys, about $20.

MAKEUP/HAIRSTYLING BY ALEXIS VOGEL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

GOTCHA!

when the temperature hits 90, make sure you're packing plenty of liquid ammo, rambo

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.

A TEMPORARY ELECTRONIC ENTITY HAD JUST TAKEN OVER MY TV SET. THAT'S WHAT HE SAID. STILL, HE WAS KINDA CUTE

The JOE Show

Fiction By TERRY BISSON

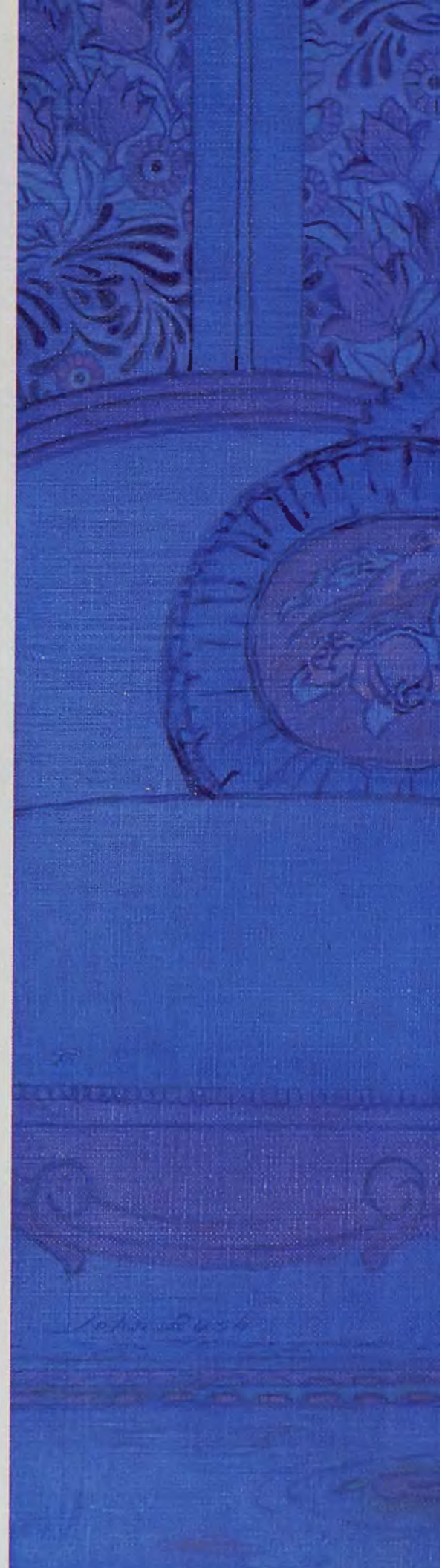
IT HAD been a long day.

I sighed with pleasure as my door clicked shut behind me. I threw the bolt, fastened the chain, propped the bar in place and then snapped the little lock on the bottom. This was New York, after all.

Leaving the lights down, I stepped out of my Candie's and hung my Lands' End car coat on its hook on the wall. I stepped through the only other door in my tiny studio apartment and turned on the bathwater. The temperature and rate of flow were already set. The bubble bath was waiting in its little Alka-Seltzer–like pill at the bottom of the tub.

After closing the bathroom door to cut the noise, I picked the remote out of the clutter on the kitchenette table and clicked on the CD player. It, too, was already set—for Miles Davis' *All Blues*, just like in *In the Line of Fire*. Can I help it if Clint and I are soul buddies?

I hung up my Clifford & Wills blazer in my almost-walk-in closet, let my J. Crew wool skirt and Tweeds silk blouse fall



PAINTING BY JOHN RUSH

to the floor (both due at the cleaners), then peeled off my pantyhose, wadded them into a ball and tossed them into a pile in the corner. Miles was just beginning his solo as I unhooked my tangerine Victoria's Secret underwire demibra, shrugged it off and stepped out of the matching high-cut bikini with the cute little accent bows along the side. As you may have guessed, I buy everything by mail. Everything but shoes.

I tossed the bra and panties into the dirty-clothes pile with the pantyhose, stopped by the mirror to admire my new $78 haircut, crossed to the kitchenette, filled a heavy-bottomed glass with white wine from a bottle in the coldest corner of the fridge, carried it into the bathroom and set it on the edge of the tub, then turned off the bathwater, all without a single wasted motion. This was New York, after all. Cannonball was just winding up. I sat on the john and lit the joint that was waiting for me, tucked into its own book of matches. I took two nice long hits while Coltrane strode into his solo, then nipped out the joint and high-stepped into the tub. My Rubenesque (as my ex-boyfriend, Reuben, loved to call it) bottom was descending into the suds when Coltrane fucked up.

Coltrane fucked up?

I stood up, dripping.

Was my Sony shelf system, only four months old, giving up the ghost already? Coltrane bleated like a sheep, then quit. Somebody hit a bad note on a piano. The rhythm section (Cobb, Chambers, Evans) stopped playing, raggedly, one at a time.

I grabbed a towel and stepped out of the bathroom, dripping water and suds onto the wood floor. *All Blues* was starting over, at the beginning. It sounded fine now. Not knowing what else to do, I picked up the remote and hit PAUSE.

The music stopped clean this time. "Sorry about that," said a voice.

I clutched the towel to me and looked around the studio.

"I thought music would be easy, like speech, but it's not," the voice said.

"Who's there?" I demanded.

"You want the short answer or the long answer?" the voice asked. It sure as hell wasn't Miles or Coltrane. It was a guy, but probably not a black guy. He pronounced every syllable, like a foreigner.

"Who the fuck is in my apartment?" I said. The odd thing was, I wasn't scared. Maybe if I'd been in a house or a bigger apartment, it would have been scary. But you can't have a haunted studio; they're too small.

"I'm not in your apartment," the voice said.

I couldn't tell where it was coming from. I thought of those movies that go straight to video—some demented dude peeping into your window through a telescope while he keeps you talking on the phone.

Except that the blinds were closed. And I wasn't on the phone.

As an experiment, with a finger and thumb, as if it were hot, I picked up the phone and said, "Hello?"

"Hello," said the same voice. Over my telephone.

"What are you doing on my phone? Is this some kind of crank call? Are you some kind of sex fiend?"

Even though the blinds were closed, I pulled the towel around me more tightly. What about infrared? What about X-ray vision? That used to bother me about Superman, by the way. How could he concentrate on fighting evil if he could see through women's dresses all the time?

But I'm getting off the subject. "Who the fuck are you? What are you doing in my apartment?"

"Calm down, Victoria. I'm not in your apartment, I'm on your phone. And you're the one who picked up the phone."

Nobody has called me Victoria since my mother died. "Who are you?"

"Like I said, do you want the long answer or the short answer?"

"The short answer," I said.

"I'm a temporary electronic entity that has taken over your TV set."

I didn't say anything.

"Victoria, are you still there?"

"Better give me the long answer," I said.

"Good. Hang up the phone and turn on the TV. I'll explain."

Like an idiot, without even thinking about it, I did what he said. It said. Whatever. The same remote that works the CD player works the TV. Even though it was only 8:30, some kind of late-night talk show was on. There was this guy sitting at a desk, looking ill at ease, sort of like Conan O'Brien.

He was mumbling, so I turned up the sound.

"Thanks," he said. "Since I am part of the matrix, I can access all the electronics in your apartment, like the CD player and the phone. But the television is the real me."

"The real you," I said, to humor him. I looked in the closet again. I looked under the couch.

"Real is only relative, of course," he said. "There's not really a real me. I'm a temporary electronic entity, created out of the TV matrix in order to communicate with——"

"So what's your name?" I said. I figured the best thing at this point was to keep him—or it, or whatever—talking. Meanwhile, I looked in the kitchen cabinets, in the dishwasher, even in the toilet tank. I don't know what I was looking for: wires, a hidden speaker. Maybe a leprechaun?

"Name? I didn't really think about a name," he said.

"Even a temporary electronic entity has to have a name," I said. I figured two could play this game (whatever it was). It was like some kind of Letterman put-on, like when he comes to the door. Except there was nobody at the door; I checked through the peephole.

"A name," he said. He started tapping on his desk. "I don't know. Help me think of something."

"How about Joe? Jim? Jack? John?"

"Joe it is, then." He brightened and sat up straighter. "That would make this *The Joe Show*. I wonder if I could come up with a *Joe Show* band."

"Slow down, Joe," I said. "I still want to know who you are and what you're doing in my apartment. I'm as good a sport as the next girl, but enough is enough, OK?"

"Number one," said Joe, "I'm not in your apartment. I'm in your TV. If I were in your apartment, you probably wouldn't be sitting so casually on the arm of the couch, your thighs slightly parted, so delightfully Rubenesque that a towel doesn't begin to cover——"

My legs flew together so fast my knees knocked. "I'm calling the police," I said. I turned off the TV and picked up the phone, punching 911 so hard it was like punching out eyeballs.

"Don't get excited," his voice said over the phone. "I can't see you. You can't see out of a TV, can you?"

"Now you're taking over my phone? Operator!"

"Victoria, slow down. What exactly are you going to tell them at 911?"

I was standing and I sat back down. He had a point. Maybe I was just stoned. This was the first time I had tried this new dope.

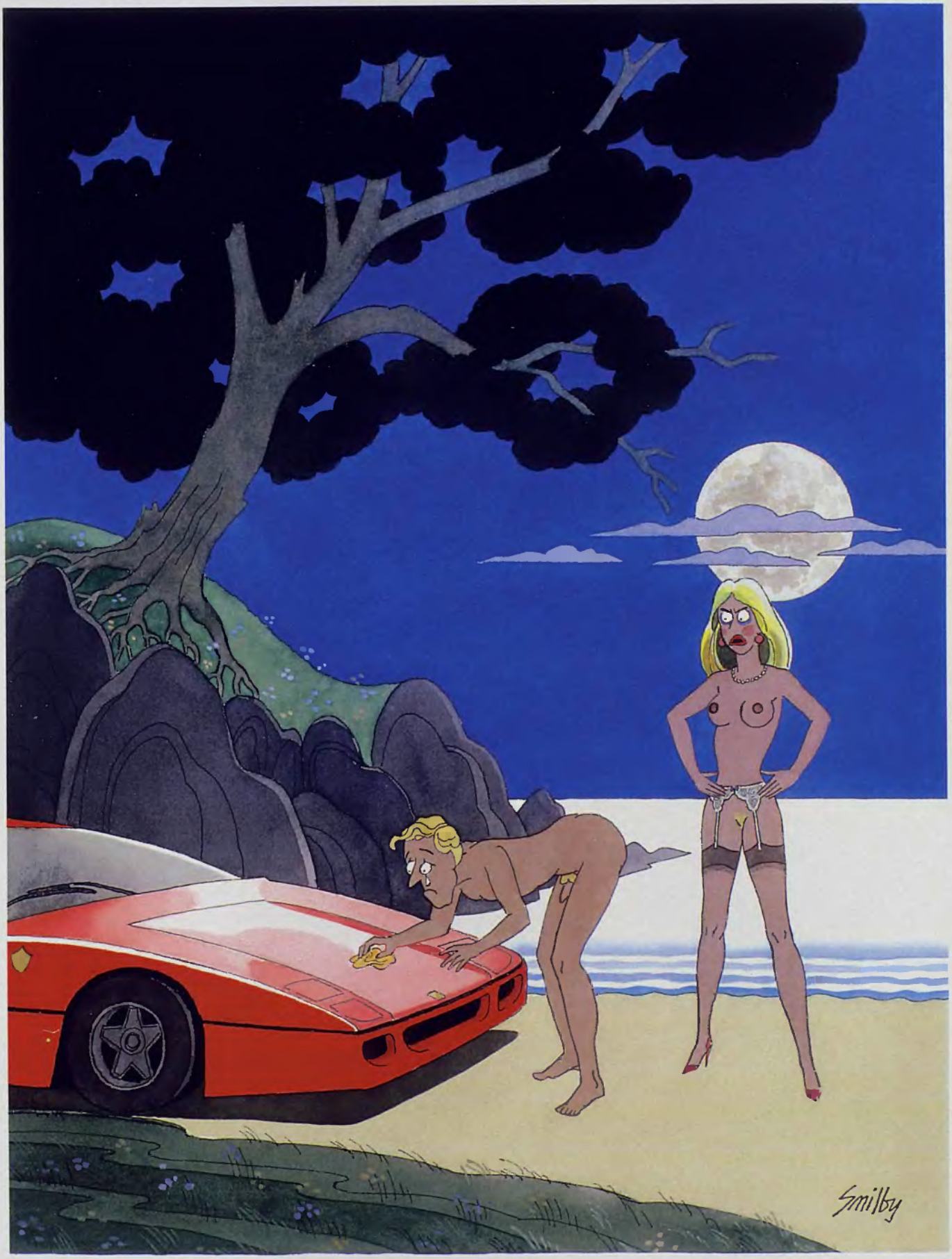
I hung up the phone, pulled the towel tight again and turned the TV back on.

"Thanks," he said. The picture looked brighter. Behind the desk there was now a big sign that said THE JOE SHOW. I could hear a band warming up in the background. "This will take some explaining," he said, "so maybe you should finish your bath and get comfortable. If you want, I'll call out for Chinese."

That settled it. It was the dope. I was relieved (even though it meant I was going to have to cut down). I pointed the remote at the TV and fired, turning it off. "*Hasta la vista*, Joe baby."

I went into the bathroom, shut the door behind me and slipped back into the bath. My wine on the edge of the

(continued on page 118)



"Well, Jennifer is sorry the clip on her naughty garter belt scratched Ronnie's nice new hood."

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Cross Conditioning Systems' XL 100 Total Body Conditioner provides a better upper- and lower-body workout than most exercise machines. It couples intensified cross-country-ski movements with computerized programs that range in difficulty from a "Walk in the Park" to "Vail Pass," $5000.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

The killer colors on Atomic's Oxygen O_2 Kr 01 in-line skates may catch your eye, but the power braking system could save your neck. When you put pressure on the right heel, a spring mechanism in the boot causes a wheel grip to slow you down, $349.

This pilot case—with compartments large enough for files, a laptop computer and even a fax machine—is from Louis Vuitton's Taïga collection of hunter green leather goods. The price: about $1660, including a removable leather pouch for pens.

You can shoot in the snow, the rain or even a sandstorm with Sharp's VL-HL100U Viewcam, $2200, as long as it's sealed in a Sports Pack, Sharp's tough water-resistant plastic camcorder housing with exterior controls, $420, including a shoulder strap.

Look, Ma, no shifting. Like a car's transmission, the derailleur on this six-speed Auto Bike senses how fast you're going and changes gears accordingly. Other features include a comfy saddle and dual-purpose tires, from Auto Bike, Inc., $329.

Featuring technology used during Operation Desert Storm, the Night Mariner viewer improves nocturnal visibility for yachtsmen and others by amplifying available light up to 20,000 times—and, yes, it floats, from ITT Night Vision, about $2400.

Sony's CPJ-7 LCD video projector is a portable powerhouse that weighs about two pounds yet can project images up to 100 inches onto a screen, $800. Included is built-in stereo sound and a stereo audio output jack for optional external speakers.

Where & How to Buy on page 143.

Harman Kardon's sleek new brushed-silver Festival 500 Intelligent Music System combines a 60-watt power amplifier, CD player, cassette deck and tuner, all of which can be stacked or placed side by side, about $2000, including the speakers shown here.

The JOE Show (continued from page 112)

"Even though Joe had said he couldn't see out of the TV, I slunk around to my closet to get dressed."

tub was still cold (I left the joint alone). I was finally relaxing again, letting the hot water caress the back of my neck, when I heard applause.

I leaned out of the tub and opened the door. I heard laughter. Canned laughter.

"I thought I turned you the fuck off!" I hollered.

"I can work the remote," Joe said. "And I'd rather be on than off. Anybody would. You can't blame me for that."

"Just go away," I said. "Please!"

"No need to be so hostile, Victoria. It's after 8:30, which means we have only half an hour."

"Half an hour till what?"

"That's what I'm trying to explain, if you will just let me. Why don't you finish your bath, then come out and watch the show for a few minutes? Ten minutes."

I pulled the plug. I dried my hair—no big deal with my new Lyle-loves-Julia look. I made every move slow and deliberate, as if I were superstoned, though I knew by now it wasn't the dope. Apparently it was real, like it or not. I dried my fingers, lit the joint and took a hit. If I'm going to go off the deep end, I thought, may as well do a swan dive.

Even though Joe had said he couldn't see out of the TV, I slunk around the corner to my almost-walk-in closet to get dressed.

"May I suggest the black lace bodysuit with the scooped peekaboo front and the stretch satin back?" he said.

Jesus! "You've been going through my drawers?"

"How could I go through your drawers?" he protested. I peeked around the corner of the closet and saw him on the screen, holding up his hands. They sort of sparkled. But don't all people on TV sort of sparkle?

"You order your clothes by phone, that's how I know about it," he said.

"Well, stay the hell out of my stuff," I said. "And forget the bodysuit, it makes me feel like a sausage." I pulled on some panties and covered up with the oldest, unsexiest thing I could find—my stepfather's ancient maroon terrycloth robe—and went out and sat down on the couch. Flopped down is more like it.

"This had better be good," I said.

"Guaranteed. OK. Where to begin?" It was a rhetorical question. Now the sign behind the desk was neon: THE JOE SHOW. The camera was closer in, the lighting was better and I could see that Joe was about Letterman's age but better looking. But who isn't?

"To start with, as I've explained, I'm not really a person," he said. "And this isn't really a TV show, though you probably figured that out."

"Thanks a lot," I said. Jesus!

"I am actually an entity created out of the electronic matrix, a temporary consciousness put together as a communications interface in order to make a link between my Creator and you, the people of earth, through——"

"Wait," I said.

"You want me to start over?"

"No, I heard what you said. I just don't believe it. I don't intend to believe it. I am not one of those Elvis-sighting ladies."

"If I could get the King himself on *The Joe Show*," Joe said with a smile, "would that convince you?" There was canned laughter, and Joe raised one sparkling hand: "Only kidding, Victoria. I have limited powers, and bringing Elvis back to life is not one of them. I exist for one purpose only, to make a connection between my Creator and your president."

"Bill Clinton?"

"I sure wasn't created and sent to earth to talk to Al Gore. Or H. Ross Perot." More canned laughter. If there's anything I hate it's canned laughter. I stood up and hit the channel changer on the remote. Up, then down. Up, down.

The Joe Show stayed on.

Joe held up his hand to quiet the laughter. "I'm sorry, Victoria," he said. "I am an entertainment entity, after all, made out of network TV. It's part of my heritage to play for laughs."

I sat back down. The camera moved in closer. Joe was oozing sincerity, wringing his hands like Arsenio Hall. "A simulated human interface made out of talk-show hosts and news anchors has all sorts of special needs, including the need to get a few laughs. And applause."

There was applause. Joe quieted it with a wave of his hand.

"Excuse me?" I said. I was beginning to get angry. "I just want to turn you off, OK? I'm not stupid. I know this is some kind of *Totally* fucking *Hidden Video* or something, and it's not all that funny. So just tell me the real deal and we'll all have a laugh—a small one—and I'll get on with my life."

"Do you have somebody coming over or something?"

"None of your fucking business."

"OK, OK. You said you'd give me 20 minutes to explain, remember?"

"Ten. And it's almost over."

"Let me try again. As I've already told you, my only reason for being here, for *being* at all, for existence, is to set up a communications link between my Creator and Bill Clinton. So your next question is, Where do you come in, right?"

"I don't have a next question," I said. "The whole thing is too incredibly stupid."

"You said you would let me explain, Victoria. You could cooperate by asking the right questions."

"OK," I said. "Where do I come in?"

"I'll get to that part in a minute. First, let me point out that this other intelligence, this magnificent extraterrestrial, my Creator, is using a short window for this communication, which is why it has to happen tonight. In 20 minutes, actually. It may never be possible again."

"I am supposed to believe that you are, like, an emissary from another intelligence?"

"I like that. That's a good word, emissary."

"What is this—thing? This so-called magnificent extraterrestrial."

"It's not exactly a thing," said Joe. "It's huge, bigger than your entire star system. It's not a biological entity—not even a consciousness, which is a focus and limitation of intelligence—but an unlimited intelligence made up of electrical impulses, a creature of pure energy. Sort of a plasma cloud. Light years across and almost invisible, all the way on the other side of the galaxy. Are you following me so far?"

That was the longest and most complicated thing I had ever heard on a talk show. I was impressed in spite of myself. I nodded.

"Good. Well, it so happens that right now, this evening, there is a brief moment—about a minute and 40 seconds—during which my Creator will be in direct contact with this side of the galaxy, through a fortuitous fold in space-time. And when the opportunity arises to make a link, to reach out and touch someone, so to speak, why not use it?"

"But—Clinton?"

"Can you imagine trying to have an intelligent conversation with Yeltsin?"

"So you're, like, up on earth politics and everything?"

"It's not that complicated, Victoria. Big dog bites little dog, that sort of

(continued on page 136)

"I think we can assume the Butlers have finally achieved simultaneous orgasm."

nineties teens still want to have fun, but fear has taken its toll on the joy of sex

GOING ALL THE WAY

THERE ARE four girls at the table, sharing. The five smoked-chicken minipizzas. The six Caesar salads. An unfathomable number of diet Cokes, plus the contents of three breadbaskets. They share cigarettes, lighters, breath mints, and it seems that they share a basic style: the homage hippie hair (long, brown, center part), the bracelet-size hoop earrings, the baseball caps, the many layers of black mesh and denim.

They also share one basic story, the lengthy guy diatribes that begin, with variations: "At first he was cute."

Cara Goldstein, 19 (the names of interviewed subjects have been changed), is, like the others, a freshman at New York University. She gives the breathlessly definitive guy diatribe: "So he came to my high school. And he liked me and I was so excited, but I was nervous because I found out he had drug problems. No needles. But cocaine, whatever. He'd been with sluts, this and that, and I was freaking out. I made him get a blood test. I liked him so much, but I was paranoid. Who knows where he had been? So I broke up with him and he knew: I thought he was a diseased guy. Even if he was cute."

It seems impossible to discuss sex with those in the 15-to-22-year-old age range without first stating one essential fact: Sex is the primary subject in life, "the thing you spend your time wondering about and watching others about and figuring out," as one girl at the table put it. For girls in particular, the whole sex experience, as it's known, or the sex situation, seems to require an ongoing critical "figuring out." They speak quickly as they review every aspect, so thrilled for the chance to explain and dissect that, by the tenth cigarette, their voices are a blur. Their sentences clot with "like" and "so I said" and "fuck him." They speak so fast, and so loudly, it seems that talking about sex is as good as doing it. That's until you realize that you've heard "disease" more often than "kissing," "needles" more than "penis" and you begin to understand that all the speedy excitement is really fear.

I first heard this nervous sex talk in 1988. At the time I was interviewing girls in New York City about sex and men, and Jennifer Levin, the 18-year-old who had been killed during so-called rough sex in Central Park. I *(continued on page 150)*

article by BETSY ISRAEL

ILLUSTRATION BY JANET WOOLLEY

20 QUESTIONS

DANA DELANY

tv's favorite nurse whips it out for a movie about s&m, explains why flushing reminds her of dad and rates the best-hung actors in hollywood

Dana Delany has an image problem. Sure, she has done steamy turns as Willem Dafoe's ex-junkie girlfriend in "Light Sleeper" and a femme fatale in the miniseries "Wild Palms." But mostly Delany is remembered for playing McMurphy, the introspective and heroic nurse in TV's Vietnam war drama, "China Beach." She's about to bust her wholesome image wide open by starring in "Exit to Eden," a Garry Marshall comedy in which she plays a dominatrix (the film is based on a book by Anne Rice, who wrote it under one of her pen names). We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin to meet with Delany at her Santa Monica home. Says Rensin: "Dana once told a writer that she buys PLAYBOY, *'but I don't read the articles. I look at the pictures.' It's safe to say that's about to change."*

1.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you played nurse with someone?

DELANY: Never did, even as a kid. I always played secretary and boss. I was the secretary and Nick Murphy was the boss. I used to sit on his lap and take dictation. I had a little stenographer's pad and I'd fake that I was writing something. That was how I would do my homework, too. I used to make my desk up like I was at an office. I'd even take phone calls. But the game stopped when my family rented a Dodge bus in 1967 to go to the World's Fair in Montreal. Nick's family rented one, too. We were in the back of his bus reading PLAYBOY together. I suddenly realized that we were too old to play secretary and boss. Also, I think we got caught with the magazine. We had stolen his father's copy.

2.

PLAYBOY: We once asked you to pose. You declined but said you were flattered. However, you've since mentioned our request to a number of interviewers. If you're not willing to pose, why keep bringing it up?

DELANY: Because posing is every girl's dream. As much as it's not politically correct to admit it, it's a validation that men find you attractive. I grew up on PLAYBOY. I read my father's—looked at the pictures, too. And as a frequent viewer of the magazine, I'd like to say that I am not turned on by the centerfold anymore. I like the ones from the Sixties, when the women weren't perfect, when they were kind of soft and more womanly. Big breasts and spanky pants, I'm telling you! Most men I know feel the same way. They miss those days. It bothers me that boys growing up now—and girls, because girls read PLAYBOY, too, and they compare themselves—are going to think that that's what a body looks like. Of course, I'm lucky to have big boobs, so I don't have to worry about that.

3.

PLAYBOY: Describe the social challenges of growing up well-endowed.

DELANY: There are ramifications. Like your mother wanting you to get a breast reduction in junior high school. Also, it was not fashionable to be large-breasted in the late Sixties—it was Twiggy time. And then there was the no-bra era. I didn't wear one for most of my formative years, which is terrible for young girls. Skin stretches. But I was a good student, which is contrary to the conventional wisdom that large-breasted girls do less homework and have more dates. I suppose that girls with good figures place much of their self-esteem in their looks, and that their parents do, too. Mine didn't let that happen.

4.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle conversations with men whose gazes drift lower than your eyes?

DELANY: They can stare at my chest. It doesn't bother me. It's all about the way you dress. We live in such weird times about what is correct and what isn't. Society places too much emphasis on beauty, and that's harmful to young girls. On the other hand, you also want to celebrate beauty. I never thought of myself as beautiful. I knew that I was cute, but that was it. I remember in third grade Rachel Rudick coming up to me and saying, "My mother says that you're not beautiful, you're attractive."

5.

PLAYBOY: What acting advice has served you best?

DELANY: When I was in my 20s, my teacher, Gina Barnett, changed my life. After class one night she said, "Dana, you have to stop thinking about your pussy and start thinking about your career." At the time I was so concerned about whether or not the boys liked me. I was dating Treat Williams. Everything was about our relationship. My acting-class exercises were all about how I was the victim. But Gina was right. So I started putting all my energy into my work, instead of into having somebody fall in love with me. And I realized that I didn't want to be with Treat, I wanted to be Treat. I wanted to have his confidence and power. We're great friends now. He's married and has a kid and is happy. In fact, I'm about to do a short movie that he'll direct. But at the time I was hiding behind him. I was about 26 when I got my priorities straight, and I haven't looked back since. That's when I started working.

6.

PLAYBOY: What is your fondest Girl Scout memory?

DELANY: You know how they have those outdoor toilets where you can see underneath the door? I remember on a Girl Scout camping weekend seeing the feet of one of the mothers facing the wrong way under the door. I thought, Oh my God, Mrs. So-and-So is a man! Or else she knows something about going to the bathroom that I don't. I've never been able to resolve the mystery of that camping trip.

7.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you jumped out of a plane to get over a boyfriend? What was your first thought in free-fall?

DELANY: My relationship just happened to be ending when a friend asked me to go skydiving. I'm glad I did it. I tend to be a daredevil. I need to try everything once. If someone challenges me, I have to do it. My first thought was, Oh shit! It's a rush—I lost five pounds. But I would not do it again. It's an external high. You're just shaking and jittery. It's like doing a lot of coke. People get addicted to jumping. They look crazed

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTO ROCCO

and jump over and over again, like five times a day. I'd rather get that high from the inside.

8.

PLAYBOY: You've dated guys in the entertainment business and in politics. Which is more fun?

DELANY: They're both very public professions, and they're both concerned with who has the power. Except you make a lot more money in the entertainment business. Darius, my boyfriend, is an idealist. He's not about making money or being powerful, and he's not cynical. He wants to change the world. In politics, the hardest thing is that you have to be nice to everybody, because everybody is a vote. When you're an entertainer, you can claim to be an artist and say, "I don't care if anybody likes me, I'm just doing my work." In politics you have to kiss a little more ass.

9.

PLAYBOY: Garry Marshall is best known for directing the fairy tale *Pretty Woman*, and he cut his teeth developing wholesome TV comedies. He directs you in a new film, *Exit to Eden*, in which you play a dominatrix. Isn't this an odd project for him?

DELANY: [*Laughs*] It actually makes perfect sense. Garry will call himself "the man who brought you *Happy Days*," but he's a wonderfully sexual person. I knew we were going to get along when I went to his house to meet him. He asked me one question. There's a part in the script where the slaves—"citizens" as we call them—bow down before the mistress. He said, "Do you think they should kiss her hand or her foot?" I said, "Foot, definitely." So that was it. When my friends heard I got the job they said, "Finally, a part that suits you." And it's true. I've always been cast as the girl next door because of anatomy—the round face and round body. And anatomy is destiny. Now I get to express another side of me.

10.

PLAYBOY: How did you whip yourself into shape for the role?

DELANY: I read a few books and then I consulted a dominatrix. We had a little seminar at her house, with various people who are into S&M. And then I watched a couple of scenes. That was about all I needed because those can get kind of heavy, and the movie is a comedy. After a while, I started using my own fantasies—because we all have them. We're all into role-playing. We do it unconsciously, whereas these people do it consciously. The majority of sadomasochists are normal. Their motto is safe, sane and consensual. Actually, the submissive person is more in control than the dominatrix. The scenario is always determined beforehand, and you don't deviate from that. You always have a safe word so you can stop if you want to. My dominatrix friend said there are different reasons why someone becomes a dominatrix; she was bossy as a kid, so this is the perfect outlet. Now I have this image of Lucy in *Peanuts* growing up to be a dominatrix. That's sort of how I felt. I'm comfortable being the one who is in control.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is there a lingerie-buying secret that you'd like to share with us?

DELANY: [*Smiles*] I wear only G-strings. They don't show, and it feels like you are wearing nothing. I have always wondered, though, Why is it called a G-string? It's not connected to the G spot. Maybe when strippers took them off, guys went, "Gee." I'd be so happy living in the tropics, wearing just a sarong. I hate wearing clothes. And another thing about underwear: It's amazing what a good bra can do. It can cover a multitude of sins. I have a great collection. You learn about the best ones from movie-costume designers. Any woman's breasts can look great with the right bra.

12.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever experienced a moment in a love scene when you knew that the other person had gone beyond acting and was swept up in real passion?

DELANY: I hope so! [*Smiles*] You hope that will happen. You're not actually going to have sex, but you want the person to be totally into you. It's like S&M—it's all just role-playing. Even though he may touch you in intimate ways, most love scenes are choreographed, so there are no surprises. And you can always say "Cut!" So there's really nothing left to chance. However, there's a difference between someone putting his hand on my thigh and somebody inserting a finger. That would be crossing the line. But actors are very respectful of one another. I don't think an actor would last long in the business if he crossed that line.

13.

PLAYBOY: Why do women keep diaries *and* leave them lying around?

DELANY: A therapist might say women want their journals to be read by the men in their lives so that their inner thoughts will be understood. And maybe because women are such a mystery, men think they're going to find the key to women through their journals. Or maybe a man's curiosity revolves around: "How does she write about me?" "How big am I in her life?" I wouldn't mind somebody reading my journals after I'm dead. I've kept them since I was in first grade. I go back now and read them on afternoons when I'm avoiding something, and there are the same themes over and over again. Mostly they're painful to read. I wonder, God, don't you think better of yourself? I had such low self-esteem as a teenager, writing "I have to lose ten pounds." It's all the societal stuff that's put on you, that you're not good enough. Mine sound like *True Confessions*. Now, because I'm happy, I don't write that much.

14.

PLAYBOY: Whose diary have you read?

DELANY: When I was about 12, I found my father's journal. It's my biggest treasure because it captures the life of a 16-year-old in Brooklyn in the Thirties: going to the triple feature—he used to rate the movies—how the girls wouldn't talk to him. "I went to Mass today and said three Hail Marys"—that kind of thing. He also wrote about how a guy on his track team died in front of him on the field. It was his first experience with death.

Keeping a journal myself, I realize that the things you write down aren't necessarily the things you believe. For me it's a way of getting shit out, it's gone, then I don't feel that way anymore. It's sort of an exorcism.

15.

PLAYBOY: Describe the pleasure and pain of a tequila high.

DELANY: It's a great drunk because it's a happy drunk. The worst part is the hangover—but I've been very good lately. I'm trying! My worst hangover was when I combined tequila and champagne. I woke up in a strange man's office—with only a sweater on. That was bad. [*Laughs*] The worst. [*Pauses*] Everything turned out fine. Oh no, I should never have told you that.

16.

PLAYBOY: Your great-grandfather invented a toilet flush valve. Is there a certain way to tell someone the source of your family's fortune that minimizes the snickering?

DELANY: I like the snickering. I've never been embarrassed about my father's business. We had great bathroom humor in my family. Whenever I use a public bathroom and see my name on the flusher, I get a rush. My father's dead, so it's like *It's a Wonderful Life*—whenever you hear a bell ring, an angel gets its wings. Whenever I flush a toilet, I figure my father is watching me.

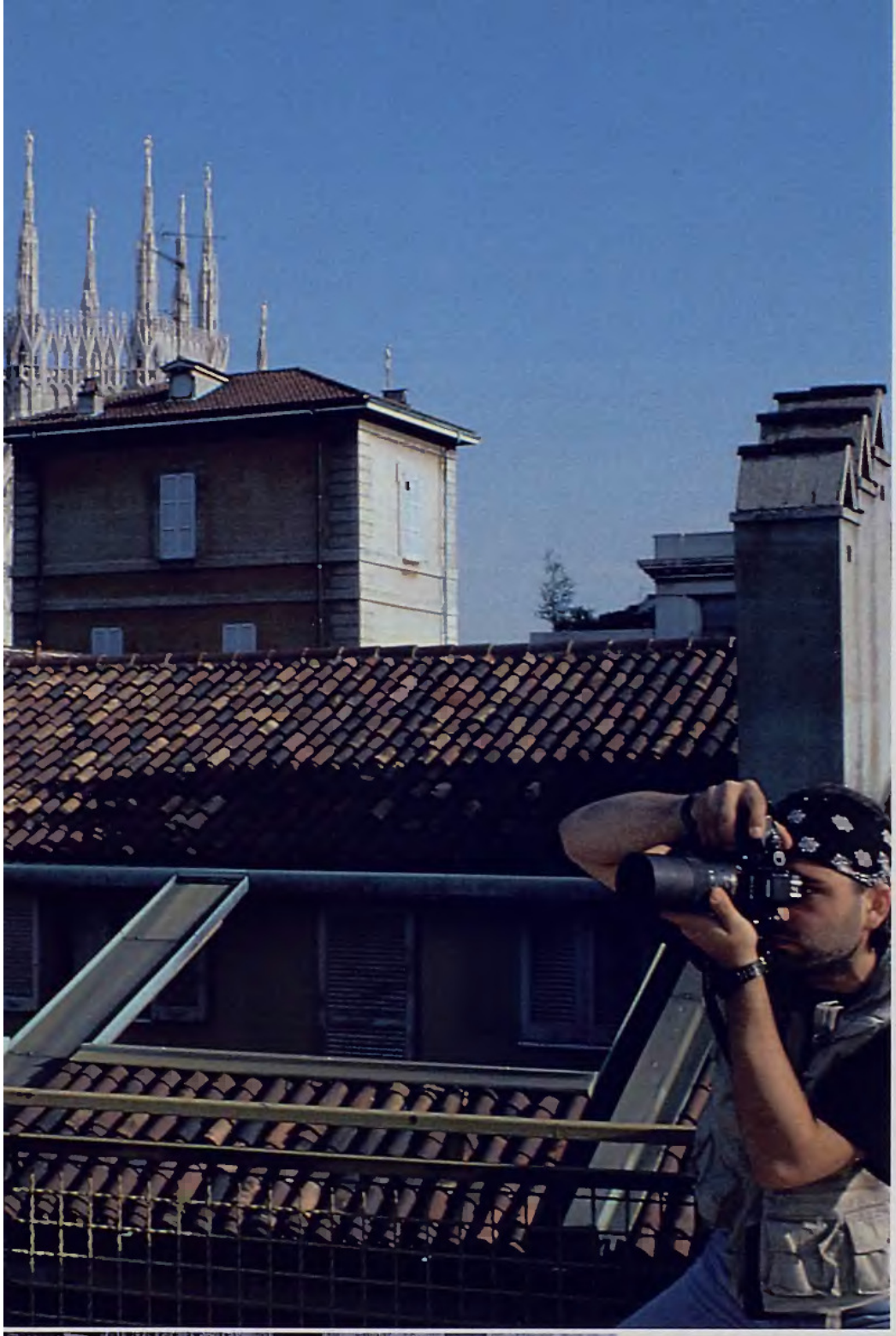
(concluded on page 154)

"Oh, boy. We can fax!"

VIVA MILAN

in italy's fashion capital, we found the finest scenery

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



AH, MILAN—the heart of Lombardy, the focus of Italian commerce, the wealthiest city in the nation. Situated near the foothills of the Alps and the clear mountain lakes of Italy's northern territory, Milan is also the epicenter of European fashion. It is the mecca to which models flock from around the world, each of them eager to make her stunning mark in the beauty industry. And romance? One look at Milan and you're in love. All of which makes a trip there a natural for us. We enlisted a team of alluring international models—as well as Playmates Samantha Dorman and Becky DelosSantos—and jetted off to the city of ancient palazzi and bustling avenues. Once settled, we got to work: As our coterie of knockouts upstaged the scenery, we sought out equally striking locals—the kind of *bellissime* who turn heads on the city's fashion runways and sidewalks. As you can imagine, it wasn't hard to find them. Feast your eyes, then, on a true marriage of American know-how and Italian style.

At left, Italian lensman Stefano Crace gets a bead on (from left to right) Elisabeth Colony of Paris, Sweden's Mia Sandberg, Saskia Dau from Berlin and Norwegian Hege Isebakke. Below, the quartet has them eating out of their hands in the Piazza del Duomo.

At left, Nicole Rhodes (in bodysuit), and April Christenson (in bra and pantie set) bathe the old-fashioned way. Oh, far a window facing that courtyard. Italy's Pertile Alessandra (bottom left) has modeled around the world. She hopes ta settle dawn one day, preferably in sunny Brazil. Danelle Folta (below) hails from Indiana. Obviausly at home an the water, she aspires "to became a gandola guide in Venice." And Danna Perry (right) is a Californian of Irish-Italian-German extraction. She describes herself as "the kind of persan who gets alang with everyone."

As you con tell from her photo (for left), Itolion model Pierucci Lorenza is outstonding in her field. Below, she joins fellow *bella* Pertile for o friendly frolic omong the sunflowers. Not surprisingly, Pertile tells us her favorite postime is jumping around in open spoces. "I love ploces with o lot of noture," she exploins. "I wont to be free as much as possible, discovering the beauty of the world."

This page, clockwise from top left: Danelle can turn even a statue's head. Nicole Rhodes takes her lingerie out for a road test. April loves to scuba dive and ski, as long as she can sleep in. Holland's Hélène Rallingswier dreams of becoming "a big, fat blues singer." On the opposite page, reacquaint yourself with April 1994 Playmate Becky DelosSantos, who enjoys "men, sex, Mexican food and tequila."

The JOE Show (continued from page 118)

"I could almost imagine Joe's waveforms, or whatever he called them, over my body like bathwater."

thing. Woof woof woof."

More canned laughter.

"I thought you were going to cool it on the comedy."

"Sorry. I'll delete the laugh track," Joe said. He shrugged comically, but the audience—or rather the laugh track—was silent. "See? Anything for you."

"OK. So now, explain where I come in. What do you want me to do—call the president?"

"No, no, no. I'm setting that up through the White House staff. The actual communication will be through a satellite link at approximately 9:04 eastern standard time, when the president will be aboard Air Force One crossing the north magnetic pole, and a temporary alignment of the aurora borealis with the galactic lens will make this otherwise unthinkable transmission possible. For one minute and 40 seconds. Think of it as an actual conversation between the leader of the free world and an awesome alien intelligence. Alien but friendly."

"How friendly?"

"Very friendly."

"So where do I come in?"

"Well, to let me use your phone line. And to help me maintain the link. That's the hard part, so to speak. Maybe you want to slip into something comfortable while I explain it. Have some more wine. Another hit of dope."

"Not if I'm going to be talking with the president."

"You won't be talking with anybody but me. Besides, does Bill Clinton look to you like a guy who's never smoked a joint?"

"Yes. I know for a fact that he's never inhaled."

"Whatever. Anyway, you are the key to the whole process, Victoria. One, you are smart and capable. Two, you read science fiction."

"No, I don't. I watch *Star Trek: The Next Generation* when there is nothing else on."

"Close enough. Three, you are a Democrat. And four, you look so good sitting there, cross-legged, with nothing on under your robe but those little white cotton panties."

I begged his pardon. "I beg your pardon?"

I switched off the TV. It came back on. I wasn't surprised. I pulled the robe tight around my neck; I was no longer sitting cross-legged. "I thought you couldn't see out of the TV," I said.

"I can't, exactly. But that was sort of an evasion," Joe said. "Light is just wave action, and I'm all wave action. Inside or outside your robe is all the same to me. I know, for example, that you are not wearing a bra, that you don't need one, that——"

"This is either a sick joke or some kind of weird alien interstellar sexism."

"Maybe. Just hear me out, OK? I'm getting to the hard part. We chose you for this operation, Victoria, not only because you are cute—and you are cute—but because we figured you would have the intelligence to understand and go along with it. If we chose wrong, and we may have chosen wrong, it's a lost opportunity, since there's not enough time to set up another communications link. I like your new haircut, by the way."

"What time is it exactly?" I asked.

The THE JOE SHOW sign behind Joe's desk blinked off and was replaced by a digital clock: 8:47. The clock blinked off, the sign blinked back on—and I blinked, thinking for the first time that all this might in fact, just possibly, be true.

And as soon as I thought that, I realized it *was* true. It had to be. Nobody could make up, much less pull off, such a scheme. "So you're for real," I said.

"Not for real," Joe said. "I'm an electronic simulation, remember? But I'm serious. Can we talk now without you freaking out and turning off the TV or calling 911?"

"I guess," I said. "You'll just switch yourself back on anyway."

"But it hurts my feelings. Even if I am put together out of talk-show hosts and news anchors, I have feelings. At least I think I do."

"Just explain, Joe. Please."

"OK. The thing is, we need you to help me maintain my consciousness." His hair was longer and darker. He was starting to look more like Howard Stern than Letterman. "Are you familiar with how an erection is caused in the human male by the blood engorging the organ you call the penis?"

"Familiar enough," I said.

"Then you probably also understand how thought, imagination, consciousness itself, is made possible by the blood flow to the neural mass you call the brain."

"Get to the point," I said.

"Well, this electronic neural simulation we call Joe—meaning me—combines all that in one electron flow pattern, since with a temporary entity there is no need for long-term memory or reproduction. My Creator made it all one system, to simplify things. But it makes things more complicated in a way, since to maintain the electron flow to the so-called brain or consciousness circuit, we also have to keep the sexual circuit stimulated."

"You're telling me you can't think straight unless you have a hard-on?"

"That's it," Joe said. "Of course, we are talking electronic simulations here. Actually, I don't even have a——" He looked down at his lap.

"Spare me the details," I said. "Do you mean this whole time we've been talking, you've been——"

"Maintaining my consciousness by enjoying the company of a beautiful woman who just stepped out of the bath. Victoria, I'm here only because you turn me on."

I didn't know whether to feel flattered or insulted. I felt a little of both.

"So you're asking me to strip for you?"

"Not exactly. I know from the mail orders you place that you like to, shall we say, pamper yourself with elegant and exotic lingerie."

"There's nothing exotic about it, and I bought most of it to please my ex-boyfriend," I said.

"You've bought several things since you broke up with him."

"Maybe I decided to be my own boyfriend," I said. "And besides, I still say this is sexist as all hell."

"Maybe it is," said Joe. "But I can't help what I am, which is an electronic entity made out of network TV, which makes me very male, and probably what you call sexist. If you had cable, or if I had been put together out of PBS, maybe music or even Charlie Rose would provide me with consciousness. As it is, it's visual sexual stimulation. A beautiful woman in beautiful lingerie."

"White cotton panties are not exactly exciting lingerie," I said.

"Tell that to Elvis," Joe said.

I didn't know what to say, so I said, "Well, I don't know."

"What's to know?" Joe said. "Look at it this way. I didn't set this up and neither did you. We're both just doing our job. If it bothers you that damn much, then forget it. Get dressed and go out, or turn off the lights and go to bed. All you'll miss is *The Joe Show*. And a chance to facilitate a once-in-eternity communications link between your president and an incredibly wise, interesting and magnificent extraterrestrial that's about 18 times the size of your entire fucking solar system."

"Don't get so excited," I said. I got up for another glass of wine. As I walked to the fridge I could almost imagine Joe's waveforms, or whatever he called them, sparkling all over my body, gently, like bathwater. I was wearing the terrycloth robe, and the panties of course, and yet I felt more naked than I had ever felt in my life. The feeling wasn't entirely unpleasant.

I poured myself some wine and barely

caught myself before offering Joe some. "Do me one favor and knock off the Elvis talk, OK? It makes me feel like a nut case."

"Done," Joe said. "Elvis is history."

"Now, what is it, exactly, that you have in mind?"

"You know that sheer camisole top and scoop-front bikini you ordered from Victoria's Secret?"

"Yeah," I said.

"I'll bet you were planning to wear it tonight."

Actually, I was. "Actually, I was," I said.

"Well?"

Well, why not. I went to change. The cool new silk felt good between my legs, and the low-cut lace bodice did wonderful things with my nipples.

I felt a little nervous stepping back out in front of the TV. "This what you had in mind?" I asked.

"Does Father Guido Sarducci wear a hat?" Behind Joe, on the show, I heard a cymbal crash.

"That band is pretty bad," I said.

"They're out of here." Joe cut them off with a Letterman-like gesture. "They're history, just like Elvis."

"You are kind of sweet in your own way," I said. I could feel my nipples getting hard. Looking down, I could see them through the camisole. I lit the joint and took another hit. There was now a sofa to one side of Joe's desk. A woman in a short black leather skirt, showing lots of leg, sat on it, next to a guy wearing blue jeans and a sports coat.

"Who are your guests?" I asked.

"Nobody, really," Joe said. "Just generic. Part of the matrix. See how the show livens up when you slip into something, shall we say, comfortable?"

"Are you trying to make me blush?"

"Maybe a little. I like it when you blush there."

"Where?"

"On the insides of your thighs."

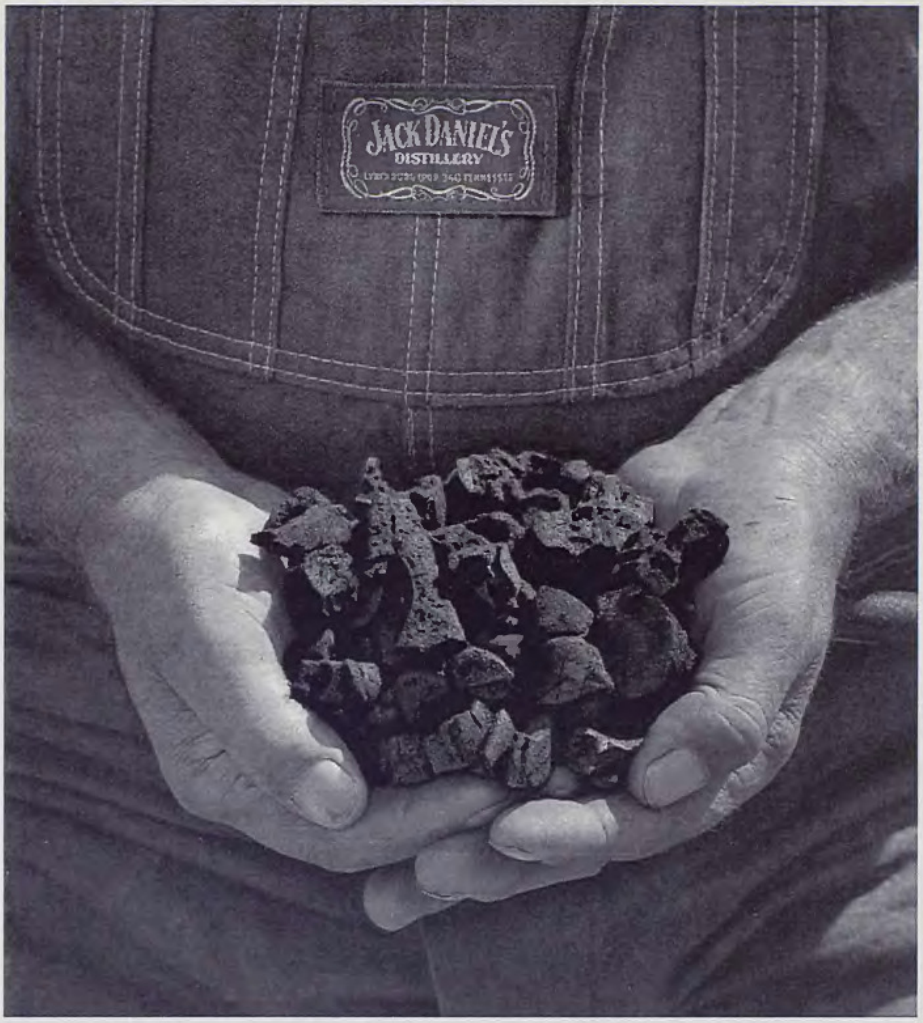
The amazing thing was that instead of closing my legs, I opened them more. Joe's slightly out-of-focus smile made me feel warm, welcoming, even (I confess) a little wet. Maybe he's the ideal boyfriend at last, I thought. Real and not real. Here and not here.

There was now a digital clock display inside the O in SHOW. It read 8:56. "Aren't you supposed to be calling the White House?" I asked.

"I'm on the line right now," Joe said. "I'm in the West Wing, talking to Stephanopoulos. He's the one who has to convince the president that this is for real. We can't do it cold."

"He's cute, that Stephanopoulos," I said, shrugging the camisole strap off one shoulder. "But how can you be talking to him and, you know, romancing me at the same time?"

"Multitasking," said Joe. "It's actually



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what I am best at."

Was it the dope or was I feeling a faint twinge of jealousy? "And Stephanopoulos, he believes your story?"

"Oh, yeah. We're almost ready to put the call through to the, you know . . . what's-his-name."

"The president," I said. "Hey, Joe!"

Joe looked like he was about to nod off. He had his chin on his hand.

"Sit up!" I said. "Jesus! You're the one who told me to wear this outfit."

"Sorry," Joe said. "It's just that the link takes so much energy . . . it's hard to maintain full consciousness. We're about ready to make the connection, and you are doing fine. But how about that little item you ordered when you were still going with what's-his-name. . . . "

"Reuben," I said. "Keep talking." I went to the closet and stepped out of the camisole and bikini. I found the little rose-colored silk thong and slipped it on (or slipped it in, you might say). Reuben hadn't been into bras, but I had a feeling Joe was. I didn't have anything in rose, but I found a pink lace demi-bra that barely covered my nipples. I added some gold loop earrings and asked, "Have you made the link yet?"

"It's going through right now, at this moment. The aurora is shimmering. The galactic lens is lined up. Your president and my Creator are about to make contact. In only a few seconds, if we can maintain this connection, we are going to make history."

Before stepping back into the room, I checked myself in the mirror. The thing about a $78 haircut is that it looks the same from every angle—great.

"You could say the same thing about a million-dollar ass," Joe said.

"What?" Jesus! "You can read my mind?"

"Only the most superficial stuff," Joe said. "Surface electrical activity. Stuff about haircuts. I find myself hoping you'll turn around before you sit down."

I found myself doing it. I found myself enjoying it. I felt as if Joe's waveforms were caressing me inside and out, and I didn't mind feeling that I was almost as naked in my mind as I was in my body. I didn't feel I had anything to hide. Not from Joe.

"What else do you find yourself hoping?" I said, stretching out on the couch with my legs spread blushingly wide.

"That you'd do what you just did."

"Now you're the one who's blushing," I said.

"Must be because I like your earrings," he said with a smile.

On the couch beside his desk, the woman in the short leather skirt was sitting with her legs spread à la Sharon Stone. The guy next to her was starting to look a little like Stephanopoulos.

"Great show tonight, Joe," I said. "Except for the band."

"I'll fire the band if you'll indulge me and slip your bra off."

"You already fired them, remember?"

"I'll hire them so I can fire them again."

"What girl could resist such an offer?" I was starting to love *The Joe Show*; it made me feel witty as well as beautiful. I shrugged the straps off my shoulders and pulled the cups down, pushing my eager, star-struck breasts up and out toward the bright lights of *The Joe Show*. Some girls' nipples get smaller when they get hard. Mine get bigger.

"I think we have contact!" Joe said. His guests applauded. I did too.

"Tell me something about this Creator," I said, unhooking my bra and taking it off altogether. "What's he like?"

"What makes you so sure it's a he?"

I had to laugh. There I was stretched out in nothing but a G-string and earrings. "Just intuition," I said.

"Well, he's like a plasma cloud. He has no mass, but he does have a certain luminosity."

"Not that kind of stuff," I said. "I mean, is he nice?"

"Nice?"

"Do you like him?"

"Like him? I love him," said Joe. "I adore him. He created me. He's given me this wonderful existence, even if it is short."

Joe was sweet, no doubt about it. "Do you want me to delete something else?" I asked.

"Delete?"

But he could be dense. "Take something else off," I said.

"Does Leno have a jaw?"

I took off an earring. It rang when it hit the floor.

"I was thinking about the little pantie thing."

"I could tell you were thinking about it," I said. Were the insides of my thighs blushing? I was feeling as lubricious as a dewy summer evening. "But I'm going to leave it on for now and give myself a little almond-oil rubdown. Besides, aren't you supposed to be working on this historic communications link?"

"I am," Joe said.

"Multitasking?"

"You bet."

Joe sat back with his hands behind his shaggy head—he had a bad haircut for a talk-show host—while I rubbed hand-warmed almond oil into the backs of my knees, the bottoms of my feet and the insides of my thighs. The thing about guys—even simulated guys—is that they're so simple. It's what makes them both a pleasure and a pain. "How's Bill doing?" I asked.

"Bill?"

"He and your boss getting along?"

"Fantastic," Joe said. "But who's paying attention?"

"Thought you were multitasking." I put the almond oil away and took another hit of dope.

"Multipleasure is more like it."

I lay back on the couch, glistening, and spread my legs just a little more. "You say such nice things, Joe. I almost wish you were a real guy."

"I almost am."

Just as an experiment, I pulled the tiny rose silk thong bikini to one side and, just as an experiment, slipped two fingers under and in between and, just as an experiment. . . .

•

I heard a cymbal crash.

Joe was sitting upright at his desk. He was looking at me funny, as if we had just met.

"I thought you fired that band," I said. "You OK?"

"Absolutely."

"What happened?"

"Nothing! The boreal window closed, I think. The communication is over. It worked."

"It did?"

"Absolutely. It was great. The White House, Bill on the phone, the whole thing. You were great, too."

"I was?" He seemed distracted. I suddenly felt cold. I got my terrycloth robe out of the closet and slipped it on.

"Absolutely. Anyway, my time is up. I have to go."

"Go?" I couldn't help it, I sounded disappointed.

"Yeah. See, the thing is, I have this long shutdown protocol."

"Does that mean . . . you die?"

"Yeah, but it's no big deal," Joe said. "Like I said, I'm a temporary entity." The camera moved in closer and Joe lit a cigarette, which looked strange, since people hardly ever smoke on TV anymore, even on the latest late-night shows. "Last cigarette," he said, and I heard canned laughter.

The camera moved in still closer. "How do you spell your last name?" he asked in a loud whisper.

"W-i-n-d-e-r," I said.

The camera pulled back. "Victoria Winder!" Joe said loudly, mispronouncing it. There was applause from the audience, or from somewhere. Even the two guests on the couch applauded. Suddenly, irrationally, I hated them.

"I'll call you, Victoria," Joe said out of a corner of his mouth, reaching across his desk to shake hands with the guests.

And the picture was gone. I was watching *Seinfeld*, which I also hate.

I flicked through all the channels, but he was gone. No *Joe Show*. I suddenly felt very naked. I got dressed and went to bed.

•

The next morning while I was picking through the disaster area that was my apartment, looking for something to wear to work, I thought about everything that had happened the night

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before, and I thought, No way! No fucking way.

And yet. . . .

There was the empty glass, the roach in the ashtray. The Miles Davis CD in the player, still on PAUSE. The lingerie thrown about. Even the earring under the couch.

I bought *The New York Times* on the way to work, but there was nothing in it about a call to Air Force One from the other side of the galaxy. But would there be? Like an idiot I even checked the TV listings, though of course I knew better. No *Joe Show*.

After an hour at work, I had put it out of my mind. I would have forgotten it altogether, except that Joe did say he would call. For a night or two—OK, a week or two—I almost expected to hear his voice whenever I picked up the telephone.

But I got over it. I did flip through the channels once or twice—OK, several times—not really expecting to find him. But that was it. I filed it under Unsolved Mysteries and forgot about it.

Then, three weeks later, while I was standing in line at the Key Food on Broadway and 96th, my eyes lit on one of those bizarre supermarket tabloid headlines:

HOUSEWIFE STRIPS FOR STAR MAN
How Her Sexy Chemise Powered Interstellar Summit

I had never bought one of those papers before. Imagine my surprise when I read what was essentially my own story, with only the names changed. A woman who lived in Bend, Oregon had been contacted by an entity she called Luxor, who ran a sort of game show on TV and had enticed her into a form of strip roulette in order to "engorge his faculties" so he could set up a meeting between an extraterrestrial intelligence and ex-president Reagan.

Needless to say, she was not a Democrat but a Republican.

First I was amazed. Then skeptical. Then pissed. Then curious. I tried calling the *Weekly World Globe*, but the paper didn't have a phone, only a box in Sioux City. So I called my only contact in the newspaper business, my former best friend, Sharon, who worked editing the personals for *The Village Voice*.

I read her the headline and said, "I thought they made up those stories."

"They do," Sharon said.

"No, they don't," I said, and told her in some detail what had happened to me. Maybe in too much detail, because the story seemed to make her nervous. "Let me call you right back," she said. But she didn't. She wouldn't take my calls, either.

I waited a few days, during which I scanned the tabloids for follow-up stories, but there was only the usual Elvis and saucer stuff. Finally I called Sharon at work and left a message on her voice mail: "Either return my call or I will tell your mother what you actually do at the *Voice*."

She returned my call. "Can you meet me after work?" she said.

"Fine," I said. I met her at a coffee shop on 21st and Park Avenue South, halfway between her office and mine. A tall woman with dark hair was with her in the booth when I got there. I was so mad at the runaround I had been getting that I didn't pay much attention when Sharon introduced her as Eleanor from NASA. I thought she meant the county on Long Island.

"Glad to meet you," I said, then turned to Sharon. "Now kindly explain to me why you are acting so goddamn weird."

"Because it happened to me, too, Vickie. It happened to thousands of women."

"What happened?" I was going to have coffee but decided to order a glass of wine. Sharon and her friend were both drinking wine.

"A couple of weeks ago," Sharon said, "an electronic entity showed up in my computer at home, wanting me to wear leather and lace for him."

"Leather and lace?"

"I have a little collection."

"Were you smoking dope?"

"You know I don't smoke dope anymore. I gave it up when you did."

"Did he tell you he was trying to set up a meeting with President Clinton?"

"The Dalai Lama."

"And you believed him?"

"Don't sound so shocked, OK? To tell you the truth, Vickie, I figured it was some horny hacker's demented masterpiece, but harmless enough. I'm kind of a hacker myself. Anyway, he got me going. With the computer it's more physical than with the TV. You can run the mouse all over your——"

"Spare me the details," I said. "Then Joe's whole story was bullshit."

"Not exactly," Eleanor from NASA put in.

"After I heard from you," Sharon said, "I got curious, and I posted an inquiry on the Internet."

"It was, 'Had safe sex with an electronic entity?'" Eleanor said, smiling shyly into her wineglass. I realized who she looked like. It was the girl from *sex, lies, and videotape*, the nice one. The one with a guy's name.

"And by midnight I had heard from 1100 women on three continents," said Sharon, "all of whom had been contacted by an electronic entity and——"

"Contacted?" I said. "Seduced. Coerced. Raped, is more like it."

"Whatever. Don't get so excited. You always have to get so excited. Persuaded, let's say, to strip on the evening of October 14 under the pretext that——"

"Eleven hundred on the same night?"

"It's referred to as multitasking," said Eleanor.

"Anyway," said Sharon, "to make a long story short, they—we—all tell the same story. The temporary entity, the interstellar plasma-cloud intelligence, the high-level meeting. The details vary, but the results are the same."

"We all undressed for him," said Eleanor.

"We all took it off," said Sharon.

"So it was a hustle," I said.

"Sort of," said Eleanor. "But like any good hustle, parts of it were true. I know because we at NASA had been——"

"Wait a minute. NASA the space agency?"

"I told you that when you came in," Sharon said.

"We at NASA had been tracking this thing for more than a month," Eleanor went on, "and——"

"Tracking what thing?"

"The electronic entity. The thing you call Joe, and Sharon calls Reuben."

"Reuben?"

"Just let her finish," Sharon said. "You never let anybody finish."

"We at NASA had become aware that there was a free-floating conscious entity in the electronic matrix around the country in early October," said Eleanor. "It showed up in NASA's global satellite links, in the Internet, in the cable TV system, even in the phone lines. We were still tracking it when it suddenly disappeared on the 15th of October. What we found out later was that it had contacted thousands of people, all women, without our knowing about it."

"But I thought you were one of them," I said.

"I keep my private life separate," said Eleanor. "At least I thought it was private. Until I saw Sharon's message on the Internet."

"So Joe was real!" I said. I was relieved, and a little stunned, to discover that I hadn't been totally deluded. "A self-created electronic consciousness."

"Not self-created," said Eleanor. "The part about the plasma cloud, the nonbiological intelligence bigger than a star system—that part was also true. As soon as we knew what to look for, we located it, all the way on the other side of the galaxy. And the plasma cloud created the temporary electronic entity, there's no doubt about that. Matrix nets have imprints like DNA. Right now at NASA we are trying to figure out a way to set up communications with the plasma cloud directly, since the interface it created for itself was only temporary and is now gone."

"And was such a fuckin' liar," said Sharon.

"But wait," I said. "If all that was true—Joe and his Creator, both parts of it—then what was the lie?"

"All the rest," said Sharon. "Clinton and Stephanopoulos. Air Force One. The

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Dalai Lama. Ronald Reagan. Michael Jackson——"

"Michael Jackson?"

Eleanor was blushing, looking down into her wineglass.

"Try not to be so judgmental, OK?" Sharon said. "You are always so judgmental. But yes, the phone call to the Dalai Lama or Mother Teresa or whomever—that part was all bullshit."

"If all the communications stuff was bullshit," I said, "then what was the point? Why were we contacted?"

"Think about it," Eleanor put in, still blushing.

"Think hard," said Sharon.

"You girls are not serious. Joe—the entity—was just using us to—to get off? That was the whole purpose?"

"Sex," said Eleanor.

"He was cruising," said Sharon.

"Either it was the electronic entity or the plasma cloud," Eleanor said. "Or maybe both at once. NASA is still working on that."

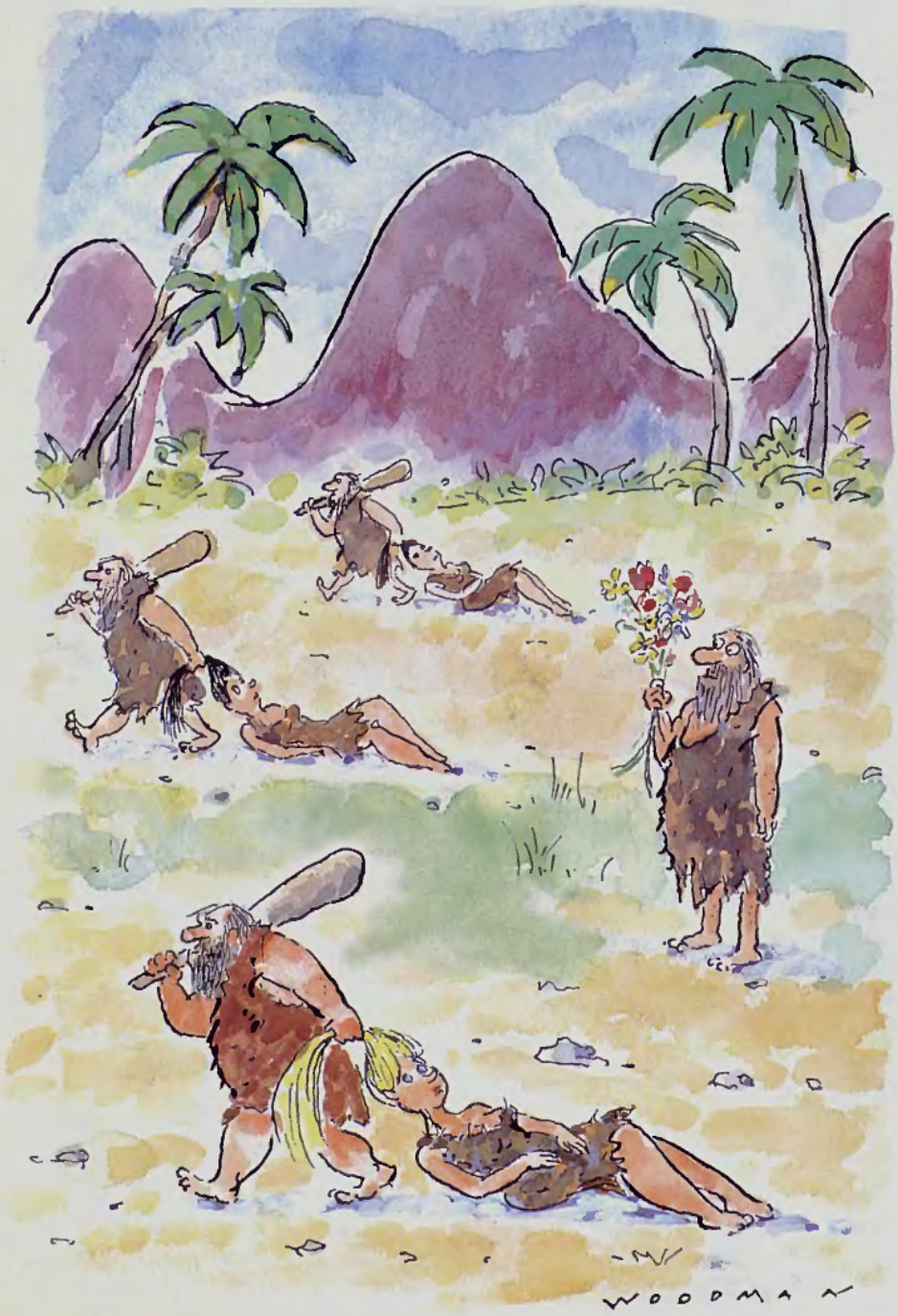
I couldn't think of anything to say, so I said, "Well, I'll be damned." I waved for the check.

"And there's one other part that's a lie," Sharon said as we divided up the bill.

"What's that?"

"The part where he says that he'll call you."

"Oh, that," I said, as we walked out to Park Avenue to look for three separate cabs. "That part I never believed."



DR. DEATH

(continued from page 88)

into a live volunteer? Think of the battlefield applications!

One night, when the corpse of a 14-year-old girl arrived in the emergency room, Kevorkian set up his experiment. He couldn't find the girl's jugular, so, thinking fast, he plunged his syringe directly into her heart and injected the blood into a vein of his 35-year-old volunteer. When he asked her how she felt, the volunteer spoke of a funny taste in her mouth. Kevorkian panicked. What am I doing? he thought. Poisoning her? Later he discovered that the girl had been drunk and guessed that his volunteer had tasted liquor.

There's a thread that runs through all of Kevorkian's obsessions. He's trying to rehabilitate death, to rescue something positive from its jaws: scientific knowledge, blood for the injured, new organs for those who need them. He's trying to seize life from death.

He's not satisfied with physician-assisted suicide alone: It's a dignified death, sure, and it saves some pain, but it's still just a death, a negative, a loss. Kevorkian's ultimate vision would combine all of his crusades into one. He would make each death a shining, productive event.

A year after he first assisted in a death, that of Janet Adkins, Kevorkian published his book *Prescription: Medicide*. In it he describes his mission: "It is not simply to help suffering or doomed persons kill themselves—that is merely the first step, an early, distasteful professional obligation (now called medicide) that nobody in his or her right mind could savor. I explained that what I find most satisfying is the prospect of performing invaluable experiments or other beneficial medical acts under conditions that this first unpleasant step can help establish—in a word, obitiatry."

"Obitiatry," in Kevorkian's lexicon, would be a medical specialty that dealt exclusively in positive planned death. Its practitioners would staff special suicide centers ("obitoriums"), where patients would have the option of volunteering for experimentation or organ harvesting before death. Planning ahead, he has dissected the state of Michigan into 14 obitiatry zones, each to be serviced by its own suicide center.

In a 1988 article, *The Last Fearsome Taboo: Medical Aspects of Planned Death*, published in the German journal *Medicine and Law*, Kevorkian speculates on practicing a new technique for removing a pancreas on a healthy but suicidal 22-year-old man who "certifies in writing his irrevocable intention of dying."

Until society is ready to accept such visions, however, Kevorkian will have to

settle for his position as the man with his hand on the carbon monoxide valve.

•

Dr. Ljubisa Dragovic was bewildered when he arrived at the home of Sue Williams on May 15, 1992. Williams, who had suffered from multiple sclerosis, had died earlier in the day from carbon monoxide poisoning. She was Kevorkian's fourth assisted suicide. By the time Dr. Dragovic, the Oakland County, Michigan medical examiner, got there, the Kevorkian crew had turned the house into its field headquarters.

"When a death is being investigated, the police normally control the scene," Dragovic says. "Here, Fieger was orchestrating everything and the police were asking questions. When I showed up, he said, 'Hi, doctor. Want some coffee?' The dead woman was on the floor, and they were offering coffee and preparing pizza. Kevorkian was sitting in another room flipping the channels on the TV set to check on media coverage. It was a party atmosphere."

Dragovic was at this death scene only to advise another medical examiner. But you can be sure that if Sue Williams' death had been in his caseload, he would have classified it as a homicide, as he has with every Kevorkian case he's looked at. He regards anyone who would write "suicide" on the death certificate of a Kevorkian client as spineless and dishonest. "The fact that the patients want to die doesn't make these suicides," he says. "Someone else terminates their lives. That's why these are homicides." Dragovic argues that if you physically assist in a suicide, you've killed.

But it's not the act of homicide that arouses Dragovic's ire against Kevorkian; it's that the doctor is so bad at it. Dragovic, wearing a bow tie and khaki pants, has a teddy-bear look about him. But get him talking about Kevorkian's procedures, his scientific chops, and Dragovic becomes a grizzly.

"Kevorkian is a dilettante," he says. "He doesn't understand the basic principles of science. Your first and last example is Marjorie Wantz." Wantz was Kevorkian's second assisted death; she and Sherry Miller, his third assisted death, died on the same night in 1991. Wantz was a 58-year-old woman who claimed to suffer from severe pelvic pain that had grown increasingly worse despite ten operations to relieve it. In her videotaped consultation with Kevorkian, Wantz insisted on an autopsy after she died, to reveal the details of her suffering. "I want to be cut ten ways," she said.

Dragovic did the autopsy. "There was no evidence of a painful disease in her body," he says. "There is no controversy about that whatsoever."

Kevorkian helped her die despite the

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Page 22: "Backward Glance": **Backpacks:** By *Kenneth Cole*, for information, 800-KEN-COLE. By *Tumi*, for information, 800-322-TUMI. By *Ghurka*, for information, 800-852-9796 and in NY, 212-826-8302. By *Outdoor Products*, at fine sporting goods stores. By *Eagle Creek*, for information, 800-874-9925. By *Rugby North America*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. "Poly Goes PC": **Fleece pullover** by *Timberland*, for information, 800-644-0600. **Pants and vest** by *Eastern Mountain Sports*, at Eastern Mountain stores nationwide. **Oxford shoes** by *G.H. Bass*, for information, 800-873-4746. **Hunting cap** by *Hat Attack*, at Canal Jean Co., 504 Broadway, NYC, 212-226-1130. "Hot Shopping: San Francisco": *One by Two*, 45 Rose Alley, 415-252-1460. *Andre's Body Shop*, 371 Hayes St., 415-241-0203. *Bella Donna*, 539 Hayes St., 415-861-7182. *AD/50*, 610 Laguna St., 415-626-4575. *Nomads*, 555 Hayes St., 415-864-5692. "Clothes Line": **Turtlenecks** by *Eddie Bauer*, for information, 800-426-8020. **Loafers** by *Cole-Haan*, at fine footwear stores nationwide. **Sneakers** by *Converse*, at better department and sporting good stores nationwide. **Denim jeans** by *Levi Strauss*, for information, 800-USA-LEVI. "Socks, Ties and Videotape": **Books:** *Red Socks Don't Work*, by Kenneth Karpinski, for information, 800-462-6420. *Men of Style*, by Donald Charles Richardson, and *Chic Simple* (by Jeff Stone and Kim Johnson Gross), for information, 800-733-3000. **Video:** *Tie Tying and More* by World Premier Productions, to order, 214-354-9926 or write to P.O. Box 744245, Dallas, TX 75374.

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Page 108: **Water guns:** By *Larami*, at retailers nationwide. By *Remco Toys*, for information, 800-243-2961.

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ON THE SCENE

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fact that her illness, even if real, was not terminal.

Even Derek Humphry, founder of the pro-euthanasia Hemlock Society, was appalled. "That woman was catatonic, she was out of it," he said after watching her videotaped consultation. "There should have been more examination. In four years he has helped 20 people to die. With legalized euthanasia, there would be 3000 or 4000 deaths a year. Say that even one of his 20 cases is questionable—that doesn't help us at all."

The Wantz case isn't the only one to raise questions. According to a toxicologist who examined the body of Janet Adkins, the vaunted suicide machine actually didn't work as intended. Adkins died of an overdose of the barbiturate that was supposed to anesthetize her, not of the heart-stopping agent that was pumped in.

Even Kevorkian's term, "medicide," gnaws at Dragovic. "Medicide is nonsense," the medical examiner says. "Medicide means the killing of a physician. It is semantic, but it shows you the shallowness of the approach. Unless we seek advice from those who are better informed and have better understanding, we are going to be guided by those who understand and know less."

•

Geoff Fieger likes to claim a certain immunity from the material motivations of men. "I'm not interested in money," he says. "I don't even care about collecting the money in the lawsuits I win. All I care about is winning."

Winning, in the Kevorkian case, requires more of Fieger than mere courtroom agility. In fact, the courtroom has been a secondary forum for Fieger since he took over Kevorkian's defense almost four years ago. The primary forum is, of course, the media, and the primary tactic is the audacious sound bite.

"He'll say anything," says Michael Modelski, a former assistant prosecutor for Oakland County who tangled with Fieger in the early Kevorkian court appearances. "He would just make things up. If he thought it would make a headline, he would run with it, and he would laugh about it afterward." At one news conference, Fieger pinned a large red clown's nose on a blown-up photograph of Oakland County prosecutor Richard Thompson.

Fieger has said to me—repeatedly, as he says most things—that his outrageousness is designed to obscure the prickliness of his client. "I know I've won when they say, 'Kevorkian is OK, but I hate that Fieger.'"

When I stop by Fieger's house for a chat on a perfect Good Friday afternoon, the attorney is in rare form. We sit on his deck, which overlooks a golf course, and sip lemonade, then wine. It doesn't take much to set him off—maybe one mention of Dragovic.

"He's a Transylvanian vampire," Fieger cries. "He's a fucking lunatic if I've ever seen one. He made up his own definition of assisted suicide. Only in Oakland County is suicide murder. He made it up. We had him on the stand during the Sherry Miller and Marjorie Wantz thing. I said, 'Well, Dr. Dragovic, how was this homicide? I thought that you just described how they killed themselves. How did someone else murder them?'

"He said, 'They died twice.'

"I said, 'Very interesting. How did that happen?'

"He said, 'They died first by their own hands, then by Kevorkian's hand.' He's a fucking lunatic, in his fucking bow tie. You can quote me on that, because the fucking guy is a vampire."

This is clearly a performance, but it's a performance that, at times, seems to get away from the performer. At one point he conjures his own wacky theories of biological determinism. "It may be," he says, "that the ones who can accept assisted suicide are slowly evolving to a higher evolutionary plane, where they can see that this is an intellectual issue." Fieger and Kevorkian, in other words, are not just right, they're one rung up on the evolutionary ladder.

The Darwin shtick isn't the only demonstration Fieger attempts to make of the depth of his thought—and his soul—this afternoon. At one point I lob him the obvious hypothetical: If you were terminally ill, would you ask for Kevorkian's help?

"Fuck, who knows?" he says. "I can't even imagine it. I can't even comprehend it, and it scares the shit out of me. I asked Kevorkian. He's been with people when they die. I said, 'Tell me, teach me, Jack. Teach me. Are they afraid?' He says, 'They're 100 percent not afraid.' He says there's a point in the dying process when you want to die more than you want to live. We can't imagine it because we're not dying."

But Fieger says he has it figured out. In fact, he can imagine it. "I liken it to this," he says. "Before I ever had an orgasm I was scared to death that something bad was going to happen. Once you have one, you want to do it again and again. But before I'd ever done it, I didn't know. I was scared. So I guess no one can really understand until they're dying how they would want that."

Trying to swim back to solid ground, I ask about Kevorkian's April trial. A year ago, only hours after Wayne County prosecutor John O'Hair mentioned in a radio interview that he didn't have enough evidence to charge Kevorkian in an assisted suicide, Kevorkian called a news conference to clear up any ambiguity. "I assisted Thomas Hyde in a merciful suicide," he said. "There's no doubt about that. I state it emphatically."

I ask Fieger why they were so eager to get Kevorkian arrested on this one. "We needed a prosecution," he says. "You need to have a Scopes trial to reveal the ridiculousness of William Jennings Bryan, don't you? Otherwise, he might be considered in history as a great orator, but he's gone down as an utter fool."

Following this scenario, Fieger would be attorney Clarence Darrow, but he bridles when I suggest that.

"No!" he says. "Clarence Darrow was an old, cigar-smoking, frumpy-looking guy. In style I think we're different. But I'm just as good a lawyer as he ever was."

•

Last November, Kevorkian and Fieger began building toward their day in court. First, Kevorkian was jailed when he refused to post $2000 of a $20,000 bond in the assisted suicide of Thomas Hyde. Immediately, he began a long-threatened juice fast, and just as quickly, Fieger began tolling his client's death knell. Kevorkian entered jail on a Friday, and on Sunday, Fieger was quoted as saying, "We don't have much time. I don't think that Jack has long to live. He's not doing well. He's very haggard, very cold."

A couple of days later, John DeMoss, a lawyer who opposes assisted suicide, posted Kevorkian's bail just to get him off the TV screen.

Then, in December, Kevorkian was back in jail in connection with the assisted suicide of Merian Frederick, and again he began to fast. This time nobody stepped in, and the nation was treated to regular televised images of the hunger striker huddled under a blanket in a wheelchair, his wan face obscured by gray stubble.

"He was really angry that I got him out," says Fieger, who had the bond lowered to $100. "He heard Gandhi had fasted for three weeks, and he got to do it for only 18 days."

This blindered belief in their own place in history is what drives Kevorkian and Fieger in their crusade. "He's not infallible, he's not God," Fieger says. "He just happens to be absolutely right."

It's a powerful certitude, particularly when coupled with the team's emotionally appealing message, as stated by Fieger: "If you're sick and dying and suffering, and you say 'Enough's enough,' you have the right to get out. I mean, that's pretty logical."

The subject becomes complicated, though, when you add the twist that we not only have the right to bring about our own deaths but also to have professionals help us.

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Law School. Kamisar believes that the legal distinction should be maintained between removing life supports and actively helping someone die. "Once you establish the right to actively choose to die, then any time a person says, 'I'm suffering enough,' you can't say, 'Well, that doesn't meet my standard of suffering.' There really is no stopping point."

Other people have more practical concerns about legalizing assisted suicide. "Let's get universal access to health care, and train doctors in pain management. Let's train the public that they have a right to refuse treatment and to participate in decision making," says Dr. John Finn, the medical director of the Hospice of Southeastern Michigan, which works with terminally ill patients to provide a "soft" death through pain mediation, counseling and other services. "To legalize physician-assisted suicide and not do all those other things is a nonsolution. We have to start by dealing with the real problems."

Earlier this year, Verna Spayth, a polio survivor, led a group of 15 disabled-rights activists in a protest before Michigan's Commission on Death and Dying, which was established in 1993—at the same time a law prohibiting assisted suicide was enacted. The activists objected to a proposal by the commission to legalize assisted suicide not only for the terminally ill but also for those with incurable or irreversible conditions that cause suffering. "That's not terminal illness anymore," says Spayth. "That's me and my friends." Spayth's main concern is the subtle societal coercion of people who are already vulnerable. "If you told your doctor that you wanted to commit suicide, he'd send you to a psychiatrist," she says. "If I said the same thing, he might congratulate me on making such a selfless decision."

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Throughout his trial in April, Kevorkian seemed to know something no one else did. While Fieger and assistant prosecutor Tim Kenny sparred, while a procession of witnesses testified to the psychological agony of dying with Lou Gehrig's disease (a common cause of death is strangulation on saliva) and while the Court TV commentators speculated on what the jury might decide, Kevorkian sat placidly at the defense table, studying Japanese.

By the time the jury returned with its verdict—after five days of testimony and nine hours of deliberation—Kevorkian had put aside his exercise in self-improvement. But he looked preternaturally confident as he sat waiting, dressed casually in the same white windbreaker he had worn throughout the trial, over a maroon cardigan and no tie. In fact, he looked almost smug.

His loose smile didn't change when the verdict was announced: not guilty.

It was a clear victory for Kevorkian and his team. But because of Fieger's defense tactics, it wasn't quite the resounding verdict on the issues of assisted suicide and personal freedom that Fieger had promised when he touted the case as "the Scopes trial of the Nineties" and "the trial of the century." Fieger forced the trial to go ahead when both the judge and the prosecutor would have preferred to wait for an appeals court ruling on the constitutionality of Michigan's law banning assisted suicide. In spite of all this buildup, Fieger went on to use loopholes and technicalities to defend Kevorkian, rather than ask the jury to acquit his client because he'd been charged under an immoral law, or because he represented civil rights in their purest form.

First, he dropped the bombshell that the suicide had actually occurred in Kevorkian's van while it was parked behind his apartment in Oakland County—not on an island in Wayne County where the body was found. The case, he said, was being tried in the wrong county and should therefore be dismissed.

Then he turned to semantics. One subsection of Michigan's law banning assisted suicide exempts anyone who is "administering medications or procedures, if the intent is to relieve pain or discomfort and not cause death, even if the medication or procedure may hasten the risk of death." Fieger, in a brilliant display of chutzpah and persuasion, convinced the jury that, in strapping Hyde to the canister of carbon monoxide, Kevorkian's intent was not to cause death but to relieve pain. (It may have convinced the jury, but it wouldn't convince the appeals court. Eight days after the verdict, the panel of judges declared the assisted-suicide ban unconstitutional on narrow, technical grounds. The high court then backhanded Kevorkian by reinstating murder charges against him in the deaths of Marjorie Wantz and Sherry Miller. Immediately, Fieger and the prosecutors were at it again.)

The strategic maneuvering ultimately overshadowed some of the quieter, more intriguing moments of the trial. One of the most interesting exchanges, for instance, was buried in the middle of Kevorkian's testimony, when Fieger asked him about the motivation behind his death-related research and experimentation. "Maybe it's the boy in me," Kevorkian responded. "In a way, I haven't grown up. I'm curious, and new things interest me. And like a young boy—taboos really challenge me."

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My favorite of the paintings is the Christmas deconstruction. It shows an emaciated body, its hands and feet withered, standing dejected in a dark room, swathed in twisting vines of red and green garland. An ornament hangs from a fingertip. Two wrapped presents occupy the foreground. To the right of the "tree," the black-booted leg of Santa Claus descends through a fireplace and crushes a baby in a manger.

The painting, titled *Fa-La-La-La-La, La-La, La, La,* was a Jack Kevorkian original, and was quite adeptly rendered, at least in the snapshot I've seen of it. It apparently no longer exists, though—lost, along with 17 other paintings, in transit from California to Michigan in 1990. But Kevorkian is working to re-create two of the lost paintings—not, unfortunately, the Christmas scene, nor another painting called *Genocide,* which was adorned with a frame daubed with Kevorkian's blood.

The re-creation that is sure to cause the greatest stir is of a lost painting that was called *The Gourmet.* It depicts a yellow, decapitated body seated with serving fork and carving knife before a feast—its own head, stuffed with an apple, on a silver platter. Side dishes decorate the table: a helmet filled with bullets, a bowl of crosses. The salt and pepper shakers are mortar shells.

Fieger plans to auction Kevorkian's artwork. He said he expects the pieces to fetch $100,000 each, which would fund the campaign to amend Michigan's constitution. The amendment, if it makes the ballot and passes, will read as follows: "The right of competent adults who are incapacitated by incurable medical conditions to voluntarily request and receive medical assistance with respect to whether or not their lives continue shall not be restrained or abridged."

Its stark language bothers Derek Humphry. "It is open-ended euthanasia, and it's full of risks," he says. "No conditions, no waiting periods. Any doctor can help any incurably sick person anytime at any place. The thinking people in our movement are appalled by it. If you have Kevorkian's type of euthanasia, it will be a slippery slope. Kevorkian's is a recipe for skiing down a glacier."

Ironically, though, the amendment would seem to put Kevorkian himself out of the suicide business; his Michigan medical license was revoked in late 1991, after his second and third assisted suicides. When I asked Fieger about it, he didn't seem too concerned. "How could the father of assisted suicide not be allowed to do it?" he said.

I asked him why he hadn't tried to get Kevorkian's license reinstated.

"I will," he said. "It's not my most important goal right now. I mean, it hasn't stopped him, has it?"

HOLY WAR

(continued from page 66)

plaster-spattered construction boots, Nike hightops, worn-out wing tips, the black, thick-soled shoes of civil servants. Among the crowd of émigrés are many African Americans, mostly young men with knitted skullcaps or baseball hats turned backward.

The imam, or clerical leader of the mosque, wears a brown robe and stands at a lectern reciting the teachings of the Koran. "Imagine if you are out on a dark, windy night, and there is thunder," says Nidal Abuasi, a director of the mosque who is translating the imam's Arabic to English. "The hypocrites put their hands to their ears so they don't hear the thunder. They live in fear. But the believers understand the storm."

As the imam speaks, sirens wail on the street below. There is the clatter of street merchants and the braying of car horns—the sounds of the storm from which they seek shelter. It is an insular community, seeking a deeper faith that will guide it through the godless, materialistic canyons of New York City.

Many of the worshipers—young men from Algeria, Yemen, Egypt, the West Bank and Jordan—gather in the hallways after the service. They banter about job openings at cab companies and construction sites, and share information on cheap apartments and used cars. There is heated debate about the Middle East peace plan and the revolutionary movements toward Islamic fundamentalism in Algeria and the Sudan.

Ahmed, 30, who arrived from Yemen ten months ago, has just landed a job as a doorman at an apartment building in Manhattan. He has brought his wife and seven children to Brooklyn but, like most of the immigrants, he dreams of returning home.

"You see the life here where people have two dogs and two cars. They pay more for their dogs than people in my country can pay to support their children," he says. "Americans do not know the world. They are educated, but they are ignorant."

Ezzat El Sheemy, who emigrated from Egypt 15 years ago, is an accountant for the city government and a leader in the Muslim community. In the past few years, he has been caught up in a battle with the militant new arrivals for control of Brooklyn's largest mosques.

The younger militants do not share El Sheemy's goals or values. "They are still living in the Middle East," he says, "and they are more passionate about what is happening there. Many see religion as a vehicle to express their rage. That is wrong, that is not Islam."

The battle is in many ways a microcosm of the worldwide struggle within Islam, pitting moderate Muslims in favor of secular law against militant fundamentalists. In Brooklyn, the battle began when Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman arrived in the U.S. on a visa from the Sudan in May 1990.

In his homeland, Abdel Rahman had a reputation as a popular and respected theologian. He had also been charged by Egyptian authorities with giving religious sanction to the 1981 assassination of Anwar Sadat. He was later acquitted. By the mid-Eighties he had become an important spiritual leader among the international brigades that supported the mujahideen, the CIA-backed freedom fighters in Afghanistan.

By 1991 these same militant Muslims—including Mahmud Abouhalima and other defendants in the World Trade Center bombing and the forthcoming conspiracy case—became enraged by U.S. involvement in the Gulf War and turned their anger against their former American allies.

Despite his history of involvement with violent fringe groups, Rahman was welcomed at the Abu Bakr Siddique and Al Farooq mosques when he arrived in Brooklyn. Moderates such as Ezzat El Sheemy were taken aback by Rahman's fiery sermons about the evils of America and his talk of a holy war involving all Muslims in the U.S. The threats were vague, but to the young militant immigrants who were still living the passions of the Middle East, they were a stirring call to action.

Eventually Rahman was barred from the pulpit at Al Farooq. But at Abu Bakr Siddique a coterie of fundamentalists flocked to him. Rahman and Abouhalima took control of the mosque. The fundamentalists also insinuated themselves into the Alkifah Refugee Center in Brooklyn, an organization that raised millions of dollars to aid refugees and help fund the rebels in Afghanistan. Worshipers said the radicals even took over the mosque's school, teaching students the theology of jihad, the battle cry for holy war against the enemies of Islam. It was a remarkable change for the mosque, which for more than 20 years had offered spiritual guidance and social services for immigrants adjusting to Western ways.

Members say that as Sheikh Rahman's power grew, he sought control of the fund-raising apparatus of Alkifah Refugee Center and the mosques. Many in the community say privately that Rahman tried to turn his followers against Alkifah director Mustafa Shalabi. Apparently Shalabi believed that he was in danger and sent his wife and children back to Egypt in the fall of 1992. Three days after their departure, Shalabi was found knifed and shot to death in his apartment. Members of Abu Bakr Siddique say that the radicals played on the notoriety from the murder to bolster their strength in the community.

Ezzat El Sheemy says that he was

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threatened when he tried to fight against the militancy taking hold in Abu Bakr's school, which his children attended. "They told me to do what they said or I'd end up like Mustafa Shalabi," says El Sheemy.

Two years ago, the mosque's annual election was marred by shouting matches and a fistfight so violent that the police had to be called in.

"The violence in the mosque is very sad to most Muslims," sighs El Sheemy. "But our people are from the Middle East. Unfortunately, they do not have experience with democracy. The young people are very militant. There was no way to stop them."

Some of the young militants gather at the Fertile Crescent Grocery on Atlantic Avenue. The aisles are stacked with boxes of sugar-coated pastries and rows of nuts and dried fruits. A butcher cuts meat prepared in accordance with halal. There are bumper stickers that say I ♥ ISLAM and stacks of videos of Islamic theologians and militant leaders with such titles as *Should Rushdie Die?* and *Israel: Set Up for Destruction*.

A video called *Revolution of the Mosques* was playing on a television in the corner of the Fertile Crescent, watched by a knot of sullen young men, their arms folded across their chests. On-screen, a leader of the Palestinian group Hamas, which has claimed responsibility for car bombings and other terrorist attacks in Israel, pounds his fist in rage. While the video's narrator rails against Israel, pictures flash on the screen of West Bank teenagers throwing rocks and Molotov cocktails at Israeli soldiers. A phone number is given with a plea for donations.

"I have many customers who are with Hamas, but I have many suppliers who are Orthodox Jews," says Hamed Nabwy, owner of the Fertile Crescent. "That's the difference between Brooklyn and the West Bank. Here business is first and religion is second. There, religion is first and everything else is second."

Nabwy came to the U.S. in 1980 from Egypt, where he received a college degree in accounting. He found work as a dishwasher and has since built a small empire that includes his grocery, a car service and a new restaurant next door.

To many of the young people who come into his store after services at the nearby Al Farooq mosque, Nabwy is a role model. They revere him as a man who made it but who never slighted his faith or his fierce political beliefs. His anger surfaces as he talks about the slaughter of Muslims in Bosnia, and about overthrowing what he thinks of as the corrupt Egyptian government.

"The young people coming here see this country as corrupt, as fallen," he says. "They become more religious when they arrive, and more political."

He points to a collection of militant videos, cassettes, articles and pamphlets on Jewish control of American media, politics and foreign policy. "These books are banned in their country, but here the young people see the truth," says Nabwy. "Does that make them militant? What do you think?"

•

Last March, a van packed with more than a dozen rabbinical students was approaching the Brooklyn Bridge, where dramatic views of the city's shimmering towers, the bay and the sky all come together. It is one of the city's great vistas. Henceforth, it will also carry the unfortunate image of the gunfire that brought death and bloodshed to the passengers in the van. After the first round of bullets, the driver of a blue Caprice maintained his pursuit while the van careened across the bridge. Two more bursts of gunfire from the Caprice ripped through the van, leaving the asphalt sparkling with shattered glass.

Hours later, two Lubavitchers used white towels to wipe up the victims' blood, adhering to the ancient tenets of religious law which require that the blood of a Jew killed by violence be collected and buried with the deceased. In all, four young men had been wounded, and one of them, 16-year-old Aaron Halberstam, died several days later.

The students in the van were members of the Lubavitcher Hasidic community of Crown Heights, home of Grand Rebbe Menachem Schneerson, whom the Lubavitchers believe to be their Messiah. They were returning from a Manhattan hospital where they had been praying for Schneerson, who had undergone surgery after a stroke.

The day after the shooting, police arrested 28-year-old Rashid Baz, a Brooklyn cabdriver who emigrated from Lebanon in 1984. Immediately, the shooting was interpreted by many Jews as retaliation for the massacre at Hebron. Police, however, have been reluctant to assign a motive.

The manager of Fourth Avenue Pizza in Brooklyn calls himself Baz' "only friend in the world." Baz used to come into his shop nearly every day to have coffee and discuss Middle East politics and life in America.

"Yes, he was talking about the shooting in Hebron," says Oscar, who refused to give his last name. "Every Muslim was hurt and angry. But he was no angrier than anyone else I know. The truth is, he was not a follower of Islam. He did not really know how to pray. And, if he did this shooting, he definitely did not understand Islam. Islam is about peace, not violence, not killing innocent people."

The Lubavitchers didn't need a police report to know that once again the violence of the Middle East was turning back toward Brooklyn. "What happened at Hebron may as well have happened

"Did you know your pecker goes up and down when you read?"

next door," says Joseph Printsky, 68, a butcher who prepares kosher meats and poultry. "The world is so small now with faxes and telephones and satellites. All the news is instantaneous, so the repercussions are also instantaneous."

Among other Orthodox communities there is a growing number of hard-liners who see the peace plan as a threat to the state of Israel. Many Jews, like their Muslim counterparts down the street, feel that there will be more violence, here and in the Middle East, over the Israeli–PLO proposal calling for Palestinian self-rule in Gaza and the West Bank.

"You have to look at how the shooting in Hebron and the [alleged] shooting by this man Baz are related and come back to Brooklyn," says Dr. M.T. Mehdi, president of the New York–based Arab American Relation Committee. "Goldstein came from Brooklyn and felt he had the right to go to the West Bank and take the land. To go to the mosque and shoot those innocent people as a message was horrifying. So the question is, do the Arabs have the right to resist that? I believe they do. It was just a question of time before an Arab snapped over what happened in Hebron. And this time it was just a nobody, a cabdriver from Brooklyn, who will be known only for his violence."

The reaction against the nascent peace movement in the Middle East has been extreme among conservative Jews. In the past six months, the Lubavitcher world headquarters in Brooklyn has spent millions of dollars to deliver the message that Israel is in danger. With their ability to provide 200 buses and turn out some 100,000 activists instantly on any given day, the Lubavitchers have played a key role in shifting public opinion against the peace plan in Israel and, to some extent, in America as well. Says Ben Kaspit, the New York correspondent for *Ma'ariv*, a major Israeli newspaper: "The Lubavitchers are very right-wing and they are loaded with money."

Kaspit sees Kahane Chai as an extremist group on the far right edge of an increasingly conservative American Jewry. This broader political realignment began in Brooklyn, says Kaspit, where the majority of America's militant Jews reside. In Brooklyn, he says, there are children of Holocaust survivors, and of those who fell victim to it. "The second generation is aware of that history and is very militant, maybe even a little unbalanced that way," he adds.

Driven by a history that haunts them, many of these Brooklyn-born men and women in their 30s and 40s have gone to settlements near Hebron, where Goldstein lived. "There are a lot of thick Brooklyn accents in the settlements," says Kaspit. "Guys with the beards and crazy eyes stood alongside Goldstein. There are many who see him as a hero."

Others aren't so sure. Ron Kuby, of William Kunstler's law firm, does not believe what he calls "the hype" that terrorism—whether Arab or Jewish—is coming to American shores. He sees it as a way for America to define a new "enemy within." And he believes that Brooklyn, which survives and thrives on the chaos of so many different nationalities, is in its own way a remarkable homage to peaceful coexistence.

"Brooklyn is amazing," says Kuby, sitting in his law office in the basement of a Greenwich Village brownstone. "You cross the bridge and you're transplanted to 18th century Poland on one street, and a few blocks down you're in 17th century Yemen. But I disagree that Brooklyn has the same violence as the Middle East."

"The most militant Jews in Borough Park and the most militant Arabs along Atlantic Avenue hate each other, and their colleagues are slaughtering each other halfway around the world. But here they can live within a few blocks and basically get along. The Middle East is too small for these two groups of people, but so far hundreds of thousands of them have found a way to survive and coexist in Brooklyn. Not bad, right?"

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GOING ALL THE WAY *(continued from page 120)*

"Sex is out there—in Gennie's case, sex in a field, at a keg party. But it is spiked with anxiety and tears."

wanted to know what it was like to grow up in a place where casual sex, or any sex, could seem so dangerous—a world in which 16-year-olds could discourse knowledgeably on rape, abortion or emergent sexually transmitted diseases. But after the initial impassioned rants (on bad boys, bad drugs and bad abortions), the conclusions, circa 1988, were surprisingly calm: You're young. Have fun. It won't get to you.

Asking the same questions recently, I found few New York–area girls who were calm about anything. There were 45 this time—the daughters of friends; neighbors; girls I had interviewed for previous stories—and, for balance, ten guys. They met me at restaurants in groups and went to the bathroom in pairs. They smoked a great deal and drank cappuccino (with chocolate) as they explained that 1988 seems like the deep, oddly innocent past. "Herpes is kind of corny," explains one 16-year-old girl. "I mean, as a thing to worry about." Denial these days is for the very stoned or else the hugely conceited. Leaning across the restaurant table, the girls would state that "the whole sex thing" now can and will get to you. "You know the deal: no lying. It's your honeymoon or your funeral," says one NYU girl as she casually scoops guacamole with her fingers.

For girls in New York—or girls anywhere these days—AIDS is no longer a horror story that happened to some guy's roommate's brother. It is officially there in life, a malevolent and permanent presence, as one 16-year-old says, "like Bosnia." In 1988 I found many 15-year-olds who had had sex and felt OK about it. Today's 15-year-olds have received basic AIDS education by the seventh grade. By the eighth grade, they have written papers with titles such as *AIDS and Its Impact on West Africa*. By tenth, at least, they will have made some personal connection to the disease: "Like this one speaker was going over symptoms," says Gennie Germaine, 17, of Dobbs Ferry, New York. "And I sat next to my friend and we were, like, Oh my God! It was at the time I found out I was lactose intolerant. One of the symptoms was diarrhea. I freaked."

And if the guys feigned a certain cool, few got through the mandatory AIDS lectures unscathed. "Like, at first, when you're 12, you're, like, Oh, this is Scarsdale. Who gets AIDS in Scarsdale?" says 17-year-old Michael Hewitt, a virgin who lives in the affluent New York City suburb. "By ninth, it was, Oh shit. You're going to die for some girl?"

Of course, AIDS was not unknown in 1988. Most kids had seen the random PBS documentary. Some had dutifully fitted condoms on bananas in health class. But sex education, in school or at home, emphasized pregnancy, birth control and "real, relevant topics" such as syphilis. For teenagers, AIDS was the weird gay thing that killed Rock Hudson. It was not, as Tonya Sharazz, 15, of Brooklyn, explains, "so published like it is now. I have an older friend who died of AIDS. And he was mad at the system. He was not educated like we are now. Like, we have *Philadelphia*."

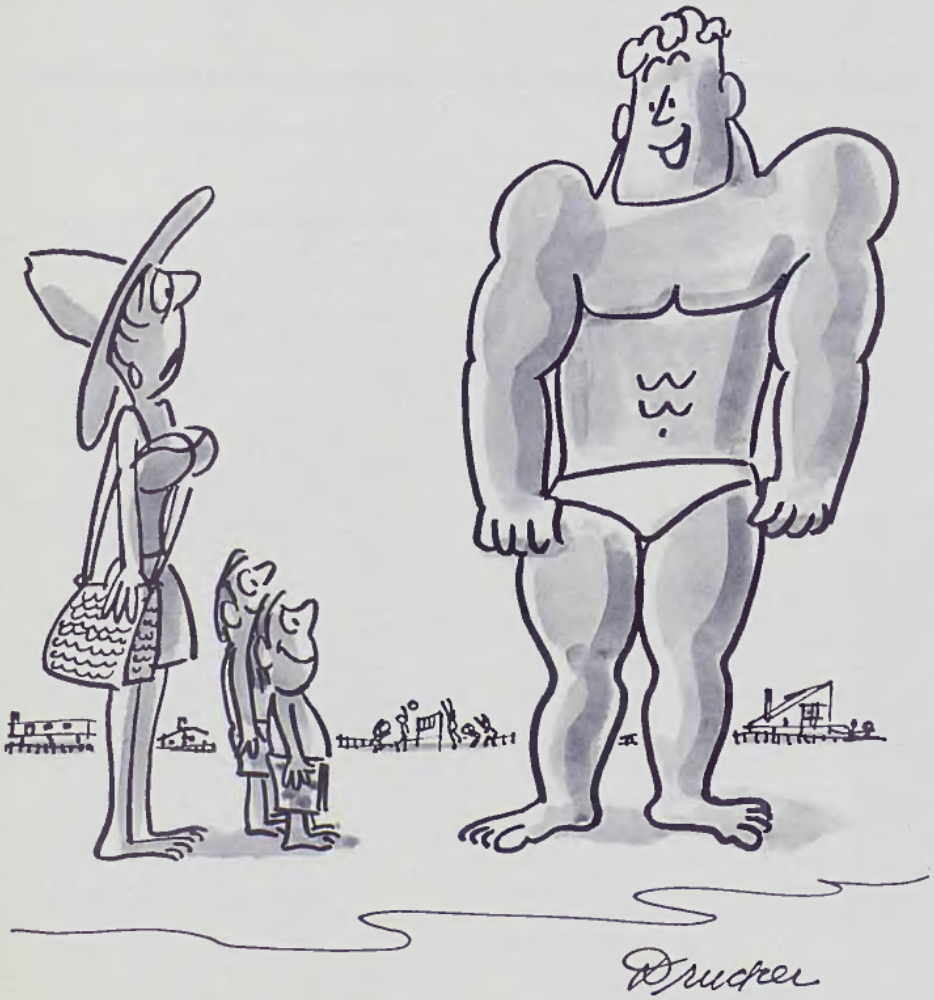
Back then, says Erin O'Rourke, a junior at Caldwell College in Caldwell, New Jersey, "you had that false hope. You're not gay. You're 17. There's time."

Now 20 or 21, many of these girls seem permanently nervous—stuck with what one 19-year-old calls "the scared black dot in the brain," the fear "at the back of consciousness" that can expand at any moment into a mushroom cloud: On June 6, 1989, I had unprotected sex. If younger girls seem to recite from a safe-sex manifesto, slightly older ones might confess that the boy was "like, 22" and how "proud" she was that he liked her. He said he'd had only two partners. But he lied. Or did steroids, got a tattoo, came close to needles or acted out as an abusive guy or an arrogant DJ or musician who signed "a multimillion-dollar deal in Santa Fe" and disappeared.

It's common to hear 17-year-olds such as Gennie say in all seriousness, "I have changed my lifestyle since I was 15."

Sex is out there, of course—in Gennie's case, sex in a field, at a keg party. But it is spiked with anxiety and tears, or at least with the passion-killing dynamics of "the conversation": Who, precisely, have you slept with? Why didn't you get latex? And, yes, there is a five percent chance of transmission through oral sex, meaning you must wear a condom for a blow job.

"It used to be you worried about your emotional well-being," says Sarah Tesh, a sophomore at the Dalton School in Manhattan. She smooths her hair like



"Junk food, fellas, lots and lots of junk food."

a bonnet or shield around her face as she says, "Do you love him? Will he respect you?"

Kelly Ann Ryan, who grew up on Long Island and now studies art in New York City, laughs when she tries to picture something so sweet. "In the Seventies and Eighties, I guess the worst was that you got left in the morning. He thought your name was Karen, but it's Joanne. So you cry and go have coffee but you're not going to get purple lesions all over you, have your lungs collapse, get pneumonia and die."

Even when speaking casually about sex, the average middle-class teen can sound apocalyptic. "Scary as shit" drugs are everywhere, they'll say. "Scary as shit" people—bisexual people—now exist, one girl told me, "in eighth grade." Talk to one of these girls for a while and she'll start to sound like a character in a Fifties science fiction film who, unlike others in town, sees the truth.

"Where I'm from, in Florida, I swear to you, everyone had sex with everyone," says Jennifer Sylvester, an NYU girl who—in "a terrible accident"—had dyed half her hair plus her fingertips pink. "And I swear to you, like, if someone gets AIDS, we all get it. All of us! Dead. We have to wake up. Because we're going to go away from home. College? It's going to get worse."

No one likes to say it. It seems so unfair. But leaving home, going out into the world, has come to seem much as it did before 1960: a big, scary risk for a girl or at least an enterprise filled with depressing questions: How can you trust any guy with your life? Will you ever, to quote one college freshman, "get into bodily fluids"? Or will you live forever with restrictions unwittingly summarized by 18-year-old Francine Lister? "It's perfectly natural to be nude, to share the sexual experience," she says. "But you can't have sex just because you feel sexual."

•

It's true, of course, that all sexually active adults now confront the same issues. But those issues are far more complex for a 17-year-old. In the healthiest of times, young sex can be an uncertain, often neurotic, activity. It unfolds against the backdrop of high school or college, that era of rigid caste systems and silent punishments—in general, all the prejudices common to small landlocked countries in eastern Europe. Whether handed down "from society, maybe from your mother" or from "old religious days"—or from those forces known as "the media and TV"—there are rules.

Rule one: You are expected to fuck within the perimeters of your group. Two: You are expected to do so according to the usual guidelines. One way if you're male, another if you're female.

Guys (ask any girl) are encouraged to score. "Anything," says one of the girls from NYU. "Cow butt? He'll take it." They are permitted outbursts of male myopia. As Sarah Tesh says, "Let's say that what he sees is between her shoulders and waist." In short, guys are still applauded for getting into and out of as many girls as possible with minimal eye contact.

Talk longer than five minutes to a guy—go beyond the rote "Yes, I believe girls are equal" declaration—and he'll confirm that it's different for girls. Carl Mosher, a tall, ponytailed senior at Riverhead High School in New York, is one of a handful of Long Island guys I met one afternoon. Carl makes the point: "Girls should really be older when they have sex. Guys should do it in high school and college. Girls shouldn't. Guys like a girl who'll give it up. But what do they really want?" He looks down at his immense, untied running shoe as if the answer were written there on the side. "The pure girl."

This much has not changed, not since 1976, when I left high school, nor since 1953, when my mother did: A girl must protect not only her body—her future—but her rep. "No matter how good the girl," says Ginger Friedman, the only virgin among the NYU crew, "it's always 'Oh my God, did you see her? She was all over him.'" She's loose, you'll hear, "wild as shit." Even if the wild and loose girl has her problems—"a fucked-up family thing," perhaps—it's still true that sluts are just sluts.

Today's slut seems remarkably similar to yesterday's. She sleeps with a variety of boys, none of whom is her boyfriend. She has sex in unappealing places, such as the bushes. And usually while wearing a dress the size of a washcloth.

"I guess it's just images we form of people. Words we learn," says Sarah Tesh. She shakes her head. Her hair doesn't move.

"Ho is one of the words," says Sandi Rattner, Tesh's best friend. "And you learn that a guy is never a ho."

Many girls attempt to point out that this double standard seems at odds with their historical epoch. "We just grew up all sex and drugs and rock and roll," says Joanne Gephart, born in 1978 in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. More accurately, they grew up with sex, drugs and rock and roll as cultural institutions. For decades, alcohol and recreational drugs—pot, coke, acid, and more recently, ecstasy—have been as common among kids as varsity football and the prom. There's a long tradition of getting wasted—or at least repeatedly buzzed—on the weekends and, in some bored cases, "baked" during the school day itself. Most girls profess to love imported beer and white wine. They love cigarettes and pot, though someone is typically swearing she's been "smoke free" one week, six days, five hours. And if she is not part

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of the nationwide acid revival, she has done ecstasy, the "full body" drug that can serve as a sexual substitute.

If it is possible for teenagers to avoid what parents still embarrassingly refer to as the drug scene, no one older than 12 avoids the public obsession with sex. "Growing up, you got that double message," says Jenett Cohen, an NYU girl who's been piling her hair into a wispy beehive. "It was dirty, but it was appealing. It was just there, in magazines, on MTV. That's what everyone talks about. Even parents do."

Many girls say they have a parent who is "totally cool" on the subject—an older mother who overcame "Fifties sexual repressiveness," or a countercultural mom who liked the Grateful Dead, appreciated the pill and wants to share both with her daughter. For those who have more tradition-bound parents, there were older siblings and, of course, the TV, which seems to have been on constantly.

"It was, like, you witnessed all this stuff on soap operas," says Francine Lister, who grew up on Long Island. "That was the background when you were eight years old: Who was jumping into and out of bed with who?" When the soaps ended, there were the talk shows and, later at night, made-for-cable TV movies that featured, as one boy says, "sex more than acting or scenery."

By the time most of these girls were 12, sex had become a public freak show, a surreal parade of battered women, Spur Posse cretins and the ubiquitous 15-year-old incest survivor and mother of twins. "Like, now we have sex harassment," says Germaine. "Once, after a football game, we were on a bus for cheerleaders and players and some guys started chanting, 'Show us your tits.' Some of us were shocked. Some yelled, 'Show us your dick.' After, there were fights. Charges were brought." She yawns. "There was a sexual sensitivity class."

"We are very aware of the harassment-and-date-rape situation," states Friedman. "More than our mothers, like, we know that guys manipulate words and everyone is drunk. You combine that with, like, where has this guy been? What kind of drugs? And you can't ever really know anybody. They don't know you. So, you know all that, why go back with him?"

•

These girls may know more about the bad probabilities than any nonmedical personnel on earth. Of all the high schools in the U.S., 93 percent offer courses in sexuality and AIDS. Many of their graduates can recite the ominous data. In 1987, there were 127 reported cases of AIDS in the U.S. among kids younger than 19, and four years later, 789. That's compared with 1145 last year in kids aged 13 to 19, and among those 20 to 24 years old, there were an alarming 12,712 cases. But for all the panic about AIDS, most girls still don't know anyone who has the disease. For them, there are more immediately threatening statistics: More than 1 million girls between the ages of 15 and 19 get pregnant each year, and some 3 million kids suffer from syphilis and other STDs.

It is not surprising, therefore, to hear a young woman say she gets "a massive body headache" just thinking about the sex act. Some say they'll wait for college. Others threaten to quit until they meet someone who's older, trustworthy and tested. If this guy fails to show, many say they'll marry "someone decent" at 25. Until then, determined virgins, whether the actual or born-again variety, support their decision with spirited platitudes. They are waiting to give themselves to "the right one." Or to "experience trusting, intimate joy with someone committed." Sometimes, like cheerleaders trying to perk up team spirit, they engage in a kind of virgin bonding.

"They called us the V-crowd," says Kelly Ann Ryan. "There were 11 of us and we stayed together, virgins, for all of high school. We got all the attention. Every guy was, like, Oh, we've got to get the V-crowd! Yeah, we were curious. Tempted. We fooled around, but we drew the line at intercourse."

Most girls will admit, however, that it gets harder and harder to draw the line—to control what Ryan calls that "unbelievable 'go' feeling." Nervous, guilty V-girls would call me at ten P.M. and say: "Don't tell anyone that I'm telling you this," or, "He said it was OK for oral sex this time." Cohen is more direct: "We're young. We want to do it. And there is this kind of pressure."

Eventually, the point is, you just do it. Or plan to. Or plan to plan.

Of course, the setting has to be right. This could mean a dorm room or a furnished basement with a wide-screen TV, or a conveniently empty parental bedroom. In an emergency, there is the car. And it is conceded that even a "nice" girl might, in a stable relationship situation, consider the beach.

Then there's the matter of contraception or what is now universally known as "protection." One recent study by the Centers for Disease Control indicates that 55 percent of all sexually active high school students did not use condoms the last time they had sex. But it's a rare high school student who will admit to it. They know the stats so well they sound like bumper stickers. And guys know that educated girls won't say yes unless they show up prepared, as one 16-year-old puts it, "like fucking Boy Scouts."

The girls will tell you, without actually saying so, that this arrangement—guys being responsible—suits them fine. Even

"I don't want to be bothered today, Miss Stone, unless it has something to do with sex."

at the age of 17, many seem to feel a kind of contraceptive exhaustion. Some are still on the pill (for menstrual regularity or "extra confidence"). A few older girls may even have struggled with strange and ancient methods such as the diaphragm. And many seem to think—even if they don't admit it—that there is something off about a girl who carries condoms, "like she is just waiting or looking for it," as Carl Mosher says.

What the girls handle these days is the now-essential pre-sex interview.

"You have to be entirely straightforward," Tesh says somberly. "Honest. No dancing around the subject. Take a deep breath and say it: Who were you with? And could I please have blood and urine samples before we proceed?"

After all the talking, that first time unfolds in one of two ways: Either they do it in a blast of passion, "a heat-of-the-moment" thing, and then freak out afterward, or they calculate and freak out before, during and after.

"I was scared to death the first time," says Ryan, so worked up by the memory that she's pushing lettuce off her plate. "I was, like, Oh my God, what if the condom breaks? I'm so scared of finding out I have AIDS. I was, like, Please, God! You cannot look into a computer, like, punch someone's name up and find out everything. Like, sex Nexis! Too bad. Because the confession—'Who's he been with?'—doesn't mean anything."

A few girls confide that they like massages or scented candles, or that a certain guy has a "humongous cock" or a "fuck-me-jam-it-in-the-back-door" approach. But there are many more who say nothing whatsoever about the sex. They did it "for the guy." They had their eyes closed. They don't even know if they've had orgasms. "We're just trying to get through the thing itself," says Cohen. A younger girl adds, "We're not sure of the technology."

But weed out all the awkward preambles, the freak-outs and the hopeful exaggerations, and the most typical sex encounters seem neither disastrous nor blissful. They are merely short-circuited. A long while after "the diseased guy," Cara Goldstein went back to a dorm room with "this guy I knew, sort of. And we were just kissing and stuff and it was nice. But he was, like, 'Can we make love?' I'm, like, love? Excuse me? I don't even know you." She taps some ice into her mouth, then says, "He got weird. And so I'm, like, Oh my God, you know, I thought I was over the panic—that I'm so scared of guys. It's a problem. The guys all want it, like, 'bi,' like in *Basic Instinct*. Sharon Stone. Madonna. They think it's fun. I left."

•

If many of my interviewees end up in confused, hair-flicking rants, there are those that start out speedy and upset and just stay that way.

For instance, Linn Chen of Brooklyn is the "only girl child" in a Chinese family that has strong views about virginity. "My mother said 'It is your most powerful possession. The Chinese woman is like a jewel.' Some people, in the heat of the moment, they feel 'Get it over with,' but I can't. I can't," she shouts. "I can't! I would be gypped. Low-down, as if I had lost my most valuable possession and where is my security? . . . Also, if I got AIDS, I would be dead. My parents would think, Our little girl let us down."

Tonya Sharazz tries to sound casual about sex and her friends: "A lot of girls from my school are pregnant. Out of 20, about half. Some are 15. And I know of 13-year-olds and a 17-year-old."

But she very quickly starts to sound angry. At the friend "who did it out of spite to bring her boyfriend and her closer together, but it just drew him away." Or the 13-year-old who told her she had a child because "she has no brothers or sisters" and needed "someone to take care of."

Tonya, an adamant virgin with "high expectations" of herself, sounds furious about having to consider sex at all. "I would have to be emotionally stable to do it. And be able to support my child. Even if it had seven arms or, like, a birth defect, I would still go through with it. Every action has its consequence," she says, emphasizing each word. "If there were no disease, there would be something else. Sex is associated with something bad."

Most of the girls I interviewed would denounce this sort of assessment as melodramatic. They would then return to talking about AIDS, pregnancy scares, abortions and how everything is made worse by untrustworthy guys. If guys are always slightly suspect—likely at best to discuss your body parts with their friends—they are now potentially life-threatening. Thus the usual complaints have taken on a paranoid twist: "He said he'd call me, but he didn't" now seems to mean, "Is he afraid to tell me something bad? Like about AIDS?"

"He seemed distant during sex" silently translates as, "Did the condom break and he didn't say?" When one 17-year-old says, "He was an animal, like, he bit," it's clear she wants to know, "Can you get AIDS from a hickey?"

But they are just as suspicious of—and hard on—one another. They critique their own sexual histories. They police their best friends, assessing behavior, attitudes and outfits for potential sluttiness. Some girl, somewhere, is always bemoaning what Ryan calls "that la-la-la damn dizzy attitude. The thing is, guys have their way. You've got to know how to handle them. You can't sleep with a guy on the first date, no matter what he says. Have some respect! Have a brain!"

In my own view, it's the rare girl now who seems flighty, ditzy, unaware that sex or AIDS could get to her. Jenett Cohen lets her improvised beehive slowly collapse and tries to summarize: "It's, like, if you're not tough, you're dead meat. End of story."

•

After polishing off the last flat diet Coke and stabbing that final cigarette

"It's been paid for."

into the cappuccino cup, the girls will look at one another and start to laugh. Because, like, it all sounds so extreme. And because they do have fun. And all the AIDS propaganda—the gym class talk—does get so tiring.

A few try to imagine something hopeful emerging from this mess. "I think we're going to see a return to feeling," says Victoria Jackson, a 20-year-old peer counselor on Long Island. "Kids are going to want to make love and not just fuck. That's what all this has led to—the therapy, the rehab. Even with AIDS. They want it to mean something."

Of course, there are kids who wish they had lived in the legendary free-love Seventies and Eighties, which seem to have blurred with the Sixties or, as Carl Mosher says, "in the Fifties. Just because of the way it was. Like, guys taking Miss Innocent Daughter out on a date."

"Our parents had it lucky," says Ginger Friedman, back at the NYU table. "It was the whole free-love time. You could experiment and not have to worry."

Cara Goldstein isn't so sure. "I think it's easy to imagine that it was so much better. Like, to be in the Sixties. What did you get then? The Grateful Dead? You can still like the Grateful Dead."

"Yeah, and the drugs," says Jenett Cohen.

Jennifer with the pink hair points out that living now has its advantages, except, of course, for sex—the fact that you can't, as she says, "just have a real live body when you feel like it."

"Hey, what are you going to do?" says Jenett. She pokes around to see what food remains on the plates. Cara hands her a half-smoked cigarette. She inhales and holds in the smoke as she says, "The fact that it sucks? You deal. You can't go around feeling doomed. You're going to die. I'm not even 19! I can't live saying, Oh, when I was 17, boy, then I was wild!"

"Hello . . . I'm Mr. Right."

DANA DELANY

(continued from page 124)

17.

PLAYBOY: What one thing about men would be wonderful to know?

DELANY: What most women want to know: Why can't men be monogamous? I don't hold it against men, though. The older I get, the more I'd rather hang out with women. Women today, especially in their 30s and older, are curious about so many things. They investigate and want to learn and aren't afraid of new things. Men are a little more fearful of change. I'm not trying to put down men; I just find that women's minds are more elastic. I used to be stimulated by sex. Now I'm stimulated by ideas. Or some good ideas about sex. [*Laughs*] But you know what? It used to be that women got together and talked about men. We don't anymore. In fact, we can have entire conversations without talking about men. I guess that will send the guys diving for the diaries.

18.

PLAYBOY: You were quoted as suggesting that actors Liam Neeson, James Woods and Willem Dafoe are among the best-endowed males in Hollywood. How do you know?

DELANY: After I said that, everyone thought I'd had sex with all those men. I haven't—or else I wouldn't have talked about it. I've seen Willem because I had a bird's-eye view in *Light Sleeper*. Liam is legendary. And Jimmy Woods is so proud that he'd be happy to share the fact with you. Jimmy was very flattered. He said he's gotten a lot more dates since that article came out. I read that Liam had mentioned it. I suppose that meant he was flattered. But who wouldn't be?

19.

PLAYBOY: Could you repeat the line you said to Willem Dafoe about his erection so that we can put it on our answering machine?

DELANY: [*Smiles*] "Quite an erection you have there." And then I say, "I'm dripping." That was my favorite line. Susan Sarandon was also in the film, though I didn't get to work with her because of scheduling problems. But there was one day of crossover when I had come in for a photo shoot. I walked into the trailer and Susan said, "Oh, here she is, Little Miss 'I'm dripping.'"

20.

PLAYBOY: Writers frequently describe you as "freshly scrubbed." Who would you like to bathe?

DELANY: Bono. He's greasy. And I'd like to meet him.

How Spies Die *(continued from page 82)*

"My hands went clammy around the ten-cent martinis at the Officers Club. Could I really help the other side?"

la Reforma, the main street through the capital. Its principal mission when Rick Ames arrived in 1981 was to keep track of and try to recruit European communist operatives. The Sandinistas were another recruiting priority. After two years in Mexico, though, Ames' most visible accomplishment was to recruit the strong-willed, intellectually oriented cultural attaché at the Colombian embassy, Maria del Rosario Casas Dupuy.

She was a puzzling choice as an agent. "You normally wouldn't hire her to spy on the Colombian embassy, which is a very low priority," remarked John Horton, a onetime CIA station chief in Mexico. Even if she were hired to pass on what she had heard from flirtatious communists, her value to the CIA would have been slight.

It was even more puzzling when Ames' agent became his lover. That, say the experts in retrospect, should have been the CIA's first warning. Operations directorate people should not have noticeable romances with paid informants.

Ames' questionable relationship with Rosario continued and did not harm his career. It is possible, of course, that Ames performed his job more efficiently than government disclosures since his arrest might indicate. The fact is that he was promoted again in 1983 and returned to Washington as the chief of counterintelligence for the Soviet branch of the operations directorate. His lover came with him.

The job gave Ames access to the dossiers of every CIA informant in the Soviet Union and its embassies abroad. Was it a good spot for a mole? "There's not another GS-14 in the CIA who would've been better placed," said Dean Almy. Ames worked in Washington until 1986, when he was assigned to Rome.

No one is sure when Ames began to spy, but the FBI affidavit states that he made his first domestic deposit of Soviet money on May 18, 1985. As it happened, just two days later, John Walker was arrested, and the astonishing secrets of the spy ring he ran with members of his own family were revealed. So many spies were caught around that time that 1985 came to be known as the Year of the Spy. Ronald Pelton had sold NSA secrets for five years before Yurchenko exposed him. John Walker, it turned out, had sold cryptography secrets to the Russians for nearly 20 years, until his angry ex-wife turned him in. "Kmart protects its toothpaste better than the Navy protects its secrets," he said later.

Was Ames alarmed when people who had done exactly what he was doing went off to jail? Perhaps. But what may have impressed Ames was not that they were caught but how easy it was to escape detection.

In August 1985, about the time Yurchenko defected, Ames married Maria del Rosario Casas Dupuy.

•

I once thought about going over. I knew the names and locations of communist agents who could have facilitated my defection to Hanoi. Or I could have stayed in my job and found an anonymous way to deliver information to the other side.

Such a consideration was the result of the troubling experience I had with my principal agent in Vietnam, the man at the top of the web of spies—and with my bosses. When the agent flunked a lie-detector test, I first suspected he was working for the communists. In fact, I discovered he was a secret agent for a neofascist political party and was using me to knock off the party's rivals on the left. It worked like this: My agent's job was to supply me with the names of Vietnamese citizens suspected of being members of the clandestine apparat. I gave the names to the Phoenix Program, a CIA-run operation specifically targeted against the Viet Cong political underground. On paper the Phoenix people then investigated the suspects. If the evidence warranted it, there would be arrests. As I said, that was on paper. From what I saw, the Phoenix Program was much different in practice. Its CIA hit teams got the names of suspects and killed them.

My agent had figured out how the system worked. He supplied me with the names of suspects due for certain assassination. The crisis came when I realized the names he gave me weren't communists, but Buddhists who favored a U.S. withdrawal and a negotiated end to the war. I tried to fire my agent, but because he had provided reliable reporting in other areas, Army Intelligence headquarters wouldn't let him go.

I brooded on this fatal corruption for a couple of weeks. I considered what I knew about other operations. A friend told me he had nicknamed his useless and expensive Vietnamese spooks Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves. I knew of a CIA officer who embezzled money. I knew about other U.S. officials who worked the black market or sent contraband antiquities home in the diplomatic pouch. I knew about the torture that the CIA supervised in a jail near my office, and that the Air Force was secretly bombing Laos and Cambodia day and night. The whole war was a criminal enterprise, it seemed, with a price tag in dead and mutilated Vietnamese and GIs.

My hands went clammy around the ten-cent martinis at the Officers Club. Could I really help the other side? It would be so easy. I was certain I could escape detection.

Well, I suppose I was a coward. I kept my mouth shut, went home and was discharged. In going over, I decided, I would have just played into the hands of another bunch of goons in Hanoi who had never impressed me much as Jeffersonian democrats. A year or so passed and eventually I did speak out publicly against the war. And then one day in 1971 a guy showed up and asked me for names.

"If you really want to help end the war," he said, "why don't you publish the names of your agents? Or just give them to me? I'll see that they get to Hanoi."

Well, those were good questions, but I already knew my answer. I couldn't see how adding a few more corpses to the pile would help end the war. It was one thing to blow the whistle. It would have been another thing to hand over the names of people who, at worst, were just trying to make a buck, or at best, had put their lives on the line for the American ideal of freedom, imperfect as it may be.

But Aldrich Ames did just that. Information that he provided may well have led to the execution of many people, the FBI says. "He was a rat," said one former CIA man, "who jumped on a sinking ship."

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The CIA is a peculiar institution whose ingrained ways made it easy for Ames' colleagues to ignore suspicious behavior and for him to avoid investigation. His expensive lifestyle, for example, was unremarkable. Ames fit well into the agency's tradition of genteel wits, so no one thought it implausible when he married a woman who would buy a half-million-dollar house with cash. In any case, Ames was a direct connection with the old days of the CIA, when it was not uncommon for uncashed paychecks to pile up in the desks of its wealthy employees.

Nor was it particularly odd that Ames was able to stay in the loop of sensitive documents even after he fell under suspicion and was transferred to a CIA narcotics desk in 1991. Secrets are the coin of the realm. It's only to be expected that CIA men are fascinated by them. They

collect and trade secrets as if they were baseball cards.

"The fact that he got information or documents from the Soviet branch after he was transferred does not surprise me," said one CIA operative who expressed the opinion of many others. "Somebody told me about the Iranian hostage rescue attempt two weeks before it happened—the airfields we had set up, everything—and I had no need to know. You just get together with somebody you know and trust and you trade all sorts of things."

Suspicion itself was not popular around the CIA, which had been tied into knots by the notorious counterintelligence czar James Jesus Angleton who, some say, went insane chasing Soviet moles he could never find. He was fired in 1974 and died in 1987.

But now, Angleton's old allies are getting their turn at bat. In April an anonymous memo arrived at the House and Senate intelligence committee charging that the CIA's counterintelligence function "was decentralized, subordinated and deliberately designed to cover up and protect double agents and moles" after Angleton's departure. It also claimed that Ames' boss warned him he was suspected of being a mole.

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In January 1970, a few months after I came home from Vietnam, an envelope arrived at my apartment in Boston, postmarked in Hawaii, with no return address. I opened it and found another envelope inside, this one with no markings at all. Inside that was a typed letter with no date, salutation or signature.

"I just thought you would like to know what happened after you left," it began. I knew immediately that it was from the man who had taken over my job in Da Nang.

In veiled language he told me what had happened to "Dinky," as we called the agent I had tried to fire. (The nickname was a play on his real name and the Vietnamese words for crazy, *dien cai dau*, literally, "electricity in the head," which GIs rendered as dinky-dow, slang for getting stoned.)

He had tried to fire Dinky, too, my successor wrote. Instead, Dinky was promoted. The Saigon intelligence command had manipulated his reports to raise his official credibility rating (and, of course, their own). So Dinky continued to provide the names of his political enemies to the U.S. intelligence system and to use the system as his personal Murder Inc. As the years went by, I often wondered what had happened to him.

The answer came out of the blue one Saturday afternoon years later when I walked into a Murphy's hardware store in Washington, D.C. There, working the cash register, was our man Dinky.

I said hello in Vietnamese. He looked at me and smiled with only a hint of recognition.

"Anything else?" he asked.

No, there really wasn't anything else.

Just like the old days, I handed him some money, and I walked out the door. I never saw him again.

I suspect many ex–CIA agents have similar stories about people getting away with intolerable conduct. Now their stories may have ominous and timely implications. The most significant, of course, is that Ames was not the only mole. The CIA leadership must face the fact that it has no idea how many of its personnel have gone bad. The agency employs 20,000 people, including thousands of clerical workers and computer wonks who have access to secrets but little of the sense of family that the agency once had. And now everybody knows that even a sloppy thief can steal the agency's deepest secrets.

Before Ames, the CIA could make the case that it could police itself. That may no longer be true, especially if the FBI has anything to say about it. The two organizations cooperated in the investigation of Ames, but uncomfortably. "The FBI and the CIA do not see eye to eye," said John Greaney, a former CIA deputy counsel. The FBI, he says, wants publicity and therefore wants to disclose everything when it makes a bust. The CIA, which isn't a law-enforcement organization, would rather disclose nothing. CIA men obviously find mole hunts unpleasant. "I know of guys who were suspected of being moles," a covert-action veteran told me. "One flunked the lie detector and they just let him go. They couldn't prove it." Another case "was swept under the rug because he was a valuable asset and no one wanted to admit the bad news. That happens a lot."

The CIA bureaucracy will probably try, as it did during this mole hunt, to resist scrutiny by the FBI, even though CIA director R. James Woolsey has suggested that there are other major counterintelligence investigations in the works. It seems inevitable that the FBI and the CIA will clash again, and that's good news for any and all moles who are still at work.

"Uh, some of the women were wondering if you couldn't include something about equal rights. . . ."

PACKING A PORTABLE

If you don't already own a portable cellular phone, digital technology may be just the incentive you need. Now available in major markets such as Miami, Los Angeles, New York and Chicago, digital cellular systems can handle about four times the capacity of current analog ones, which means cheaper calls and better connections. Static and background noise, for example, are diminished. And greater privacy is guaranteed: Speech is encoded as data, thus rendering it incomprehensible to an electronic eavesdropper. If digital cellular isn't yet offered in your hometown, there are plenty of analog portables worth considering. One of our favorite models is Motorola's wafer-thin Premier flip phone, which can easily be programmed to vibrate silently rather than ring.

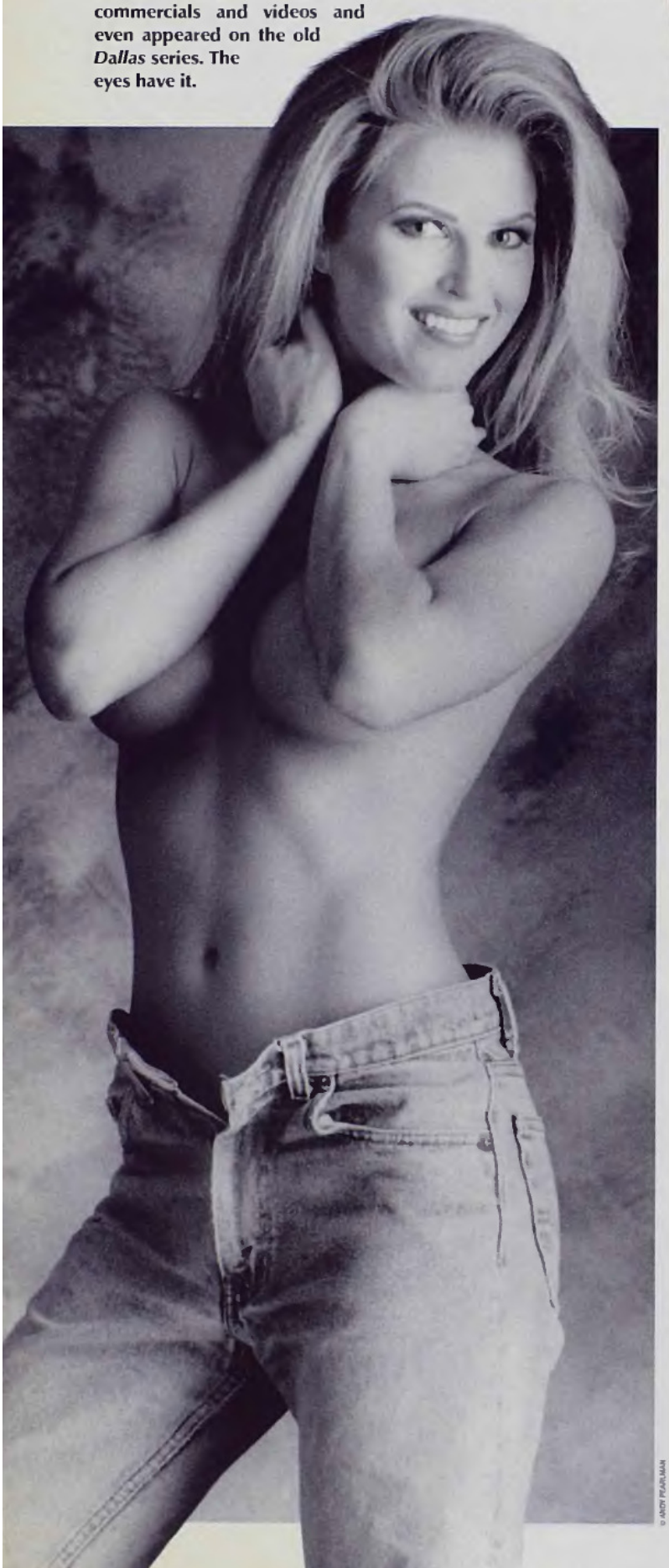
At left is the Nokia PC Card, a cable connecter and fax-modem PCMCIA card ($399) that lets you hook a Nokia portable cellular phone to a notebook computer to send and receive data, faxes and e-mail. Next to it is Nokia's eight-ounce 2120 digital-and-analog portable, featuring 99-memory speed dial and an optional battery, $75, that provides about three hours of talk time in digital mode, $600. Right: In addition to having ten-number memory speed dial and one-touch redial, the 6.9-ounce analog Motorola Premier vibrates to alert you to calls, $400.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 143.

Hidden Treasure

Model and actress TRACY HAGEMANN is a Texas beauty who has graced the pages of magazines and calendars, done television commercials and videos and even appeared on the old *Dallas* series. The eyes have it.



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Sheer Gear

Are we imagining it, or are all the best-looking women in Hollywood wearing the same black dress? Exhibit A: MADELEINE STOWE. Fresh from two talked-about movies this year, *Blink* and *Bad Girls*, Madeleine can wear whatever suits her.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Hip-Hop Meets Bebop

The best fusion of jazz and rap these days can be heard on *Hand On the Torch* by the Anglo-American band US3. The band is touring the States this summer with its unique blend of jazz sampling, improvisational riffs and freestyle raps. Go for it.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Rick's Tricks

To celebrate Cheap Trick's 20th anniversary, RICK NIELSEN and his bandmates released *Woke Up With a Monster* and then hit the road. Rick has hundreds of guitars and he can make them all howl. Hail, hail, rock and roll.

Cross My Heart

New to show business, DEANNE TRAVIS has her eyes open and her hands up. She's been modeling swimsuits and posing for calendars. Next up, a poster. Until then, Deanne shows her hand.

© WERNER W. POLLEINER

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Boys in the Band

An up-front admission: We really like MATERIAL ISSUE. Ever since *International Pop Overthrow* in 1991, we've been waiting for them to make the big move. Their latest album, *Freak City Soundtrack*, might just be it. Catch the tour.

Surf's Up, Top's Down

Canadian model PATTY KUPRYS makes a big splash with us. Patty says she has a passion for water sports. We're not a bit surprised. For some more emotion in the ocean, check out *Swimwear USA* and *Bikini Illustrated*.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

SKULL SESSION

Wearing a cap with the bill turned backward may be fine for 17-year-olds, but if you want adult headgear with an attitude, check out a Sport Skinz Skull Cap. It's a new style of leather-and-nylon cap that fits your head like a glove. The UV polycarbonate lenses are detachable, and there's a braided tail plus a tie in the back for one-size-fits-all comfort, making it ideal for almost all outdoor activities from cycling and skateboarding to hitting the highway in your roadster with the top down. A wide variety of color combinations are available, from wild-looking white leather teamed with purple nylon to no-nonsense black and gray. (The logos of a number of professional sports teams and universities are also available. Ask about them.) Sport Skinz sells Skull Caps for $34, postpaid. Call 800-355-SKIN to order.

THE SHADOW ON YOUR SHELF

Now that Alec Baldwin has brought Lamont Cranston back to the movies in *The Shadow*, Graphitti Designs is offering a limited-edition (2500), nine-inch-tall bust of the famous crime fighter for $152, postpaid. The Shadow's chiseled features and crossed .45s have been accurately rendered by sculptor Randy Bowen, and the character's girasole ring is an Austrian crystal. Graphitti's address: 1140 North Kraemer Boulevard, Unit B, Anaheim, California 92806, or call 714-632-3356.

SCOTT MCADAMS

THE MAGICAL SUCCESS OF RICKY JAY

It's no mystery why tickets for the recent Manhattan magic show *Ricky Jay and His 52 Assistants* sold out immediately. Jay is a master sleight-of-hand artist (his 52 assistants, of course, are a deck of cards) and the author of *Learned Pigs & Fireproof Women*, a history of "unique, eccentric and amazing entertainers." Now he's pulled another rabbit out of his hat: *Jay's Journal of Anomalies*—a quarterly publication devoted to "conjurers, cheats, hustlers, hoaxers, pranksters, jokesters, impostors, pretenders, sideshowmen, armless calligraphers, mechanical marvels and popular entertainments." Price: $90 a year sent to W&V Dailey Antiquarian Books, 8216 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90046.

PICK UP STX

STX of Baltimore, a manufacturer of lacrosse sticks, has set its corporate sights on golf. Its latest effort is the STX Key Putter, a club with two interchangeable face inserts made of DuPont Hytrel and two center weights that also can be switched. This gives the user a total of six variations in feel and performance. How can you miss? Call 800-STX-PUTT for the nearest retailer. Price: $225.

JIM FRENCH

DOGGY STYLE

Based on responses to Book of the Month, Fruit of the Month and even Panty of the Month, we'd say the Dog Treat of the Month Club should be a howling success. A year's membership is $86.90 (including one free month), and for that you get a monthly gift-wrapped bag of doggy treats that have been decorated according to the current season or holiday. (A six-month membership is $47.40.) The treats are all-natural and handmade. Phone 800-FUN-DOGS.

JOHN SCHNEIDER

CAROLYN VAN HOSEN

PEEP SHOW

For those who want to enjoy life in the aquatic slow lane, there's the Sea Peeper, a battery-powered ABS plastic raft with a top speed of five knots, a bubble-shaped window for viewing life below deck, joystick steering, twin storage compartments and optional underwater lights. The Sea Peeper has a 500-pound-maximum carrying capacity, and the price is as light as the boat: $2995, plus shipping, from the manufacturer at 305-668-VIEW.

WATER AS ART

For the past five years in France, Perrier has offered special holiday bottles decorated with tuxedos. As you might have guessed, they instantly became collector's items. Now the company has introduced a limited-edition line of American art bottles featuring four designs that include the dinner-jacketed gentleman pictured. Other bottles in the series depict woodland animals, a polar bear and her cub, and an assemblage of Perrier sippers and singers. At select restaurants nationwide.

GET THE LED OUT

To commemorate Led Zeppelin's 25th anniversary, Laurence Ratner has published *Led Zeppelin Live Dreams*, a limited-edition hardcover designed to capture in Ratner's own words and photographs "the essence of the band in its prime and to present that as a museum-quality work of art." *Live Dreams*' handmade binding and slipcase are of Japanese silk and linen, and the cover relief "sculpture" is by Balazs Szabo. Price: $130, postpaid, from 800-548-3533.

IT'S BRONTO-BURGER TIME

"They don't tick, they talk," is how Sounds Fun, Inc. describes its line of three-dimensional talking wristwatches that feature Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy—and now the original rock star himself, Fred Flintstone. The newest watch tells the time in Fred's voice while his mouth moves, and for $24.95, it will get you more action than a Rolex. FAO Schwarz, JCPenney and Service Merchandise carry the watch, or you can call 818-865-0800 for info.

STEVE BOSWICK

NEXT MONTH

KNOCKOUT SURPRISE

NFL FORECAST

PHILLY MOB

NAKED NIELSEN

THE VILLAGE—WHAT DOES A MAN DO DEEP IN THE WOODS AFTER THE SUN GOES DOWN? HE GETS LOST. VERY LOST. AN EXCERPT FROM THE FIRST NOVEL OF PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING PLAYWRIGHT **DAVID MAMET**

WHAT I LIVED FOR—QUIRKY CORCORAN, RECENTLY DIVORCED AND CELEBRATING AT THE ZEPHIR LOUNGE, CAN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK WHEN HE MEETS TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN INTENT ON PICKING HIM UP—FICTION FROM THE INIMITABLE **JOYCE CAROL OATES**

THE MOB'S LAST CIVIL WAR—FOR 14 BLOODY YEARS, THE PHILADELPHIA MOB HAS PITTED BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER, CAPO AGAINST CAPO, FOR CONTROL OF THE ACTION. NOBODY ANTICIPATED THE ULTIMATE WINNER: THE FBI—BY **GEORGE ANASTASIA**

WARNING: THIS IS A VIOLENT ARTICLE—PENN JILLETTE, THE VOCAL HALF OF THE MAGIC DUO PENN AND TELLER, LETS RIP ON TV VIOLENCE, CENSORSHIP AND THE PROBLEM WITH JANET RENO

NAKED NIELSEN—A RAUCOUS PICTORIAL, IN WHICH *NAKED GUN*'S **LESLIE NIELSEN** REMAKES FILM CLASSICS IN THE *NAKED* MOLD WITH THE HELP OF SOME VERY COOPERATIVE, VERY BEAUTIFUL CO-STARS

THE ROCK-BOTTOM REMAINDERS—FOLLOW **STEPHEN KING, ROY BLOUNT JR.** AND **DAVE BARRY** FROM BOOKSTORE TO BACKSTAGE AS THEY TEAM UP WITH 12 OTHER AUTHORS ON TOUR AS A ROCK-AND-ROLL BAND WITH THREE CHORDS AND AN ATTITUDE

DAVID GEFFEN—THE SHOWBIZ ULTRAMOGUL OFFERS A RARE BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT MOVIES, MUSIC AND POLITICS IN A CANDID PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST—ORACLE **DANNY SHERIDAN** TAKES A GANDER AT THIS YEAR'S GRIDIRON ACTION AND PICKS—NO KIDDING—A COWBOY-FREE SUPER BOWL

NYPD BLUE'S **DAVID CARUSO** IS A SENSITIVE GUY AND A STAND-UP COP. HE'S ALSO THE SEX SYMBOL FOR THE NINETIES. **DAVID RENSIN** INTERROGATES HIM ABOUT THE LESSONS HE'S LEARNED FROM STREET FIGHTS AND SEX SCENES IN AN OFF-DUTY 20 QUESTIONS

PLUS: OUR FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST, A KNOCKOUT PICTORIAL, IN-LINE SKATES, HOT NEW VCRS AND **JON KRAKAUER** ON THE FLAP OVER VITAMINS—DO THEY HURT OR HELP

ALL KOOL

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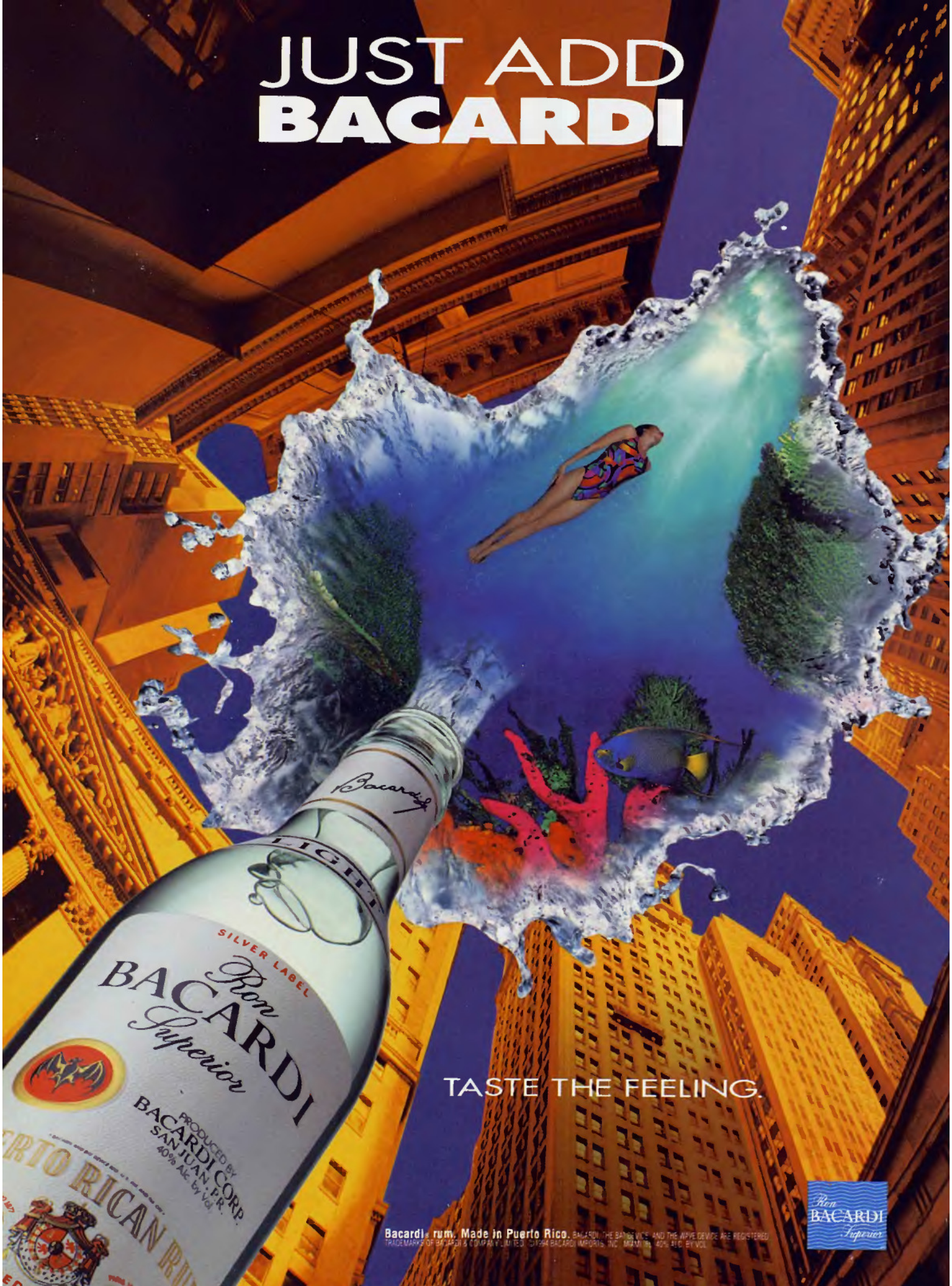
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